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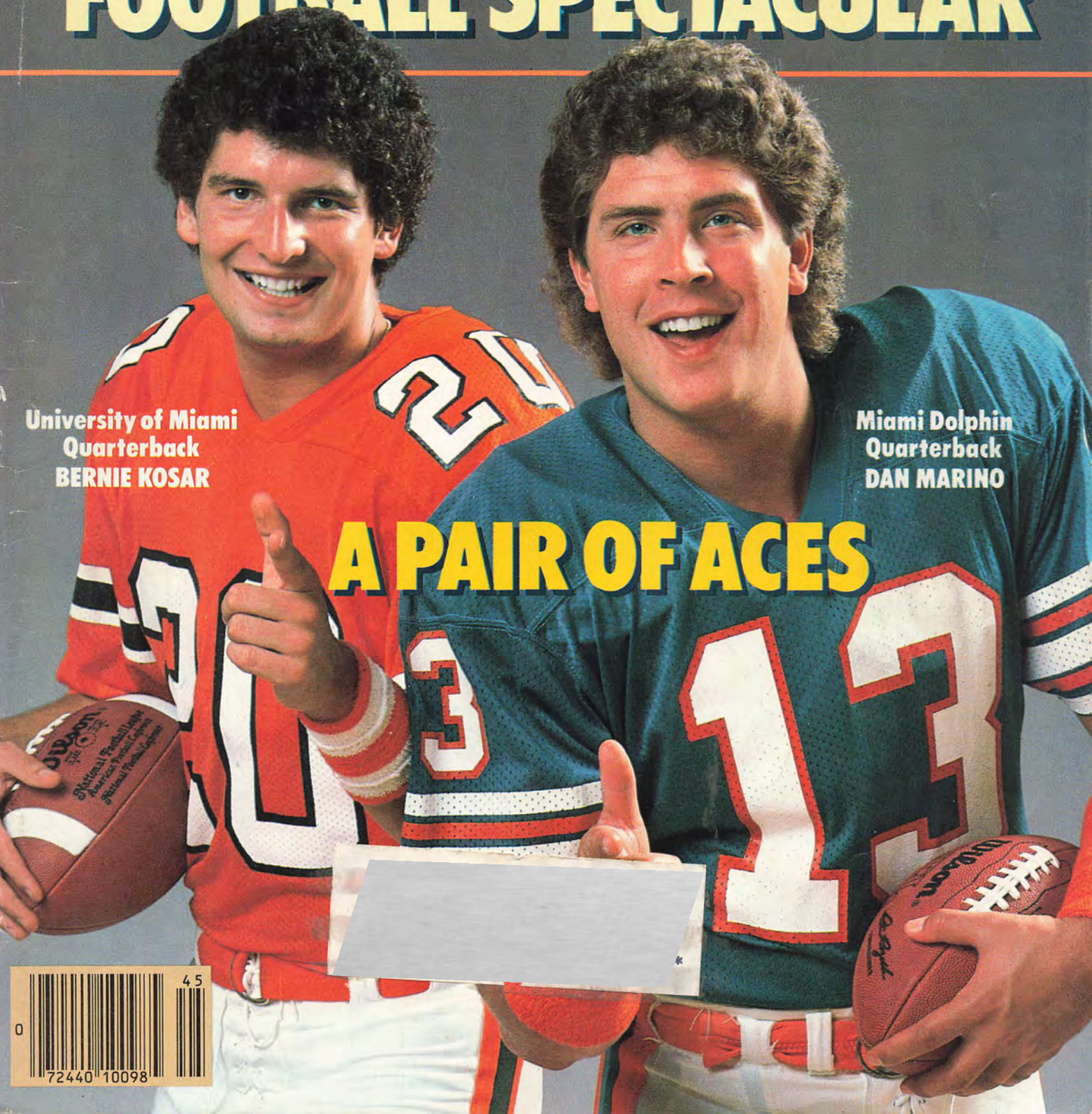

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Miami Dolphin
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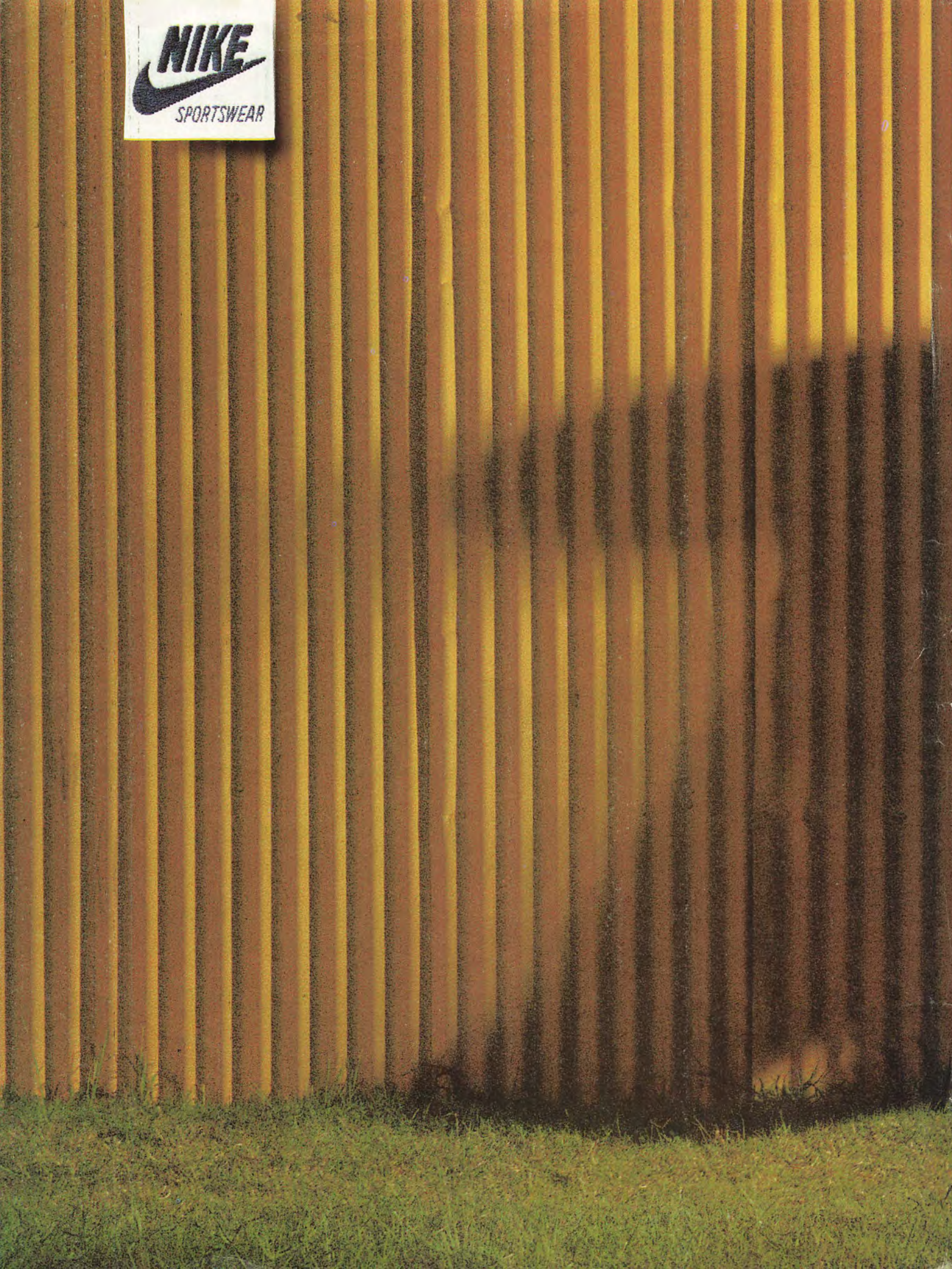
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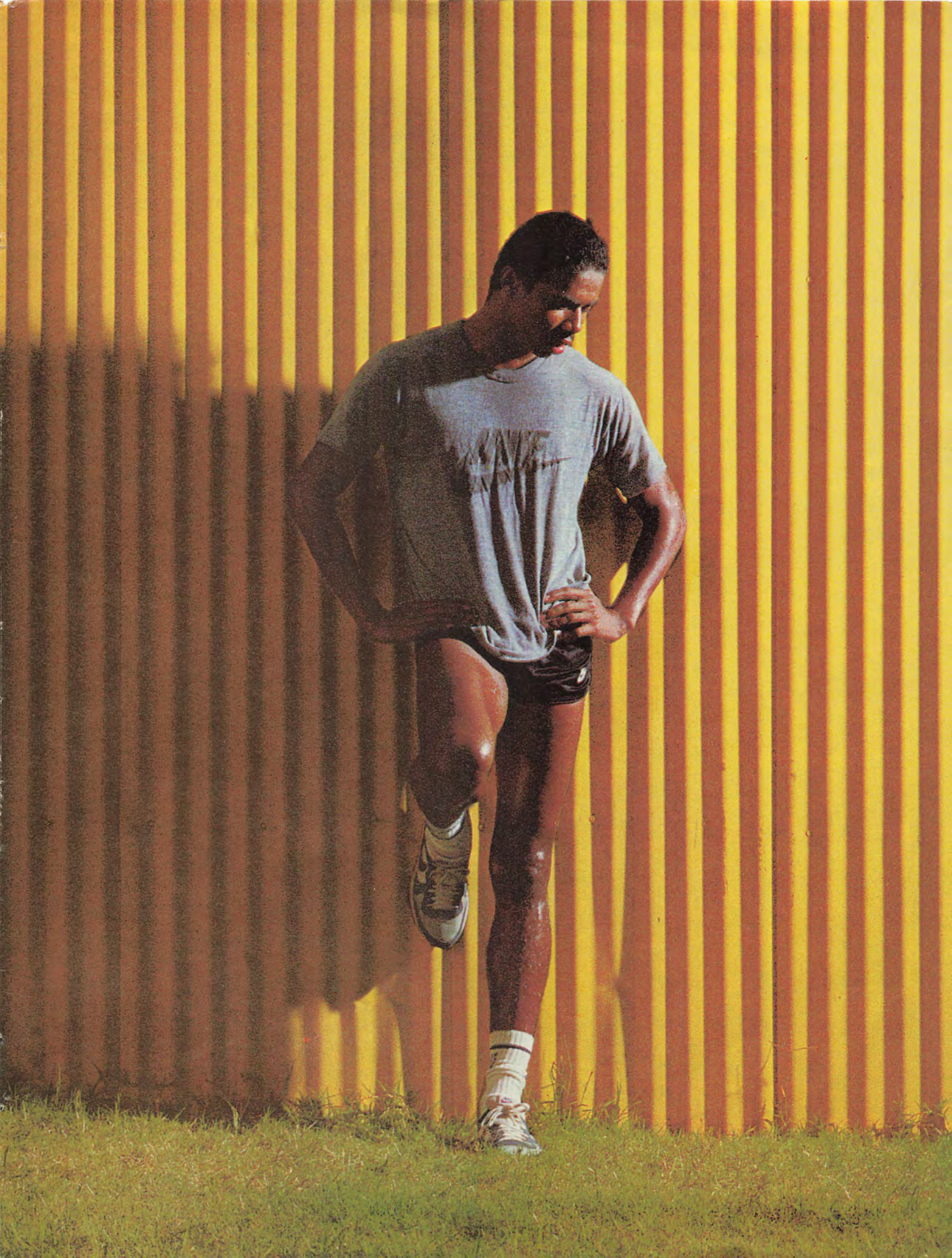

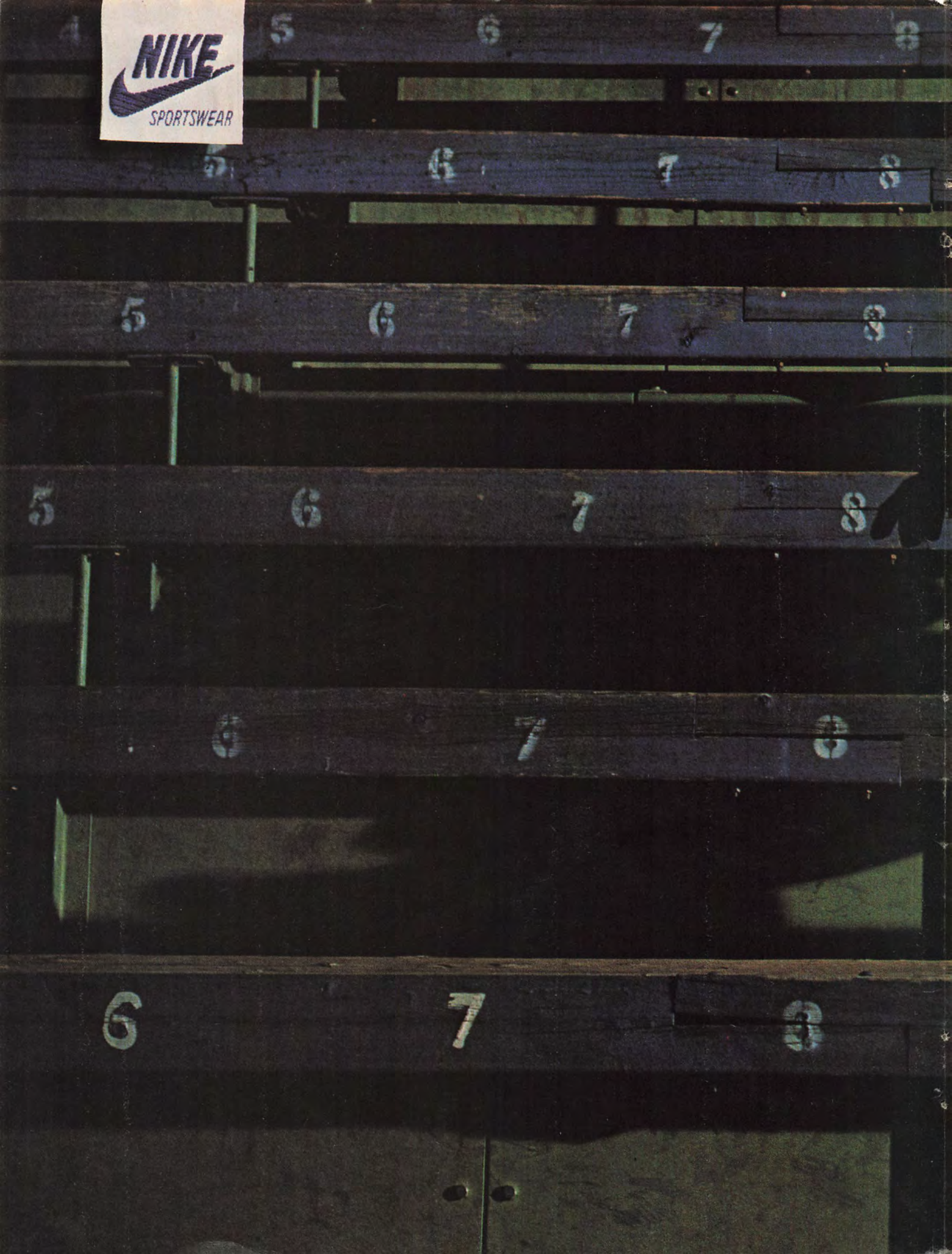
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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED (ISSN 0038-822X) is published weekly, except semi-weekly during a week in February, a week in September and, in 1984 only, a week in July, with two issues combined at year end, by TIME INC., 3435 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90010, Time Inc., principal office Rockefeller Center, N.Y., N.Y. 10020. J.R. Munro, President; U.L. Uebelhoer, Treasurer; P. Peter Sheppe, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Los Angeles, CA, and additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by Post Office Dept., Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in cash. U.S. subscription: $52.40 for 54 issues. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to Sports Illustrated, TIME/LIFE Building, 541 N. Fairbanks Ct., Chicago, Ill. 60611.

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# LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

EX-CAGER WINDRUM NOW RUNS ANOTHER PRESS

Time Inc.'s Corporate Manufacturing and Distribution division, which does everything from arranging for the printing of an issue, to having it bound, to paying the postal service for delivering it, vests all authority for handling SI in one man, Tracy Windrum. He's 6′ 5″ and 230 pounds, and we're glad we're in his hands.

Windrum is responsible for coordinating our advertising, editorial and circulation sides so that more than three million copies of the magazine can be produced and shipped each week before the news between the covers gets stale. It's tough enough reconciling the needs of editors, printers and distributors week in and week out, but throw in special issues like our 540-page Olympic Preview and this 212-page football spectacular and you need a man with finesse. Not to mention one with two phone lines in his Croton-on-Hudson, N.Y., home. "Give me a phone, I can do anything," Windrum says.

His latest tasks have included helping to break in Time Inc.'s new Image Processing and Color Transmission (IMPACT) center, which allows us to beam four-color pages directly from our editorial offices in Manhattan to seven printing plants around the country. "It's state of the art technology," Windrum says of the process, which made its debut in our July 2 issue with coverage of the Olympic track and field trials. "No other magazine had ever done it."

Windrum began developing finesse—"It means knowing when and when not to get hot with somebody," he says—in CYO basketball leagues in the Bay Ridge section of Brooklyn. In 1967-68, as a 6′ 4″ center at Xaverian High, he led New York City in scoring. Just last November, he and four other ex-Clippers, including Chris Mullin, the St. John's and Olympic team star, were inducted into the Xaverian Hall of Fame.

Windrum played three seasons at Wagner College on Staten Island, and it was there that he met his wife, Catherine, who was the star of the Wagner women's team. "One of our first dates," he says, "was a Knick game."

Catherine is a two-time finisher of the New York Marathon, an organizer of the 6.2-mile Harry Chapin Memorial Race Against Hunger and the girls' track coach at Croton High School. One son, Matthew, 10, helps Mom out, moving hurdles and timing splits. Amy, 7, began riding a two-wheeler at age 3. All of which puts lots of pressure on Kevin, 4, the youngest.

Tracy, 34, stays active in a Sunday night basketball league in Port Chester, N.Y. His days in the low post for the Time Inc. team, which plays on Monday nights, are over. SI goes to press on Mondays, and "I can't really be out playing basketball," he says.

Certainly not this year.

Robert L. Miller


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# Sideline

by MORIN BISHOP

## HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL'S BEST TEAM MAY HAVE BEEN EVERETT, MASS., 1914

Everyone has nominations for the greatest high school football teams ever. Ohioans might give the nod to the Massillon dynasty of the 1950s. Or to Gerry Faust's Moeller High team of 1976, which, en route to an undefeated season, outscored its opponents 488–40 and demolished Gahanna Lincoln 43–5 for the state championship. Texas, too, has had some fine teams, like Big Sandy (1975) and Waco (1927), currently first and second, respectively, on the alltime single-season scoring list.

On the other hand, given the staggering number of dominant teams, some may be tempted to concede that the search for the "greatest" is a waste of time and energy, much like other celebrated quests for elusive absolutes—true love, impartial justice. But there's a rebuttal to such a conclusion and it comes from a surprising source: New England, a region no longer known for outstanding football at any level. In 1914, while Woodrow Wilson was promising to protect the nation from the perils of a world war, a remarkable team from Everett, Mass., an industrial suburb of Boston, was achieving an astounding record, going undefeated through a 13-game schedule, shutting out all its opponents and outscoring them by the almost unbelievable margin of 600–0.

Well, was Everett's record achieved against a group of inferior local teams? No. In fact, in its final game of the season, on Nov. 29, Everett played a team from Oak Park, Ill. for the *national* championship. More than 6,000 fans attended the game in Oak Park, and back in Everett a crowd estimated at 2,000 gathered at the firehouse to receive progress reports by telegraph. After the first quarter, the score stood Everett 32, Oak Park 0. When the game ended, Everett, the beast from the East, had beaten Oak Park, the best of the Midwest, by the stunning score of 80–0.

Everett was an extremely small team by modern standards—its line averaged a mere 151 pounds, and the biggest player in the backfield, bruising fullback Rufus Bond, weighed only 158. But Everett was

fast, especially its star halfback, Jack Cannell, who scored 38 touchdowns that season and, even more surprising, *threw* for 16 more, using a heretical weapon, the forward pass, then quaintly referred to as the "basketball toss." Bond, too, was a major part of the Everett offense, scoring 22 touchdowns. The backfield mates of Bond and Cannell were Ty Green, a halfback who regularly threw TD-producing blocks, and quarterback Joe (Fitter) Fitzgerald, whose advanced ball-handling prowess befuddled opposing defenses.

Easy to spot on the sidelines in one of his stylish suits, coach Cleo O'Donnell was a demanding perfectionist. During his tenure at Everett, from 1901 to 1915, his record was 68–8–6, and through one stretch between 1913 and 1915 Everett shut out its opponents in 27 consecutive games. O'Donnell later left Everett to coach at Purdue, Holy Cross and St. Anselm's College in New Hampshire. But he took from Everett a foundation of successful football. So did many others, from Charley Brickley, who drop-kicked four of five field goals in Harvard's 15–5 victory over Yale in 1913, to Dan Ross, whose 11 receptions for the Cincinnati Bengals established a record in Super Bowl XVI.

And what about the Everett stars of 1914? Did they go on to further athletic glory? Everett's best player, Cannell, certainly did, continuing his winning ways at Dartmouth as a player (he was quarterback and captain of the 6–1–1 1919 team) and later as a coach. In fact, he holds a revered niche in Dartmouth's football lore as the coach who broke the "Yale Bowl jinx," Dartmouth's term for Yale's unbeaten streak against the Big Green, which began with the teams' first game in 1884 and remained unbroken until a Dartmouth victory in 1935. In 1931 coach Cannell was determined to bring the frustration to an end, and though his squad only tied Yale, its stirring comeback from a 33–10 deficit was widely viewed on campus as clear-cut proof that the Elis could be beaten.

Cannell's teammates are more difficult to trace. Perhaps none of them competed successfully beyond high school. But for all the members of that team, the memories must have lingered long; memories of that magic year when the good guys always won and nothing seemed impossible—when they were truly the greatest high school team in America. **END**


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# Pro Football 1984

# THE RUSH IS ON

*The NFL action will be back on the field as Franco Harris and Walter Payton home in on Jim Brown's career rushing record*

**by PAUL ZIMMERMAN**

The 1984 NFL season will be remembered as The Year They Went Back to Football. Gone, or all but, are the troubles that made headlines in recent years—the strike, the Raider lawsuit, drugs, the USFL signings. Instead, the big story will be the chase for Jim Brown's lifetime rushing record of 12,312 yards, which has stood for 18 years, as Franco Harris and Walter Payton close in on it.

About the end of September you'll start seeing statistical tables. You'll read countdown stories as Harris nears the record, and then a few weeks later you'll see more as Payton makes his move. It'll be like Hank Aaron's chase for Babe Ruth's home run mark. Will he do it this Sunday? Next Sunday? Alert the studio.

*Brown packed 12,312 yards into nine years.*

There will be interviews with Jim Brown—"Yes, I'll come out of retirement if Franco breaks it. . . . No, wait a minute, I'll hold off if Walter catches him. He doesn't run out of bounds."—Red Grange, O.J. Simpson, Bronko Nagurski, if the canoe doesn't freeze over on the way to Iceville, Minn.

All this pure football talk comes as a welcome relief after the stories of recent seasons. Indeed, as the new season begins, the players strike of '82 is just a bitter memory. Gene Upshaw, who replaced Ed Garvey as the executive director of the Players Association last year, has thawed the cold war between the players and owners. As for the NFL's fiery legal hassles with the Raiders, they're now just embers. The U.S. Supreme

*continued*

***With 8,336 yards in seven seasons, Dorsett is riding high, but the picture for him is muddied by a Cowboy line that needs revamping.***

*Lion fans flip over Billy Sims, who has 4,419 yards in his four seasons.*

## RUNNERS *continued*

Court probably will have the last word, but not for a year or two.

Nobody gets titillated by drug abuse stories anymore, although they still exist, of course. The bang effect is gone, and, callous as this might sound, that eliminates the NFL's major concern—the tarnishing of the league's image. Clubs are turning to self-policing: When's the last time you read a major drug story about pro football?

The USFL has wounded the NFL in the pocketbook, but now the young league seems to be a house divided. Do we go to a fall schedule or stay with spring football? If we go to the fall, where do we play? And what days? The USFL has commissioned surveys to supply the answers, but it was a survey that originally told the USFL that spring football couldn't miss. USFL teams skimmed 32 of the NFL's top 100 draft prospects this year, but the signing of NFL vets has slowed considerably. Still, NFL payrolls have jumped by about $30,000 per player. If the NFL's attendance and TV ratings slump this fall, one would have to assume that the country is getting a little footballed out. So far, though, few people in the NFL feel there's any need to change the league's basic strategy—sit back and wait for the USFL to outrun its

*Harris, who has been running away from contact*

supply lines. As far as the NFL's absorbing a few of the USFL's stronger franchises, as some USFL people have secretly hoped, well, that's unlikely.

"There's no sentiment for it," Pete Rozelle says. "We like to pick our own cities for expansion. As far as a merger is concerned, you'd clearly need an act of Congress, as you did when the NFL and AFL merged. And I'm sure this would be fought by the players' associations of both the USFL and our league. And, finally, there's the matter of dilution of TV money. Our people don't want to share it."

"I don't like to have somebody try to spend me broke and then say, 'You have to take me in as a partner,' " says Dolphin owner Joe Robbie.

So here we go into 1984, and the air will be filled with footballs once again, as it has been since 1978, when new rules opened up the passing lanes. But the major interest will be Payton and Harris and

*continued*

***and after Brown for 12 seasons, had his eighth 1,000-yard campaign last year with a long run of just 19 yards.***

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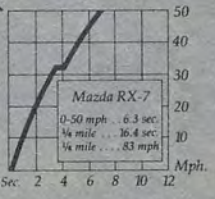


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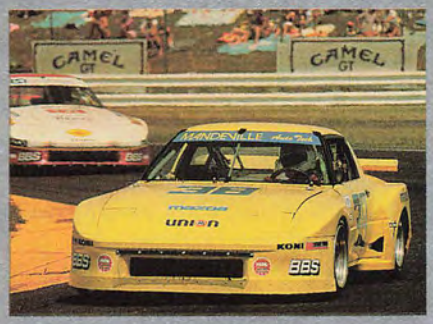


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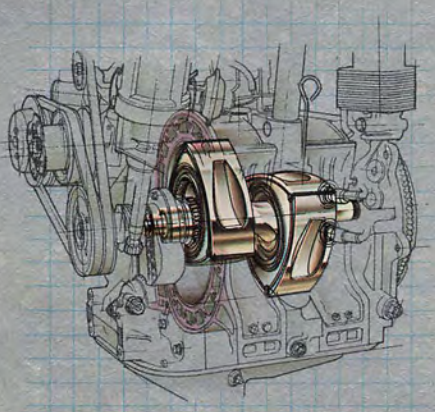

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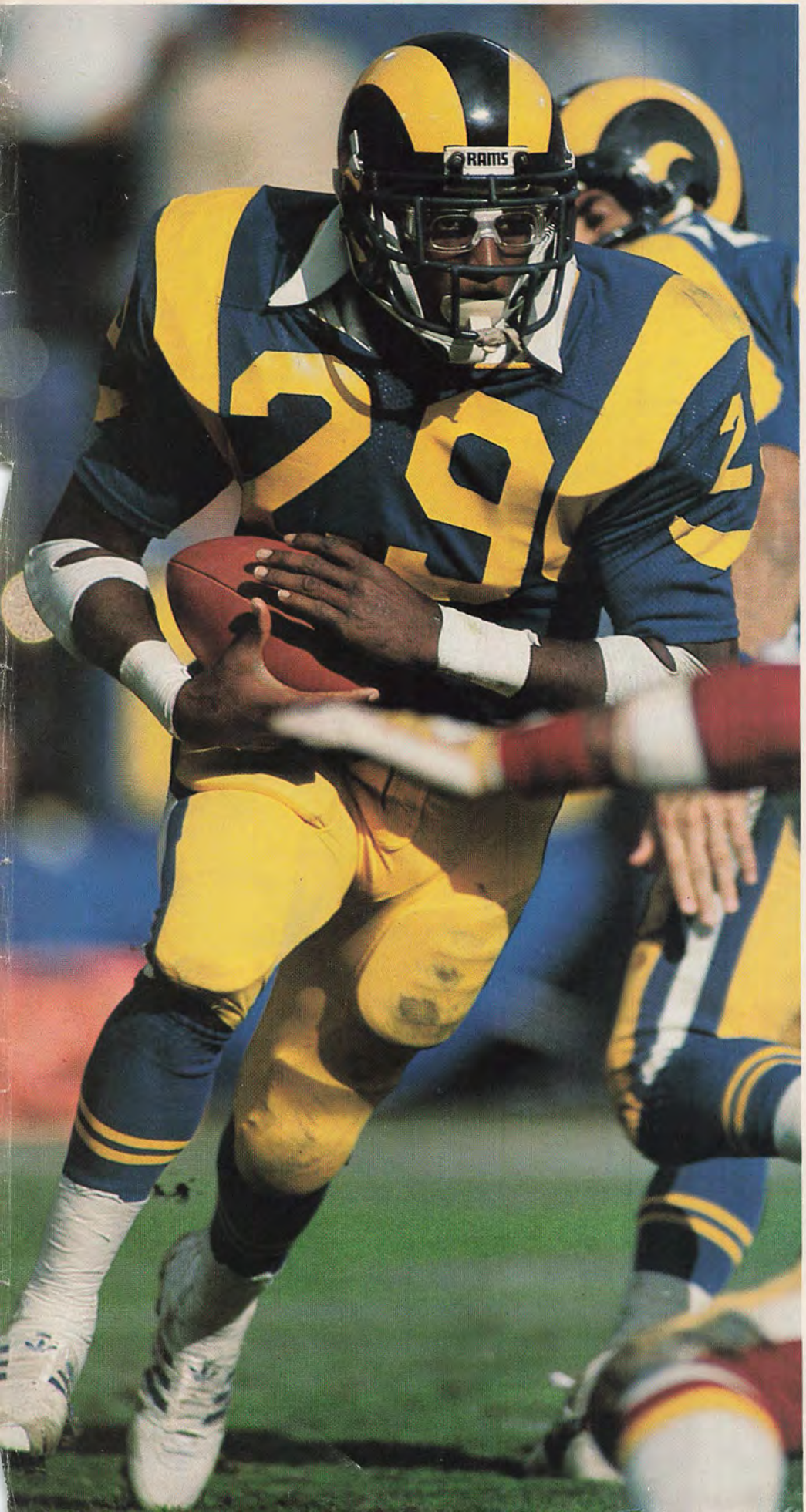




the march on Jim Brown's record. Passing is passing, but nothing quickens the pulse like watching a great back busting tackles and running to daylight. It's elemental. It also has been part of the game for more than 100 years. Generations of Willie Hestons and Ted Coys and Jim Thorpes came and went before anyone got excited about a passer. And now you've got two people taking a crack at a record that once seemed untouchable.

It was bound to happen. The 16-game season (in effect since 1978) cheapened a statistic that once had a high value: the 1,000-yard year. These days, if you average 63 yards a game and stay healthy, you'll get 1,000. Last year 16 runners did so. The one-back offense also helps; the great backs are carrying the ball more.

Brown ran up his yardage (he's 362 ahead of Harris and 687 ahead of Payton) in only nine seasons, four of them 12-gamers and five 14-gamers. He never missed a game, which is his most amazing accomplishment of all, and he quit when he was 29, at the height of his powers. If he knew then what he knows now, maybe he'd have stayed around five more years and put the record out of reach, but statistics didn't mean as much to him in those days. They didn't mean that much to anybody.

Quick now, can you tell me whose record Brown broke? We'll end the suspense. It was Joe Perry's. Brown passed the great 49er fullback early in 1963, his seventh season in the league and Perry's 14th and last. At the end of the year Brown had 9,322 yards, Perry 8,378. Actually, Brown should have had to wait another year. The NFL never gave Perry credit for his two seasons and 1,345 yards in the All America Football Conference, which was absorbed by the NFL in 1950, although the NFL later gave AFL players full credit for stats achieved in the AFL, which joined the NFL in '70.

When Brown moved ahead of Perry in lifetime rushing yards, no big deal was made of it. And not much of a fuss had been made in 1958 when Perry surpassed Steve Van Buren's record of 5,860 yards, which had stood for seven years.

And whose record did Van Buren break? Ah, now you're going back a bit,

***Dickerson went on a rookie Rampage, with 1,808 yards on an NFL-record 390 carries.***

*Riggins hogs the football in Washington, where last season at the age of 34 he had personal highs of 375 carries and 1,347 yards.*

to the days when the stats were subject to periodic and unexplained readjustment, and nobody really cared much one way or the other. Well, the previous record of 3,680 yards was held by Clarke Hinkle, who had a 10-year career with the Packers (1932-1941). Hinkle's longevity was an oddity; running backs simply didn't last 10 years in those days.

Before Hinkle, the record books get a little whacky; official stats weren't kept until 1932. Cliff Battles, the earliest career rushing record holder, set his mark from 1932 to '38, according to old NFL manuals. But in '38 Battles had already quit playing and was backfield coach at Columbia, helping develop an All-America tailback named Sid Luckman. Battles had quit at the age of 28 because Redskin owner George Preston Marshall wouldn't give him a raise after he had led the league in rushing. Battles's career was later adjusted to encompass the years 1932-37, and his yardage, originally listed as 3,398, was set at 3,403 and then 3,542. Detroit's Ace Gutowsky, who broke Battles's original mark by reaching 3,467 yards in '39, now ranks behind him (Gutowsky's was later raised to 3,478.)

At the bottom of the entry for rushing records, there used to be an italic notation saying that Bronko Nagurski really should have been ahead of the whole bunch with 3,947 yards, if one included 1,290 yards Nagurski reportedly gained in 1930 and '31, before official records were kept.

Here's the interesting thing about the Bronk: He didn't carry the ball much. Even in his first two years out of Minnesota (1930 and '31), when he was a young horse and his legs were full of fire, Nagurski never averaged more than 10 carries a game, if we are to believe those old, unofficial stats. And in his later years the most carries Nagurski ever had in one year was 128—for a 13-game season. That gives added meaning to the accom-

*continued*

## RUNNERS *continued*

plishments of today's backs, because they endure a lot more punishment. They carry twice as many times and catch infinitely more passes; in fact, Nagurski is credited with only 11 catches in his pro career.

Brown averaged 19.99 carries a game for his career, a figure unheard of at that time. He didn't block. On most plays in which he wasn't carrying the ball, he served as a decoy, which kept his legs fresh for his No. 1 job. Brown's almost 20 carries per game were a record, but now here's Payton, playing on a team without a consistently good line to block for him, without the strong passing attack that the Browns always had, a team that has reached the playoffs only twice during his career, and he has cranked out 20.5 carries per game for nine years. He has blocked, too. And he has missed only one game in his career.

Earl Campbell has averaged 22.2 carries a game in six years and George Rogers 21.6 in three. Last year's two top rookies, Eric Dickerson (24.4) and Curt Warner (20.9), are the only other players in history with career figures over 20. But no one has done it for as long as Payton has.

Payton is 30, Harris, 34, and once upon a time running backs in their 30s were rarities. If they lasted that long, they were usually spot players, mop-up men, but seldom keynote performers. Now, strange things are happening in pro football—weight training, minicamps, aerobics. Last year 34-year-old John Riggins carried the ball 375 times (the record, set last year by Dickerson, is 390) and gained 1,347 yards, his most productive season ever—by almost 200 yards. And Harris had his largest number of carries in five years and his first 1,000-yard season in the last four, even though he played behind a battered and patched-up line. Harris and Riggins are two of only five players in history who have gained 1,000 yards after reaching their 30th birthdays—John Henry Johnson, Tony Canadeo and Rocky Bleier round out the quintet—so you'd have to believe there are still a lot of giddyaps left in the legs of Payton and Harris.

Are there any other challengers in

*continued*

***Marcus Allen took L.A. all the way in 1983, gaining 1,014 yards his first full season.***

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by MENNEN

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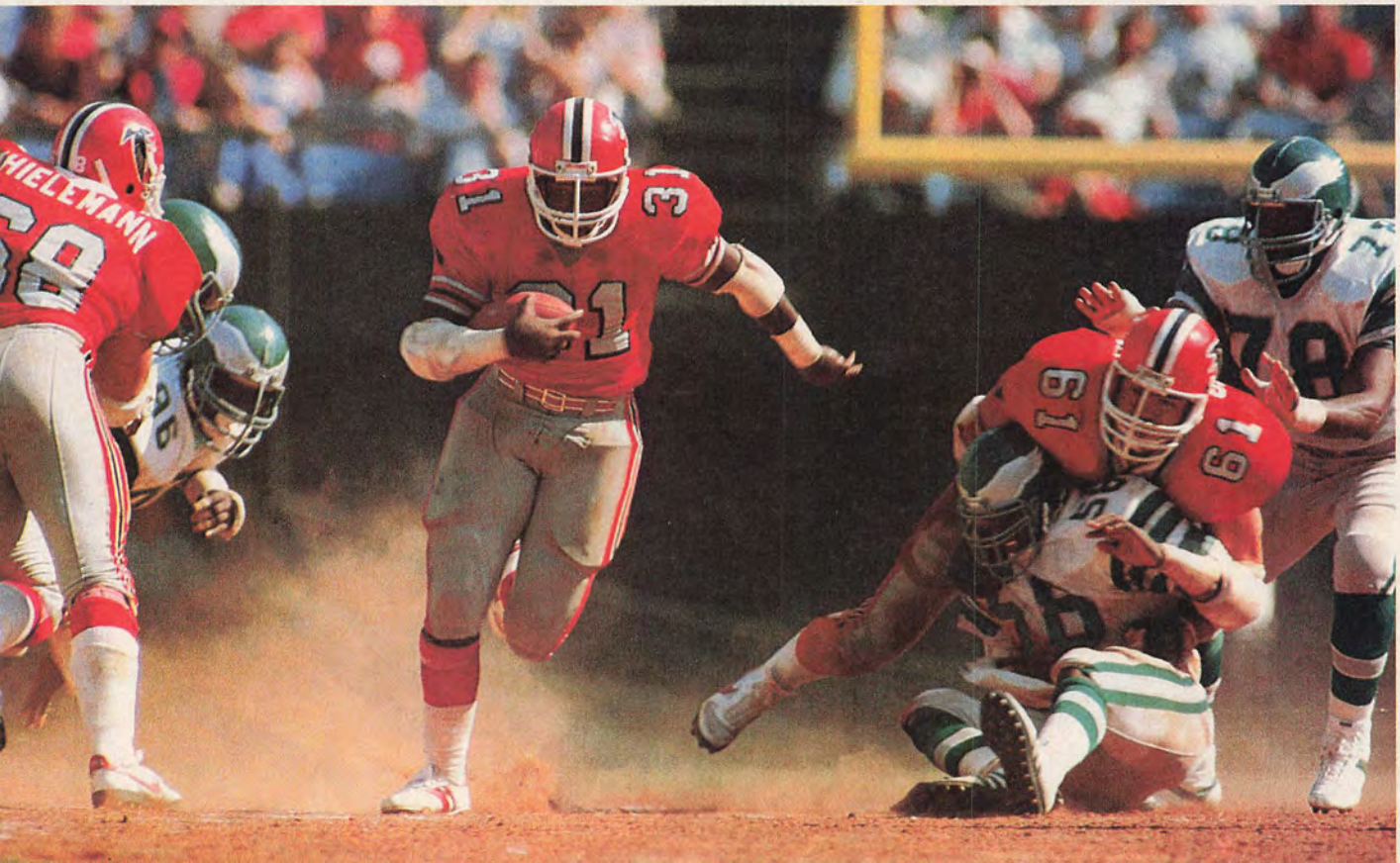
sight? Well, Riggins is more than 2,000 yards behind Payton, and he turned 35 on Aug. 4. Tony Dorsett, 1,100 yards farther back, is 30, and the Cowboys' offensive line is due for major rebuilding. Campbell is 29, and his body has taken an ungodly pounding through the years, but a young and talented line, aided by No. 1 draft choice Dean Steinkuhler, might help put a little lightness back into his steps. Campbell is in fifth place among the active rushers, 3,329 yards behind Payton.

From there the challengers drop to strictly long-range projections—such as the Cards' Ottis Anderson, 27 years old, 6,190 yards, and last year's baby phenoms, Dickerson and Warner. Check back in seven years or so.

It should be an unusually interesting NFL season, with Harris and Payton helping to brighten some of the grayness that settled on the game in '83. The Monday night TV schedule seems to be tuned in to the assault on Brown's mark, too. Harris appears on Oct. 1, just about the time when he should be easing by the record, and then again on Nov. 19, when Payton will be breathing down his neck. Payton appears on Dec. 3.

Stay tuned. **END**

*Campbell (above) and Atlanta's William Andrews (below) are a few years away, but Payton's set to go over the top of Brown's mark.*



PAYTON
34
49

TEAM KangaROO

*Walter Payton of the Chicago Bears is on target to become pro football's alltime leading rusher this season*

# HE'S AIMING TO MAKE HISTORY

by RICK TELANDER

This is tough. This is pain. Walter Payton has been sitting in a chair for 10 minutes and he has to move. He doesn't want to—he *has* to.

He stands up. He paces. He had arthroscopic surgery on both knees four weeks earlier—20 minutes on the left, 40 on the right—but the knees don't hurt. Not with real pain, anyway. Not the way pro running backs know it. "He follows the code," says Jim Brown, whose NFL career rushing record of 12,312 yards Payton will soon pass; he needs another 687 yards. "The old gladiator code." Indeed, Payton played full-court basketball two days before the April 5 surgery, even though his knees were already damaged, had in fact been banged up since the third game last season. "He ran kind of stiff-legged all year," says Chicago Bear coach Mike Ditka, "and he ran for more than 1,400 yards. The doctor wondered how he did that on those knees."

No, for the 5′ 10½″, 204-pound, 30-year-old running back who lists drums and privacy as two of his main interests, pain is being trapped like this, having to talk about yourself, getting probed, not pounding on something or somebody, not *moving*. Connie Payton, Walter's college sweetheart at Jackson State and wife of eight years, still watches in amazement whenever her husband pulls one of

*continued*

***On this hunt, Payton plans to give Brown and Harris the shaft.***

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEINZ KLUETMEIER

his several cars out of the family driveway in suburban Arlington Heights, drives around the block and then reparks the car where it was, "just to do something."

And Payton now is laid back compared with the way he was in the old days. After the 1976 season, Payton's second with the Bears, *Chicago Tribune* sportswriter Don Pierson visited him in Jackson, Miss., where Payton's family had recently moved from nearby Columbia. "It was the most frantic 11 hours I've ever spent," says Pierson.

Payton, who had a CB radio at the time, picked Pierson up at the airport. "His handle was Mississippi Maniac, and all I could think was thank God for his reflexes, because we were going 60 and all over the road," says Pierson. "It was hot as blazes and he had the radio on and he sang while we talked. When we got to his house, he turned on the stereo and the TV and started folding laundry. Then he went into his den and started playing his drums to the stereo, and I remember he said, 'This is like doing 70 push-ups.' After that, he and five buddies ran up and down the banks of the Pearl River till they were exhausted, after which we drove to a brewery for beer. When we got back to his house, Walter got a hose and started watering his lawn."

*Payton has some fancy dance-floor moves, and his foot's in the door at Studebaker's.*

After that, Payton went indoors and simultaneously played chess with a friend and watched TV. "He was standing up, slapping his thighs, saying, 'Move, move, move! I can't stand it when you play slow,' " says Pierson. Payton then dragged the writer off to shop for stereo equipment before heading to a driving range to hit golf balls. The two met Connie, ate dinner in 15 minutes, and Payton drove Pierson to the airport to catch his plane. In the concourse, Payton acted as though he were holding a bowling ball, then began making motions as though he were rolling the ball. "I'll never forget that," says Pierson. "He'd done almost every sport that day, and now he was bowling down the hallway."

"Yeah, I sleep," says Payton now. His voice, soft and high as a little boy's, could pass for Michael Jackson's. He even looks like the singer, if one can imagine Jackson with an extra 75 pounds of muscle. "You think I don't sleep? You think this is 24 hours nonstop?"

It certainly seems that way. Payton walks back and forth in his office at Studebaker's, a trendy nightspot he owns in a suburban Chicago shopping center. Clad in jeans and T shirt, he holds a football in his right hand. Periodically, he smacks the ball hard with his left hand, and the walls ring with the sound.

In the back room, his secretary, Tracey Nguyen, answers calls and tries to make sense of Payton's off-season schedule, a jumble of business meetings, workouts, charity functions, hunting and fishing trips, excursions to look at cars, and a myriad of other things a kid with a lot of money might be expected to do. Connie Payton insisted Walter get a secretary 10 months ago. Payton is a corporation, a symbol, a sovereign entity like other sports millionaires, and his habit of breaking appointments and forgetting events unnerved his wife. Now Payton simply calls Nguyen every day, and she tells him what to do.

"I've just always been active," he says. "I was born that way, having to move." A beeper on his belt goes off, and he walks into another room and grabs a phone. The action temporarily soothes him.

Returning, Payton sits down and starts tapping on the ball, setting a rhythm. His mother, Alyne, says it was always thus. "He'd come through the house beating on anything he could put his hands on," she says. "All he did was drum. When he'd start early in the morning, it was hard on me."

When Payton wasn't pounding on his drums—he played them in the Columbia High band—he was dancing. While at Jackson State, where he majored in special education, he and a girl friend were finalists in a national *Soul Train* TV dance contest. Even now, Payton says he won't hang on in pro football if he starts getting beaten up—"because I want to dance when I'm done." The dance beat that Payton hears is clearly a swift one—he even graduated from college in a hurry, in 3½ years, at age 20—and it may be the pulse of his athletic talent.

Former NFL running back Mike Adamle, now a Chicago TV sportscaster, played with Payton during the mid-'70s and was most impressed by his sense of timing when he ran. When Adamle began television work in 1977, one of his

*continued*

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projects was a profile of Payton. "Walter had some congas, and I said to him, 'If you had to play the score behind your highlight film, what would it sound like?' " says Adamle. "He thought for a while, and then he played. We taped it and ran it underneath the film, and it matched. It was perfect. I mean, NFL Films couldn't have done better. Maybe it's nothing. But I think it could be like a sixth sense Walter has. I think it could be important."

Walter Payton earned his nickname, Sweetness, back at Jackson State, for his sweet moves. From the start it was a misnomer. He could fake and juke with the best, but what he really liked to do was run over people. "Toughness" would have fit better. Opponents accused him more than once of actually going out of his way, of avoiding the open field or maybe even slowing down, just to take another shot at a defender. Payton admits he has done that. "See, the thing about defensive players is that they want to hit you as hard as they can. They're obsessed with that," he says. "And a lot of times they do knock the crap out of you. My coach at Jackson State, Bob Hill, always said, 'If you're going to die anyway, die hard, never die easy.' So that's what I try to do."

Payton averaged more than six yards per carry in college. He also punted, kicked field goals and extra points, returned kicks and completed 14 of 19 passes, four for touchdowns. Altogether, he scored 464 points, the most in NCAA history. In his senior season, 1974, he probably should have won the Heisman Trophy, but because he was from a small all-black school, he never had a chance.

The Bears made Payton their first pick in the 1975 draft, the fourth player taken overall. He arrived in Chicago a shy, hyperactive, hardworking Southerner with no precise plans.

***Most of the trophies that are on display at Mom's are Eddie's.***

His rookie season began slowly—he gained zero yards in his first eight carries and his first four pass receptions produced a loss of two yards. He finished with just 679 yards rushing and didn't make the All-Rookie team. But the next year Payton exploded for 1,390 yards and was named the *Sporting News* NFC Player of the Year. Since then he has never gained fewer than 1,222 yards in a season—except in strike-shortened 1982 when he had only 596—and his career total of 11,625 rushing yards puts him just 325 behind Pittsburgh's Franco Harris and, as stated, 687 behind Brown. If he averages what he did last year—88.8 yards per game—Payton will pass Brown in the eighth game of the season, on the road against the Tampa Bay Buccaneers.

Harris is another matter. If Harris averages the 62.9 yards he did last year, he will catch Brown in the Steelers' sixth game of the year, at which point Payton will be about 170 yards back. Following a straight-line projection, Payton would then overtake Harris in about the third quarter of the 13th game of the season, and by the end of the year would be the NFL's alltime leading rusher by exactly 89 yards.

Of course, nothing is straight line in football. These aren't young men we're talking about here—at least not by football standards. Harris is 34 and in his 13th season; Payton is 30 and in his 10th. And for that matter, Brown, who retired in 1965 after nine seasons with the Cleveland Browns, is 48. Still trim and fierce-looking at 6′ 2″ and 235 pounds, Brown continues to say he'll make a comeback if he feels his record is treated with disrespect.

What's at stake here—despite claims from all sides that statistics can lie, that the game has changed, that nothing is absolute—is simply the title of Football's Greatest Running Back. The rushing record has become a hallowed thing, a feat akin to Ruth's 60 home runs, not Roger Maris's 61*. An immortal (though Brown lives and talks) set it. It isn't enough simply to reset a thing like this; one must also be worthy of it.

With that in mind, it would be wonderful for Chicago fans if Payton sets the record total so high that nobody can ever reach it. *They* have no doubt he's worthy. They love his charity work; they love his blue-collar intensity; they love the way he wants to break Brown's record. "I want to go up the middle, hit one guy, bounce off, hit another and another, jump over somebody and fight for the extra yard," he says. "I don't want to just break free around end and run unobstructed. I want it to be hard."

"Walter has his quirks," sums up Bear publicity man Pat McCaskey, "but I've never met a better superstar."

In May, Chicago signed Payton to a series of three one-year contracts, a package that guarantees him, among other things, $240,000 a year for no fewer than 43 years. Bear G.M. Jerry Vainisi called the agreement "the most lucrative in the history of the NFL." A few days before the signing, Payton had told a formal-dinner crowd he would, indeed, be playing for the Bears this season. This was news at the time—the USFL's Chicago Blitz was still courting him—and it so overjoyed Bear board chairman Ed McCaskey he fell to his knees and bowed low in front of Payton, stunning both the runner and the tuxedoed crowd.

In Chicago, such power is called clout, and it comes from

*continued*

Calvin Klein Jeans

*Extras at Payton's place include a rifle range.*

## WALTER PAYTON *continued*

being visible and indispensable. For most of his career Harris was just another cog in a Steeler machine that seemed to win Super Bowls every week or so. But for nine years Payton has been the only star on Bear teams that have gone 61–70 and appeared in only two playoff games, which they lost. Payton has started 120 games in a row and sat out only one of 131 games in his career. His importance to the Bears was all too obvious when he missed the 1978 preseason while engaged in a contract dispute and the Bear offense scored only three TDs in four games. Payton has long been the heart of the team, but with Papa Bear George Halas dead a year now, there's reason for Payton to be the soul as well. As new Bears president Mike McCaskey, yet another of the Halas in-laws who now run the team, puts it, "If you ask what the Bears stand for, you have to say Walter Payton."

And what does Walter stand for?

Payton considers this. He still has the ball in his lap, but he's squeezing it now, almost crushing it. His hands aren't huge, but they're strong as bear traps. They're the reason he can run upfield holding the ball one-handed, like a tomato, exactly the way every coach since time began has ordered his runners never to carry it. They're also the reason he can bring unsuspecting handshakers to their knees, fast.

"Pete Rose," he says. "Charlie Hustle. I'd like to be remembered as a guy like that, somebody who stands for hard work and total effort. I want to do everything perfectly on the field—pass blocking, running a dummy route, carrying out a fake, all of it."

And Payton has come closer to that ideal than anyone now playing. "It's possible nobody ever cut like Sayers," says Ditka. "And maybe nobody ever ran like Brown or slashed like O.J. But without a doubt Walter is the most *complete* football player I've ever seen."

"All this folderol about the rushing record has never meant anything to me," huffs Jim Finks, the Bears' general manager from 1974 to 1983 and now president of the Chicago Cubs. "In fact, Walter's rushing yards are probably the most overrated element of his play. For instance, there's no better blocker in the NFL. None. He flattens linebackers; he knocks down ends; he attacks noseguards. And the irony is that he's competing against a one-dimensional player. When Brown wasn't carrying the ball, he rested."

What makes Payton's style even more appealing is his childlike enthusiasm, that irrepressible drumbeat. After tackles he doesn't get up—he hops up. During time-outs on critical drives he leads the stadium in cheers. When he puts the ball down, he always sneaks it ahead a few inches, a habit he figures has gained him an extra 100 yards during his career. "When the refs move it back, I say, 'How do you expect me to catch Jim Brown if you do that?' " he says. "And they smile. But they still move the ball back." When friends describe Payton, they invariably compare him to a little boy, all eagerness, innocence and pranks.

"He's always snapping towels and lighting cherry bombs," says Bear quarterback Bob Avellini. "In a meeting when everybody's half-asleep, he'll give out an inhuman scream just for the hell of it."

"Uh-uh, no, absolutely not. This is business," says Payton when asked whether he'll light any bombs here in his office. "What's that saying—You don't poo-poo where you eat?"

He almost looks hurt. Almost.

"If a car backfires, everybody blames me. I was in an assistant coach's office one day, and all of a sudden—boom!—a firecracker went off in the locker room. Everybody's running around screaming, 'Walter, where are you!' And I said, 'Coach, I've been sitting here with you, and you know it wasn't me, but I'm gonna get blamed for this.' "

Couldn't he have used a delayed fuse?

"I don't know nothing about delayed fuses," says Payton. "Well, in high school and college maybe we did some of that. You know, get an M-80 or a cherry bomb, put a cigarette on it, tape it to the windshield of the car of somebody we didn't like. . . .

"The ones I have now are M-80s," he says, nodding his head. "You can't get silver salutes or a lot of the other things anymore. But you can get M-80s through the government, for farm use only, for varmints. Just drop them in their hole

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and blow them out. Hey, I'm not gonna say where I get mine. Come on, I'll get in trouble. . . ."

Likewise, there's something almost childishly perverse in the way Payton enjoys punishing tacklers, in blowing them out. "What about the pain they've dealt out to me?" he asks. "Pain is expected in this game." To that end, he has single-handedly reinvented the stiff arm and introduced it to a generation of safeties and cornerbacks. "It's a recoilless rifle," says Adamle. "There are a number of defensive backs in the league with fewer neck vertebrae because of it."

Of course, some tacklers get the whole Payton package. Recently retired Bear center Dan Neal remembers a play against the 49ers a few years ago when Payton ran into defensive end Tommy Hart so hard that the impact knocked the two apart as though they'd been shocked, after which Payton reversed his field and scored from 20 yards out. "And this was back when Hart was really cooking," says Neal. "Just the sound of the collision was something to hear."

To do such things a player must be incredibly strong, and Payton is. He can bench 390 pounds and does sets of leg presses with 700 pounds, and he can walk the width of a football field on his hands. "His strength is a little unusual," says O.J. Simpson, whose 11,236 yards puts him fourth on the rushing list. "In fact, it's amazing. He gets hit good a lot—I mean really *tagged*—but the next thing you know he's off and running. I broke my share of tackles, but I was never in that league."

There's one other thing about Payton: He won't run out-of-bounds. Running out-of-bounds is a hot issue in this rushing derby, and the reason is that Harris believes in it.

At times, running out-of-bounds would seem like an intelligent thing to do, especially when it appears that nothing is to be gained by staying inbounds except collision, pain and possible injury. But football logic is imprecise. It states that running out-of-bounds—except to kill the clock—is for sissies. Thus, the purists claim, Harris is weak and unworthy of the rushing crown. He's Roger Maris chasing the Babe.

In his spacious living room high above Los Angeles, Brown says that Harris is his friend, that all running backs are bonded together by ties not known to those who've never carried the ball. "We all have our Ph.Ds. in running," he says. Then he says that if Payton sets the record, he'll shake his hand. "But if Franco gets it, I'm sorry, I couldn't do it."

In his youth back in Mississippi, Payton's stiffest competition came from just down the hallway, from his older brother, Eddie, now 33. As a 5′ 8″, 179-pound return specialist, Eddie Payton played for five different teams during his six years of pro ball. He didn't start his pro career, though, until after his younger brother had started his. "I saw how well he was doing, and I *knew* I was a better back than him," is the way Eddie explains it, with apparent seriousness.

The rivalry between the brothers could get strained at times, and for Eddie, at least, there was a bothersome pattern to it. Everything he did—first in high school, then at Jackson State—Walter came along two years later and did a little better. As verbal and outgoing as Walter was shy, Eddie compensated by always telling his little brother what to do. "I didn't let them fight," says Mrs. Payton. "But I do think Walter sort of resented the older boy. Eddie would say, 'Let me show you how to do this,' and Walter would say, 'No, I don't want to know.' "

***Payton, no dumbbell about conditioning, carries 204 pounds on***

The brothers are close now but will probably always be too competitive to truly let their guard down around each other. Even the family home in Jackson, where Eddie lives with his mother (Mr. Payton died in 1978), is a combat zone. The fireplace mantel is stacked with trophies, but almost all of them, including a framed golf scorecard featuring a birdie 2 and a hole in one, belong to Eddie.

"Isn't that something?" says Walter. "He put all of my trophies away. Or if any of mine are there, he'll say they're his. Even that brochure he made for our football camp this summer, he used an old picture of me and a new one of him."

Eddie's defense—that he has treated Walter the way he has through the years "because I didn't want him to grow up to be a wimp"—is an older brother's line if ever there was one. Still, Eddie is at least partly responsible for Walter's success. He developed the Payton brothers' fearsome conditioning program, which consists primarily of running up and

*his 5′ 10″ frame and can walk sideline to sideline on his hands.*

down a white sandbank along the Pearl River in the heat of summer and which has made Walter one of the best-conditioned runners in NFL history.

"Is it hard?" asks Eddie one spring day, looking down at the shimmering sand from the safety of the nearby Rankin County Bridge and smiling. "Well, we've had to leave guys at the bottom of the hill. Guys who've come along just to work out with us. Professional athletes. When they're finished throwing up, all they can do is sit there."

Walter Payton's home now is Chicago, and he's supposed to be here at the site of his "dream house," the comfort zone he and Connie have been planning for years. Located on 5½ partially wooded acres in a sedate, high-income suburb, the house, when completed this winter, will include just about every fun extra the two of them could think of—from immense walk-in closets to an atrium to a fully enclosed rifle range.

Construction has just started and things are messy, but the beauty of the place is evident. Two ponds intersect near the center of the land, forming a huge aquatic bow tie in front of the house. Small animal noises rise from the grassy banks of the ponds, and birds flutter in the willow stands. The contractor is waiting to meet with Payton, but Walter's nowhere in sight.

Suddenly, there's crashing in the woods, and a moment later Payton steps out onto the driveway. He's wearing sandals, sweat pants, a down vest and a tractor cap, and he's holding a hunting bow and an arrow attached to a spool of twine. Payton is a notorious woodsman, he and his best friend, ex-Bear Roland Harper, have a hunting motto that goes, "If it flies, it dies." Payton had hoped to spend two weeks this spring hunting Kodiak bears in Alaska, but his knee surgery forced him to cancel those plans. It was just as well, Connie feels. "Imagine that," she says, "two weeks with Walter alone. How could the guide take it?"

But this is fishing time.

"Come on," says Payton, and he charges back into the woods.

At the beginning of his career, Payton came close to being labeled a bad guy by the press. He was never a troublemaker, but he stood up too many reporters and he said too little when he did talk. Headlines such as PAYTON: SHY GUY WITH FEW WORDS and IS PAYTON WITHDRAWN OR JUST RUDE? began to appear in the local papers. A classic press-athlete war seemed imminent.

"I think that early on he didn't know how to act. He was just a small-town kid suddenly thrust under lights in a big city," says one Chicago beat writer, "and because he was afraid of presenting the wrong image, he kept on the move and stayed evasive."

Fortunately, time has cured the incipient rift, and Payton is now seen as the endearing, if somewhat manic, person he is. He has matured a great deal, becoming a witty after-dinner speaker, a charmer of old ladies and a wily businessman with holdings—a chain of nightclubs, a Florida nursing home, 1,000 acres of Mississippi timberland—throughout America. But the drum still beats inside him, and there are certain things that haven't changed. The intensity of his feelings, for instance.

In 1976, his second year with the Bears, Payton sprained his ankle in the last game of the season, thus losing a chance to overtake O.J. Simpson for the NFL rushing title. As he came off the field, he covered his face and wept. Fans had never seen anything like that before, and they were startled. So many things had just come together, Payton tried to explain later, that he felt overwhelmed.

This was how he felt a year ago when Harper, his backfield mate and confidant for eight years—his *brother*—retired. "Walter, I'm always going to be around," Harper soothed. But Payton was crushed. He stopped joking at practices; he hardly talked at all. Harper ended up traveling to almost all the Bears' games, ostensibly to chart plays for the offense, but primarily to comfort his buddy, old Sweetness. Not many superstars need comforting.

Now, Payton is pointing at the pond and saying, "There are carp and bass in there, and I'm going to shoot one."

He spots a fish, draws his bow and fires. The arrow

*continued*

# SHOULD THE REASSURANCES OF BUYING THE RIGHT CAR COME FROM THE CAR ITSELF OR THE APPROVAL OF OTHERS?

It isn't easy to buy a Saab.

Other cars offer society's reassurance of status. Or the security of hidebound practicality. Or the image of performance.

The reassurances that come from buying a Saab, on the other hand, come mainly from the car itself, as perceived by the buyer.

Those reassurances aren't so obvious to the great mass of automotive fashion followers. But they're very obvious to the small mass of Saab followers. Because you have to drive a Saab to understand them.

*The right car should tell you about itself.*

If you view a twisty road as a challenge, a Saab will stimulate you with the poise of its front-wheel-drive traction, the grip of its 15″ Pirelli radials and, on the 900S and Turbo models, the stability of gas-filled shock absorbers.

If, on the other hand, you view the same road as a potential hazard, a Saab will calm you for precisely the same reasons.

The Saab fuel-injected, two-liter engine accelerates in a manner that puts many alleged symbols of performance to shame.

The Saab APC Turbo engine leaves some of them positively mortified.

The design of a Saab's interior bridges the gap between the stark but purposeful interior of a race car and the anesthetizing plush of a land cruiser.

Its seats will help keep you alert and untired after hours of driving. Its controls are laid out to keep you well-informed about your Saab's relationship to driving conditions.

A Saab's structure will communicate its integrity to you over every jounce and pothole in the road.

And in the event of a chance encounter with a large, fixed obstacle, it will use all its strength to help protect you.

*1984 SAAB PRICE* LIST*

| | |
|---|---|
| *900 3-door* | *$11,110* |
| *900 4-door* | *$11,420* |
| *900S 3-door* | *$13,850* |
| *900S 4-door* | *$14,310* |
| *900 Turbo 3-door* | *$16,940* |
| *900 Turbo 4-door* | *$17,400* |

*Automatic transmission $390 additional.*

A Saab communicates all these things to you without shouting to the world that it is a performance car or a luxury car or a car of eminent practicality.

*The right people will tell you about a Saab.*

There has always been a hard core of Saab followers who've appreciated Saab's unique design philosophies. Hardy souls, who could look with indifference on their neighbors' concern for their automotive nonconformity.

It's still a hard core group. But today there are a lot more people in it.

One reason for this growing acceptance might be that in the 27 years since the first Saabs pulled themselves onto American shores with front-wheel drive, just about every other carmaker has followed suit with front-wheel-drive cars of their own. So building cars with front-wheel drive became the thing to do.

It might be that Saabs don't happen to look that different anymore. Two oil boycotts and a period of incredible inflation in fuel prices have had the interesting effect of making aerodynamic cars look right in tune with the times.

It's possible that Saab's idea of using turbocharging for maximum performance from minimal fuel has taken root in the collective psyches of the public.** It has in the minds of other carmakers, who are applying *"TURBO"* logos to their products just as fast as they can bring them to market.

Whatever the reasons, in some circles, Saabs have become rather fashionable.

So that today, if you look for them, you will actually find other people who will approve of your purchase of a Saab.

Not that that, as you know, should ever be a reason for buying one.

**Manufacturer's suggested retail prices. Not including taxes, license, freight, dealer charges or options. There are a limited number of turbo models available with Saab's Exclusive Appointments Group, which includes: leather upholstery, fog lights, electronic cruise control and electric sunroof, at additional cost. **Saab 900 5-speed APC Turbo: (21) EPA estimated mpg, 34 estimated highway mpg. Use estimated mpg for comparison only. Mileage varies with speed, trip length and weather. Actual highway mileage will probably be less.*

SAAB
The most intelligent car ever built.

twangs, rips away from the twine and inbeds itself in a foot of mud five yards from shore. Though it's May, there's a chill in the air and the water is ice cold. Payton looks at his bow, at the arrow, at me. "You said you'd be my spear carrier," Payton says. "You'll get that, won't you?"

Getting a negative response, Payton sighs, then rolls up his sweats and slowly wades after the arrow. As he does, one can see the two fresh surgical scars on his knees, marks that look small and unobtrusive amidst the other battle wounds—discoloration from cleatings and turf burns, the scar left from stitching needed to close a cut suffered in a 1978 ABC Superstars competition. Nobody is really worried about his knees, anyway. He ran a 4.5 40 last year, which is about the same as he ran as a rookie. ("I could make him a lot faster just by correcting his arm action," says teammate Willie Gault, a world-class sprinter and hurdler, "but it wouldn't make him a better runner.") And he gained more than 2,000 yards both rushing and receiving last season, for the second time in his career, on those knees. "I don't even think about them," Payton says. "Never."

Back on dry land, he walks off to the site of his house, climbs up on the 12-foot-high foundation and, bow still in hand, roams to and fro on the narrow ledge, pointing out where the bedrooms will be: one for him and Connie; one for son Jarrett, 3; one for the other child they plan to have; and two rooms for guests. Then he's down and charging back to the car.

"What I really wanted was to break Brown's record last year, to do it in nine seasons like he did," Payton says. "But the strike messed things up. Now I want to get there before Franco. Actually, I'd like it to be a battle all year—first him, then me, then him, then me. Franco's a good friend—he's coming to my football camp this summer. . . . But it'll always be Brown's record, no matter who breaks it."

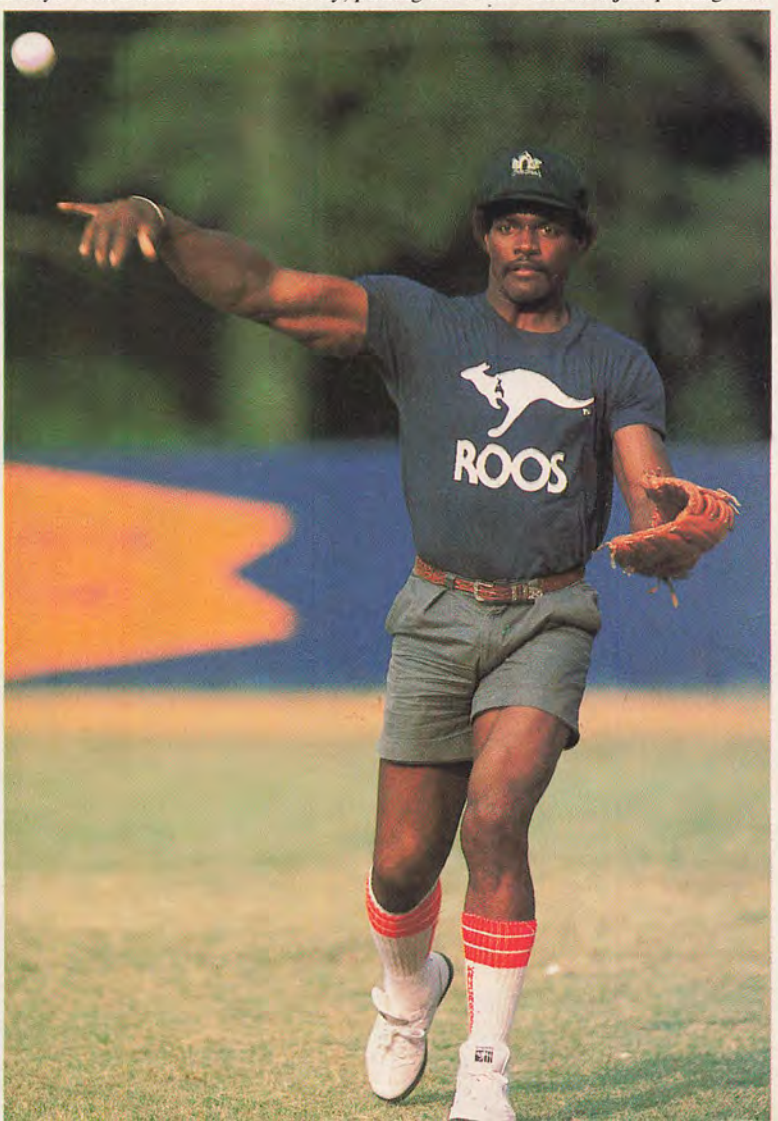
And what about Tony Dorsett and Earl Campbell, the young guys back there around the 8,000-yard mark, cranking out 1,000-yard-plus seasons year after year?

"If I play three more years and get up near 16,000 yards, hey, let them come on," he says. "Nothing's etched in stone. I told you what I wanted. Not to be remembered as the best runner, but as a guy who gave all he had."

The very act of locomotion is fun for Payton, and he starts singing children's songs as he walks. "A frog went a-courtin', he did ride, uh-huh. . . ." At the car, he takes off his sandals and puts on a pair of cowboy boots.

"These boots were worn by Bear Bryant," he says.

***Payton moves to his own manic drumbeat, packing his days with frenetic athletic activity, putting out even when he's just putting out.***



They were?

"No." And he's headed back down to the pond, singing again. "With a sword and a pistol by his side, uh-huh. . . ."

He fires one arrow at a bird, and the arrow misses, hits a log and shatters. Then he takes his remaining arrow and shoots it a tenth of a mile out into the center of the pond. There's nothing calculated to this. He does it because he feels like it.

"Come on, ask questions!" he says.

But he's back in the woods now, sizing up his stand of trees.

"Think this one's dead?" he asks.

It looks dead.

Payton wiggles it back and forth and pulls it out of the ground.

"How about this one?"

Maybe.

He rocks it back and forth, branches falling on his hat and shoulders, the soft earth giving way. He pulls it up and out.

Payton is always doing things for kids—throwing benefits for sick ones, playing games with healthy ones, consoling troubled ones. He has told the Bears' p.r. office always to let him know if there's something he can do for children. It just may be that he has too much kid in him to be perfectly at ease with adults.

Even this ripping up of trees is fun for Payton. It takes brute strength, and there's conflict involved. Will the tree come out? Will it smack him in the face? And, of course, it's a workout. But above all, this is a good time.

"How about this? Dead? Alive?"

The tree is about a foot in circumference, and it has green buds. If I say it's dead, he'll pull it out. If I say it's alive, he'll pull it out, too, just for fun, just to be ornery. Pretty soon I'm laughing.

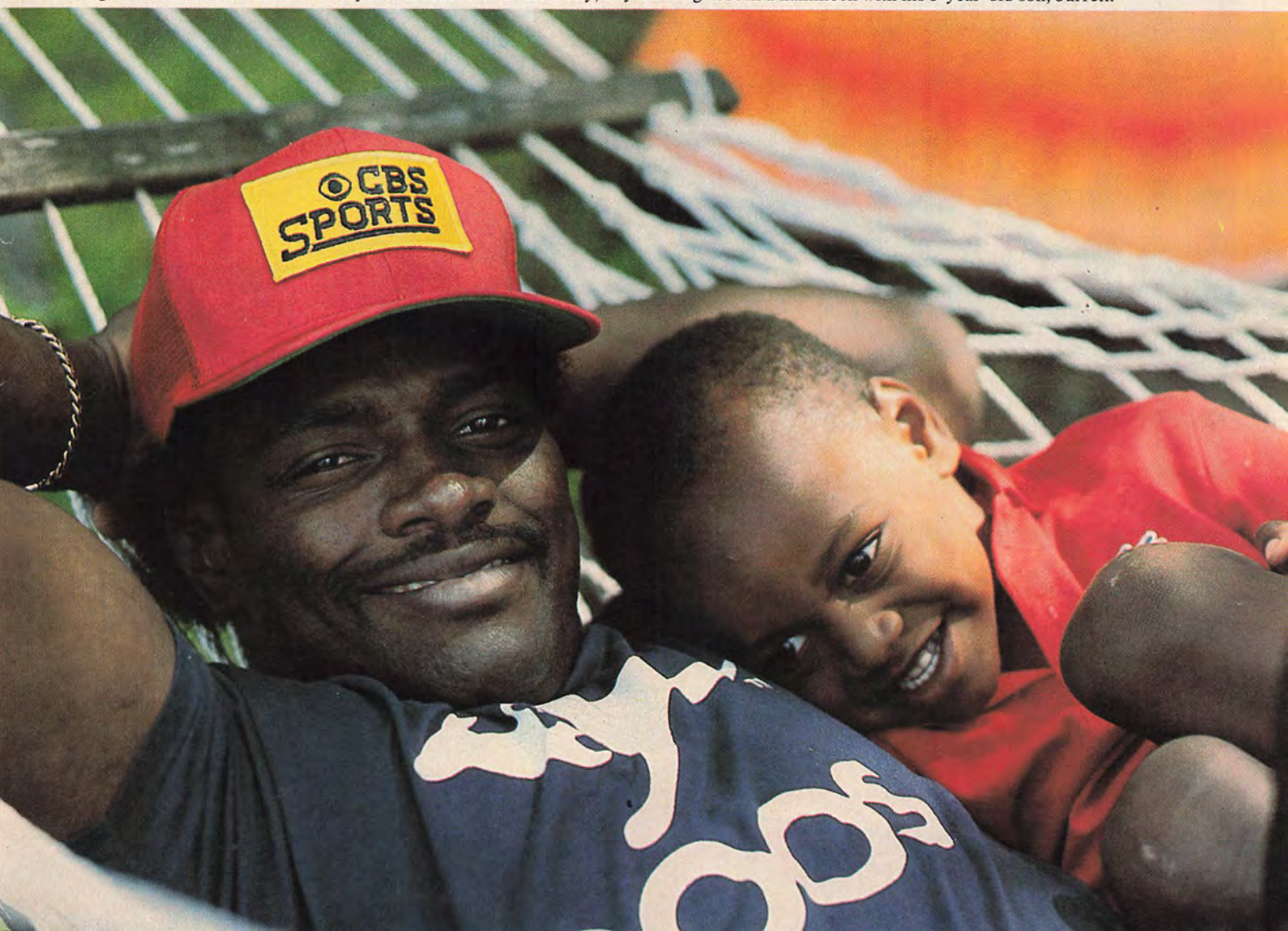
Payton hums, tearing down trees. There are some big ones here, and their demise is accompanied by snapping roots and the smell of fresh dirt.

"Will this come out?"

I can't answer. There's no answer to give. But something O.J. Simpson said recently goes through my mind.

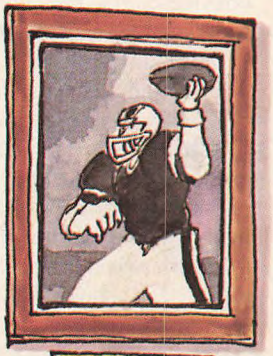
"I think the greatest runner ever may have been Gale Sayers," said the Juice, "but he didn't have great stats, so all this ranking stuff doesn't really matter to me. All the great runners can leave us with, anyway, are memories. Twenty years from now, when I think of Walter Payton, I'll feel good. And nobody can change that." **END**

***Giving the lie to the notion that he keeps on the move 24 hours a day, Payton hangs out in a hammock with his 3-year-old son, Jarrett.***



# GREAT QUARTERBACKS

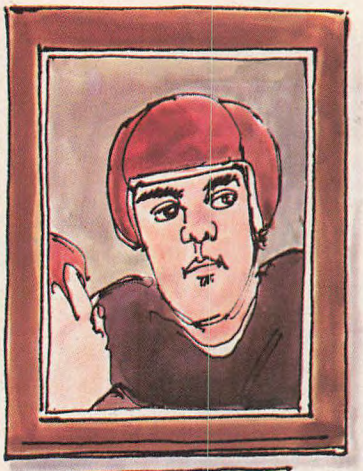
SONNY JURGENSEN



FRANKIE ALBERT

JOE NAMATH

JOHNNY UNITAS



OTTO GRAHAM

SAMMY BAUGH

Y.A TITTLE

MYER

# WHERE HAVE YOU GONE, SONNY JURGENSEN?

*The author turns his lonely eyes to those heroes of yore, quarterbacks, and belittles today's snap-takers*

by FRANK DEFORD

Probably the Age of the Quarterback officially began the first time the position was used as a verb. That's very rare, the ultimate honor; very few positions ever get verbed. Nobody ever said: Nelson admiraled or Alexander emperored. But *to* quarterback—a meeting, a campaign, a battle, a heist. Ah, one sees it right away, the ultimate personification of intelligence, leadership and action. What boy didn't aspire to be a quarterback? What girl didn't dream that one would love her? The quarterback was to America as the warrior to Prussia, the sailor to Portugal, the tenor to Italy, the gigolo to France.

As you know, the Age of the Quarterback has ended. Oh, to be sure, there are those who still play quarterback—play *at* quarterback—but they are mere mortals assigned the task of taking the snap. Someone must perform that function. No, there are no more quarterbacks. Only snap-takers.

Remember, once upon a time, all the talk about how Terry Bradshaw might not be smart enough to quarterback? Remember that? Remember when quarter-

*continued*

backs were supposed to have brains and arms and personality, all three? Nowadays, the bland dullards who perform as snap-takers need only possess enough intelligence to go over to the sideline and have computer bytes jammed into them by coaches decked out in earphones.

Also, the fact that quarterbacks don't have to be able to think these days doesn't matter to people anyway, which tells you even more. Unlike the halcyon days of yore, nobody expects snap-takers to be a special breed anymore. They might as well be golfers. And what with 14 wideouts and six tight ends going into the seams on every play, snap-takers don't even have to possess what used to be called (reverently) "accurate arms."[1] But never mind limbs. The last quarterback who could actually say anything interesting was Meredith, and, alas, he has been saying the same thing now for 15 years. Indeed, according to television analysts, snap-takers no longer talk as we know football talk; instead, they do something that is called *audibilizing.* And even that, of course, is a pale version of what quarterbacks used to do. As you surely recall, quarterbacks BARKED SIGNALS!

***The snap-takers can't call the plays without a program.***

Quarterbacks have become so devalued that football factories don't even bother hiring them anymore. It has been years since Georgia, Oklahoma or Texas owned a valuable snap-taker. As God is my witness, they would prefer to have quick rovers or down linemen. (Imagine being called a down lineman.) As a consequence, all the best snap-takers can only go to Brigham Young or Stanford or something known as Division I–AA. The others drift off into the Atlantic Coast Conference, where they serve as a lounge act for the basketball season.

When did we stop believing in quarterbacks? It ended with Namath—effectively on Jan. 12, 1969. That was the last time he amounted to anything. Staubach lasted longer than Namath, but I don't think you can count him. I mean, yes, technically, Staubach played quarterback for Dallas for a number of seasons, but it was the other Staubach, from another era, from the Navy, that we remembered as the quarterback. For goodness' sakes, Staubach won the Heisman Trophy the year President Kennedy was killed. The past was when he *quarterbacked.* Staubach the Cowboy was foremost a surrogate Landry. So, you see, Namath was the last quarterback.

By the way, do you know what I found out watching television last Thanksgiving Day? There is a guy named Something Hipple who starts at quarterback for one NFL team. It's come to that: Hipple, QB.

Actually, here is the complete official certified history of quarterbacks:

1) Sid Luckman
2) Slingin' Sammy
3) Otto Graham
3a) Frankie Albert[2]
4) Bobby Layne
5) Yelberton Abraham Tittle
6) Johnny U
7) Sonny Jurgensen
8) Joe Namath
9) No more quarterbacks

It didn't even get into double figures. All things considered, it was a short age. Sometimes, when I go down to the barbershop, or over to the filling station to kick tires, there is a grizzled oldtimer hanging around, telling stories about how he personally remembers a Heisman Trophy winner being a quarterback, remembers quarterbacks actually winning the coveted pigskin honor three straight years. The young wiseacres hoot at these tall tales. They snort and guffaw even louder when he tells them the story of Jane Russell, the gorgeous movie star, she with the most fabulous breasts[3] in the world, who actually fell in love with and married a quarterback.

The terrible thing is that we're going backward, like from the Renaissance into the Dark Ages. You see, before there were quarterbacks, there were Triple Threats, and, all things being equal, I think you would have to say that Triple Threats were every bit as romantic as quarterbacks. The Gipper, for example. He was a Triple Threat. So was Jim Thorpe. Wasn't Red Grange, too? See, I'm not saying all the glorious stuff didn't start on the gridiron until Sid Luckman. I'm just saying that we sure miss it now.

It peaked with Johnny U. Sonny had too much girth and Broadway Joe had too much hype, so Johnny U was the high-water mark of quarterbacks. Why, here was the very essence of America rolled into one man. The work ethic: high tops, black, regular issue; crew cut. All

[1] *From the same school of etymology that brought us "educated toes."*

[2] *Lefthanders are never fully accepted as quarterbacks because, as you know, in the southern hemisphere the water spins down the drain the opposite way.*

[3] *See also: accurate arm, educated toe.*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ANDY MYER

business. But Horatio Alger. Johnny U was cut by a losing team. People foam at the mouth when they talk about Joe D hitting in 56 straight games. Well, Johnny U threw touchdown passes in 47 games in a row, and tell me, even with all those snap-takers nowadays who throw for 800 yards on any given Sunday, will anyone ever again chuck TD passes in 47 straight?

Here are some reasons why quarterbacks don't exist anymore and have been replaced by snap-takers:

**1. THE CURSED MARK OF TARKENTON.** Imagine anybody of consequence "scrambling." That was bad enough, and then, one Sabbath afternoon, scurrying around back there like a prairie dog, Tarkenton broke Johnny U's career passing yardage record. After that it was hard to put your faith in anything real.

**2. EQUALITY IS NEXT TO PARITY.** "We will draft the best available athlete irregardless of position," the general managers began to say. You would actually choose an athlete over a quarterback? It was never quite the same after this pitiful revelation of substance over style.

**3. ANTI-COLONIALISM.** As Professor Harry Edwards observed recently, most pro football games now resemble national match-ups "between Ghana and Nigeria." All the receivers and runners are black, while the quarterbacks are white. It's as if the snap-takers should have pith helmets on instead of the ones with face masks. Until a USFL expansion franchise goes into Johannesburg, the quarterback is in the wrong century.

**4. UP LINEMEN.** When scouts started saying many quarterbacks were too short to pass over the tall linemen, the whole image of the quarterback changed. It never bothered anyone that Bobby Layne was short, did it? He could reach the bar, couldn't he? Ever since this business about quarterbacks not being able to see over and pass over, most people have come to assume that quarterbacks are Lilliputian, like the coxswain in a crew.

**5. THE ONLY FRACTION LEFT IN TOWN** or **WHEN DID HALFBACK BECOME A DIRTY WORD?** There used to be fullbacks, halfbacks and quarterbacks. As long as there were two fraction-backs around, the one running and the other passing, it was all right, very democratic. But now halfback has disappeared and by comparison with *full* back, *quarter* back sounds like a real cheap, dumb thing to be. This is all the more so because the other backs have glamorous names: tailback, cornerback, wingback, ace back, free safety, and whatever the other safety is. Also, a quarter doesn't mean as much as it did in the days when you could get a whole good meal with one.

*If he can't throw over a lineman, how heroic can a QB be?*

**6. THE TIME IS OUT-OF-JOINT.** When people die, it is said, well, he was too good for this world. Right now, that is true of quarterbacks. When quarterbacks ruled the gridiron and our hearts, quarterback-type people existed in all walks of life. But now the world is full of lackluster snap-takers. For example, think of quarterback types from the recent past, and then think of their equivalents today. Here is a sample list.

*No snap-taker can fill Johnny U's shoes.*

| QUARTERBACKS | SNAP-TAKERS |
|---|---|
| LYNDON JOHNSON | HOWARD BAKER |
| CARY GRANT | BURT REYNOLDS |
| CHARLES LINDBERGH | SALLY RIDE |
| JOHN L. SULLIVAN | BILLY MARTIN |
| AL CAPONE | ROBERT VESCO |
| KISSINGER | WHATSHISNAME |
| JOHN L. LEWIS | GENE UPSHAW |
| HENRY FORD | KIYOSHI KAWASHIMA |
| MAE WEST | PIA ZADORA |
| UNCLE SAM | SAN DIEGO CHICKEN |
| EVA PERÓN | MARY CUNNINGHAM |
| GEORGE WALLACE | JESSE HELMS |
| TARZAN | MR. T |
| TOOTS SHOR | RONALD MCDONALD |
| RIN TIN TIN | BENJI |
| JIM BROWN | JIM BROWN |

**7. NICKNAMES.** Quarterbacks were always referred to as "field generals." When was the last time you heard that? But it's just as well the phrase has gone out of fashion. Otherwise we'd have field corporals or field spec fours.

**8. THE TWO-MINUTE DRILL RUINED IT FOR EVERYBODY.** Once we found out that all quarterbacks can lead all teams 87 yards in the last two minutes, everybody wanted to know why they didn't do that stuff during the first 58.

Oh, well, wake me up when the quarterback is back. Football needs him more than ever, because there are all these hordes of people playing, interchangeable parts on every play, uniformed Cabbage Patchers. At least, if there aren't any quarterbacks left, I'll settle for a Triple Threat for a while. **END**

# NO! NO! NO! GASTINEAU

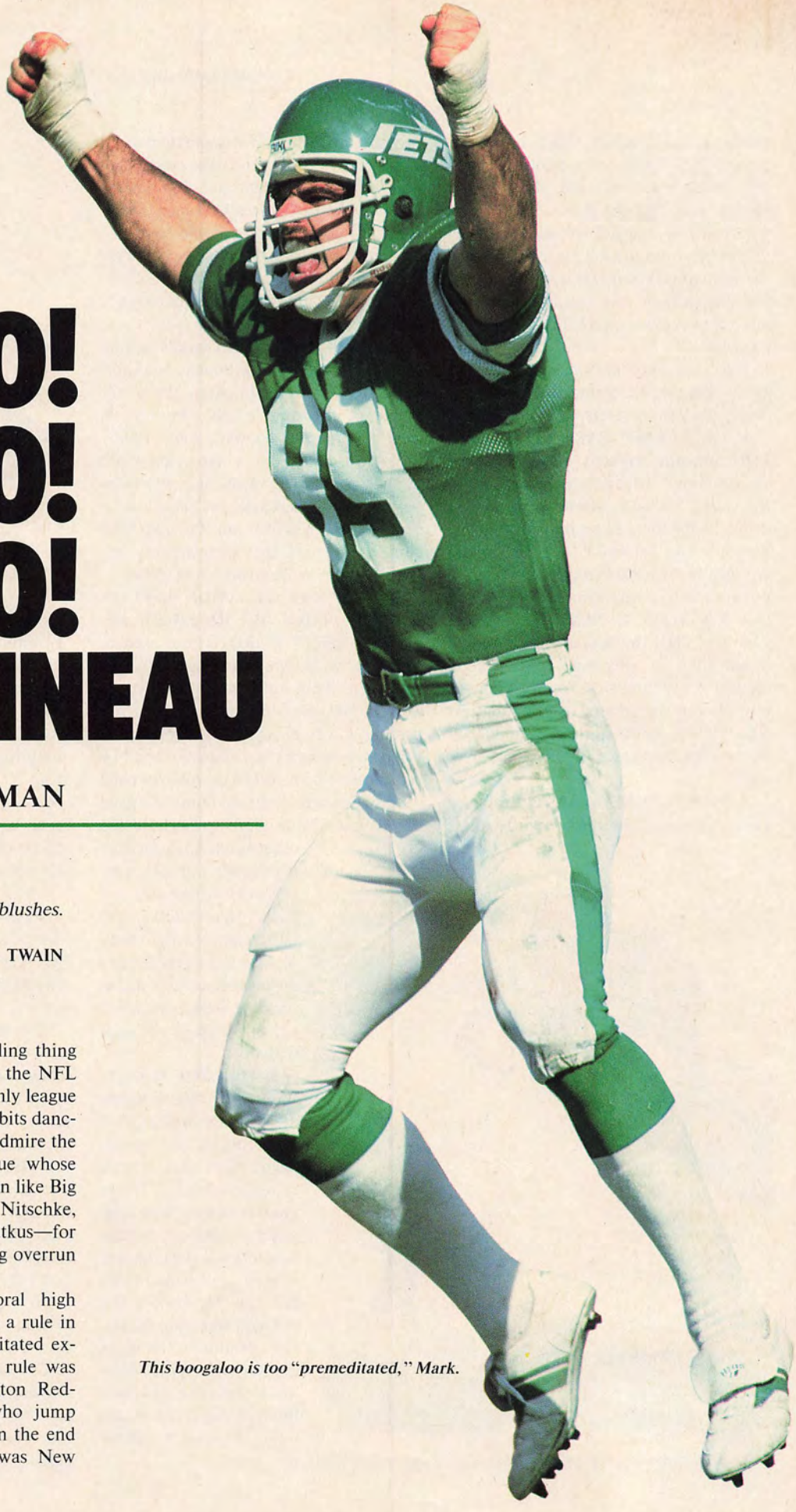
by BRUCE NEWMAN

*Man is the only animal that blushes. Or needs to.*

MARK TWAIN

Perhaps the most revealing thing that can be said about the NFL today is that it is the only league in pro sports that prohibits dancing. Or needs to. You have to admire the courage of the NFL—a league whose fields were once roamed by men like Big Daddy Lipscomb and Ray Nitschke, Night Train Lane and Dick Butkus—for admitting that its game is being overrun by adagio artists.

The NFL seized the moral high ground on this one by passing a rule in March that forbids all premeditated expressions of exuberance. The rule was aimed partly at the Washington Redskins' Fun Bunch, players who jump around a lot and hold hands in the end zone, but its primary target was New




*This boogaloo is too "premeditated," Mark.*

*The NFL outlawed his sack dance but the Jets' Mark Gastineau still plans to make his presence felt, particularly by opposing quarterbacks.*

York Jets' defensive end Mark Gastineau. Gastineau, who had been doing a controversial sack dance every time he dumped a quarterback, got the NFL rule makers so lathered up that they ordered future offenders' teams to be assessed a five-yard penalty for unsportsmanlike conduct. Players caught dancing during the anthem are subject to ejection, and anyone signing up for Arthur Murray classes will be shot.

The sack dance was cleverly named, always colorful, and certainly it had its rhythmic moments. But was it dancing? No. If eliminating the sack dance had any redemptive value at all, it wasn't because Gastineau's moves were bad for the game, so much as it was that they were bad moves. In full flight, he looked less like a man dancing than someone who had just set fire to his clothes.

Some offensive linemen felt Gastineau's dance was being directed at them and took exception. One took a swing. Last fall at Shea Stadium, Jackie Slater of the Los Angeles Rams saw Gastineau doing his dance after sacking Ram quarterback Vince Ferragamo, rushed over and shoved Gastineau from behind. There are ways to cut in on a man who is dancing, and Gastineau found this one objectionable. The ensuing brawl resulted in 37 players being fined a total of $15,750.

The fight cost Gastineau $1,000, but at least one good thing came of it as far as he was concerned. "There were guys on our bench who might not have liked me much, but they all came out on the field," he says. "It was a good feeling to see them come out for *me* during the fight." As displays of brotherhood go, however, this one may have left something to be desired. Bill Bain, an offensive tackle for the Rams, remembers that while the brawl was still in full swing, he told one of the Jets that Gastineau was a "hot dog," to which Gastineau's teammate replied, "Yeah, he's an ass." Suddenly, Bain realized that at least some of the Jets were on the field hoping to see Slater clean Gastineau's clock. "I loved it," Bain said. "I almost fell down on the field laughing."

*A "spontaneous expression of exuberance" like this is allowable, Mark.*

There have been other signs like that along the way, subtle clues that told Gastineau as far back as his rookie season of 1979 that not all of his teammates held him in the highest esteem. "Little things would happen," Gastineau recalls. "Like I would sit down at a dinner table, and six people would suddenly get up and leave." Gastineau didn't need a building to fall on him; he knew it had something to do with him. But what? Well, put it this way. If Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers were in search of the perfect dip, they'd find him in Gastineau. "I went through a lot of major problems when I was coming into the league," he says, "with people not liking me and me not knowing why they didn't like me. They didn't treat the other rookies that way."

Gastineau began to get an inkling of what was causing his problems when several teammates—he won't say which ones—stopped by one day in his rookie season to talk about his sack dance. "After the first couple of times I did it," Gastineau says, "about six guys came over with their arms folded and said, 'We don't do that stuff on this team. We're not going to let you dance.' Well, that was a wild situation. I'd never had anybody except a coach tell me I couldn't do something."

But Jet defensive tackle Marty Lyons, who was once outspoken in his criticism of Gastineau, now says, "We all had to learn who Mark Gastineau was and accept him for what he was. That was harder to do at first than it is now."

Says Gastineau, "My teammates have come to realize that I'm not such a bad guy."

If Gastineau had been an ordinary player, his dance card would have been torn up long ago. The NFL is, at bottom, a conservative institution that has always reserved its ugliest treatment for nonconformists. A kind of groupthink exists that does not make many allowances for individualism. Ram coach John Robinson,

*continued*

*"I've been gifted with a great body," says Gastineau, who's in razor-sharp condition.*

## GASTINEAU *continued*

who obviously understands that better than Gastineau, says, "You tend not to see the champion do it [show off] as much as you see the guy who sees himself as an individual. If a successful offensive line danced every time it protected the quarterback, it would look like a disco out there."

Gastineau presented a different kind of problem simply because he was so good. In 1981 he finished second in the league in sacks to linemate Joe Klecko, and last season his 19 sacks were tops in the NFL. Still, he was constantly rebuked by his own teammates, reviled by the rest of the league, and eventually legislated out of his toe shoes and into submission by the new rule, which prohibits "any prolonged, excessive, or premeditated celebration."

Almost from the time the ban was passed, it became known as the Gastineau Rule—an honor, sort of. "I've never had a rule named after me," he says. The rule does have a provision permitting "spontaneous expressions of exuberance," and it will be interesting to see how the league's officials distinguish between one man's expression of exuberance and another's premeditated celebration. "We don't want to curtail enthusiasm," insists Don Shula, a member of the league's Competition Committee, which formulated the rule. "Gastineau could take one jump." Considering that Gastineau has danced on the Dolphins eight times in the past three seasons, it isn't hard to figure where Shula would like to tell him to jump.

Every year the league explains its new rules in a film shown to all players, coaches and officials during the preseason. Gastineau appears twice in this year's flick. "In one of the film clips," says Art McNally, the NFL's supervisor of officials, "Gastineau makes a sack and immediately raises his arm in the air. That would be fine. But if he goes into his dance. . . ." McNally's voice trails off morosely. "We had a near riot in Shea Stadium when the Jets played the Rams last year," he continues. "And it's not just Gastineau. The ill feeling had been spreading through the league, and the clubs wanted to put a stop to it." The Jets voted with the majority when the owners passed the rule by a 26–2 margin.

Gastineau swears that the sack dance is never done to taunt the quarterback he has just knocked down or the lineman he has beaten on the play. "I've never done anything directly over the quarterback," he says. "I go off on my own and dance." But after Slater shoved Gastineau, he claimed linemen from all over the league called to thank him. And Gastineau weakened his own case last season when he did only a brief pirouette after a sack in Baltimore and later explained that his show of restraint was out of respect for Colt tackle Jeff Hart. "He's one of the nicest offensive tackles I've ever played against," Gastineau said. "To rub it in on a guy like that, to dance in front of his home crowd—I respect him too much."

Being respected too much is not a condition Gastineau has had much experience with. Just how high his peers' level of resentment is became apparent last season when he wasn't voted by the players to a starting spot in the Pro Bowl despite leading the league in sacks. "A lot of people don't like me, so they won't vote for me," he says. "They're allowed to vote for a third-stringer if they want to, and that is *not right.*

"But I think I've proved myself, and the dance has paid off for me. I signed the biggest contract in history for a defensive player this year." That contract was reportedly worth $4 million over five years. His off-field earnings are in the $200,000 range, so Gastineau pulls in about $1 mil-

lion a year—certainly enough to keep him in leotards and leg warmers.

What Gastineau truly takes pride in is not his dancing but his body. "I don't call it the average body of a football player," he says. And indeed it is not. Gastineau's face is the only part of his body that is not rippling with muscles. It is, in fact, rather pudgy. He has flowing black hair that tumbles down what would be the nape of his neck if he had a nape, or for that matter, a neck. This summer he was sporting a gold earring, in the shape of a thunderbolt striking a fist, in his left earlobe, which meant that you could also call it not the average ear of a football player. A gold chain dangles in the cleft of his bosom, where only muscles are allowed to grow—he shaves his upper body. "I've been gifted with a great body," he says. "I want people to be able to see all of it."

"We go through razors like most people go through toothpaste," says his wife Lisa. Nevertheless, Gastineau feels he is a model of restraint. "Hey, I could shave my arms and legs," he says, "but I don't."

Gastineau spent his last week before reporting to this year's training camp working out at Gold's Gym in Venice, Calif., pumping iron with his personal trainer, Richie Barathy, then heading over to legendary Muscle Beach for some "cosmetic tanning," as he called it, so he would look good in the pictures for his upcoming book, *The Body You Want.* Gastineau feels that after football he might even pursue a career in bodybuilding. "Maybe not competitive bodybuilding," he says, "but I would like to go on and do some guest posing. I'm very proud of my body."

Bodybuilding is just one of the many career choices Gastineau has considered besides football. During the players' strike in 1982 he spent several weeks training to become a professional boxer and was briefly considered part of actor Sylvester Stallone's stable, but when his trainer, Jimmy Glenn, had to go to Europe for a fight, Gastineau says he became "depressed" and retired from the sport undefeated and untouched by human hands. This summer he worked out for four weeks with Gerry Cooney, whose muscles are also shaped by Barathy. "A lot of people in football think because they have big bodies they can get in a ring and go rounds with these guys," Gastineau says. "But when you think about it, you don't see a lot of boxers going out and trying to be football players."

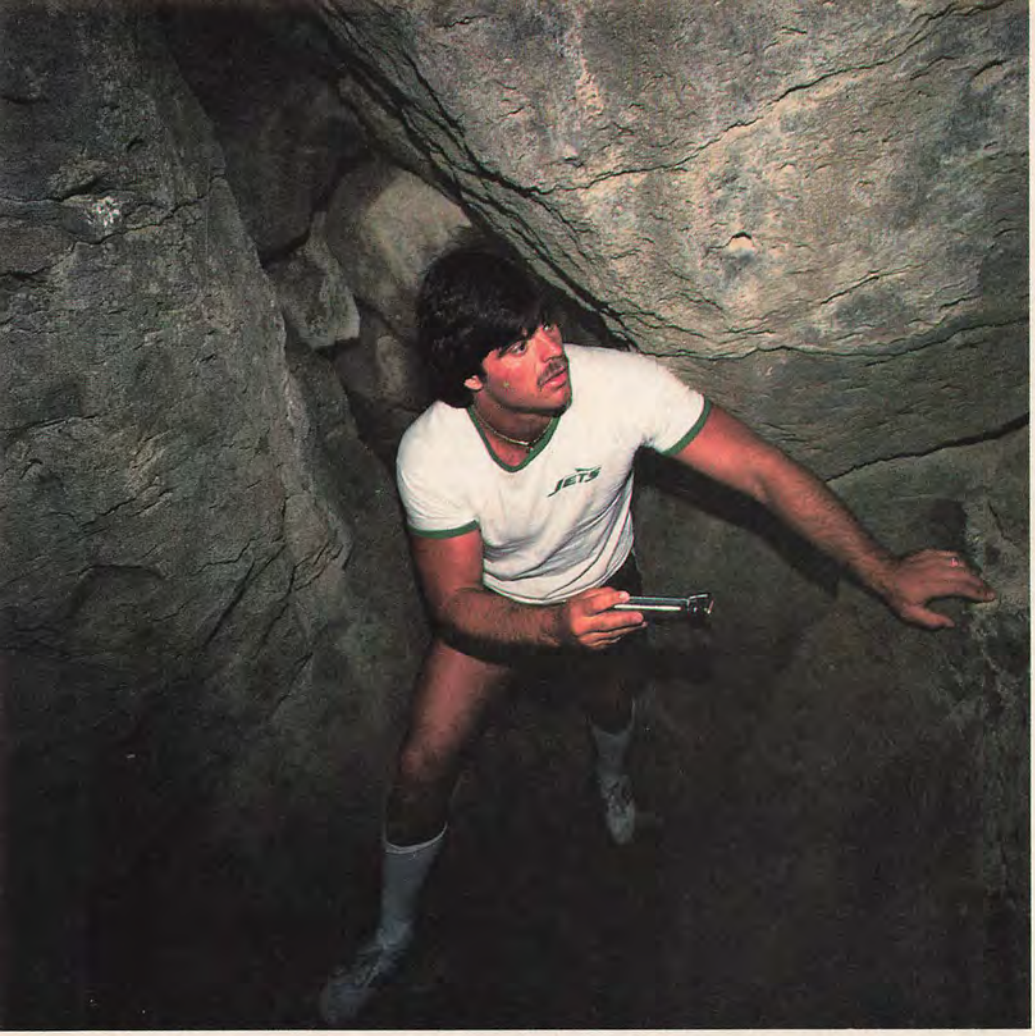
He also had what appeared to be a promising future on the rodeo circuit. He grew up on a ranch in Springville, Ariz., and his father built him a rodeo ring shortly after Mark began entering team roping events at the age of 12. He still occasionally enters rodeos with his dad when the football season is over, but Gastineau says there are no parallels between punching dogies and punching quarterbacks. "A quarterback and a steer are two completely different animals," he says. "I've never danced on a steer."

Gastineau has also spent a lot of time poking around in caves in the White Mountains of Arizona looking for Indian artifacts. Over the past 10 years he has accumulated an impressive collection of Navajo bowls, Show Low duck pots, Tularosa corn grinders, and Big Mesa tomahawks, some up to 1,200 years old. Gastineau gets so excited after successful excavations that he does a dance right there in the ruins.

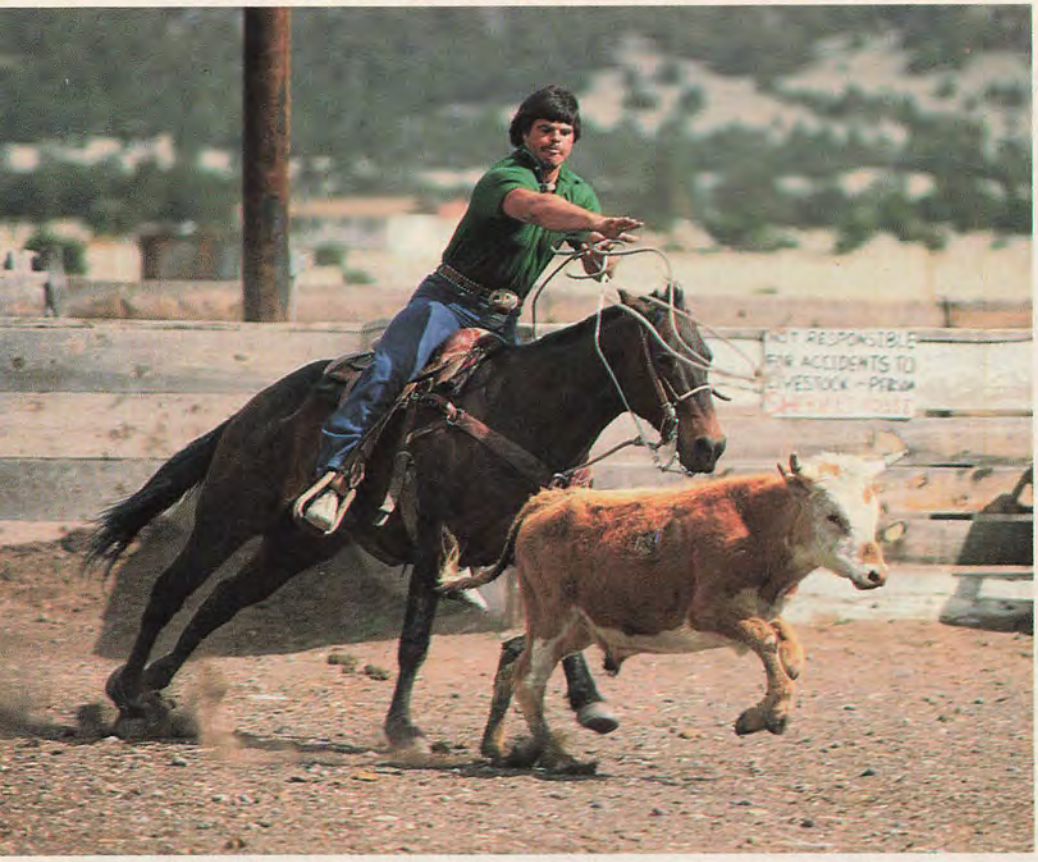
When Gastineau wasn't out digging things up, he was burying quarterbacks.

*continued*

***Lisa and one-year-old Brittny get bussed, but on the field Gastineau busts most of the people whose faces he gets in.***



*Off-season, Gastineau chases artifacts, not quarterbacks, and he doesn't dance on dogies.*



## GASTINEAU *continued*

After making All-America at Eastern Arizona Junior College, he spent one unhappy season at Arizona State before dropping out. From there he went to East Central University in Ada, Okla., an NAIA school that had never produced an NFL draft pick. "After I signed the scholarship, I was walking across the campus crying," Gastineau says, "because I knew my pro ambitions were probably down the drain."

It wasn't until after his junior season that Gastineau realized what an asset his speed was. He had run a 4.8 40-yard dash that year. (In the pros he has reduced his time to 4.56, probably the fastest ever for an NFL lineman.) "If your strength is speed, get faster," he says. "While all the other guys were out at the disco, I would be out under the streetlight at midnight, practicing my 40. That's how I made it to the NFL—total dedication."

Gastineau might not have made it at all had he not taken part in the '79 Senior Bowl, where the Jets staff was coaching the North team. He had expected to be an eighth- or ninth-round draft choice that spring, but he played so well that New York took him in the second round. After a rookie season distinguished primarily by the fact that hardly anybody liked him, he moved into the starting lineup and led the Jets in sacks with 11½ in 1980. That was also the season that he tried dancing after some sacks, and not dancing after others, hoping to please his teammates. When it became obvious that they still didn't like him, Gastineau said, "Gotta dance."

The truth of the matter is that away from the field, Gastineau never goes dancing. Ever. "Neither my wife nor I dance," he says.

Gastineau spent the summer thinking about the new NFL rule, and finally hit upon his answer to it. "You're allowed one spontaneous reaction, so here's what I'm going to do," he says, sounding as if he might not have a full grasp of the concept of spontaneity. "After I sack the quarterback, I'm going to draw back one fist, take a step forward, then shoot my arm up in the air in a martial arts stance. Then—freeze frame—I don't move. That's the end of it. And there's not a bleeping thing they can do about it."

In other words, he won't dance. Don't ask him. **END**

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# Inside Slant On

### BEST OFF-SEASON TRADE

The Rams, giving Kansas City a first- and a fifth-round draft choice to get All-Pro cornerback Gary Green, a solid man-to-man-coverage guy. Just ask the Raiders how nice it is to get an All-Pro cornerback, no matter what the cost. Mike Haynes locked up a Super Bowl for them last season.

### WORST

The Jets, sending quarterback Richard Todd to New Orleans for a No. 1, thereby leaving themselves with one QB, Pat Ryan, who has never started an NFL game and a projected starter, Ken O'Brien, who didn't play a down last season as a rookie. Maybe they've got a deal for a veteran on the back burner. If not, this doesn't make sense.

*Ryan (left) and O'Brien.*

### SADDEST TRADES

The 49ers, dealing for Louie Kelcher and Manu Tuiasosopo, trying to fill up the gaping hole in their middle caused by noseguard Pete Kugler's departure to the USFL's Philly Stars. Kugler was really coming on at the end of last year. How could they let him slip away? For shame! Kelcher, as everyone predicted, retired before the first ball was snapped.

### THE NEBRASKA MYSTERY, OR VARIOUS SCOUTS' EXPLANATIONS OF WHY NEBRASKA GRADS DON'T MAKE GREAT PROS

In the last 14 years only three players from Nebraska, the leading collegiate football power in that stretch, have made the Pro Bowl—Andra Franklin, Junior Miller and John Dutton. Why?

1) The intense five-year weight program there burns them out.

2) Nothing they do in the pros is as important, emotionally, as those Nebraska years.

3) They are overachievers, not great athletes, fitted into the perfect system and overrated by scouts due to the program's success.

### FOR STATISTICS NUTS ONLY

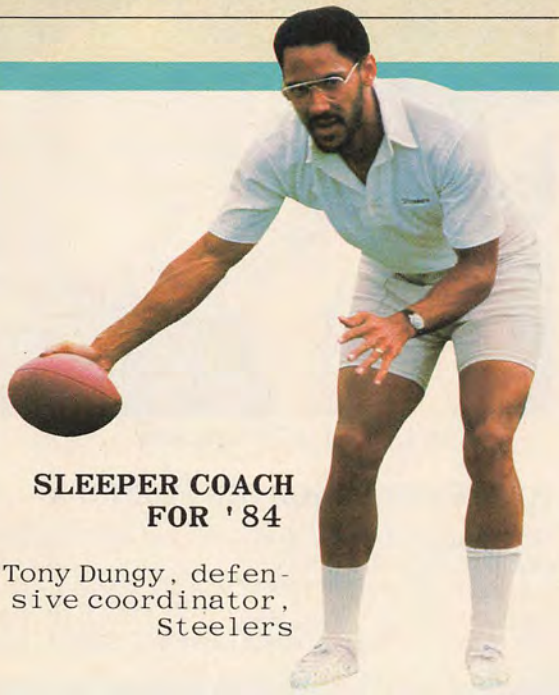
Why rate the passers on an efficiency grade system, and then rate the teams' passing attacks only by aggregate totals? The reason is that it would take the stats people too long to tally up each team's grade, based on the efficiency formula, and for the teams you'd have to find a way to figure in sacks. O.K., I did it for the 28 NFL teams last year. Using the formula for rating individual passers, and using net yards (gross yards minus sack yardage) in place of total passing yards, I got the following changes in the rankings: San Diego and Green Bay, which ranked 1-2 in pass offense, are replaced by Washington and San Francisco. Remember, this system rates efficiency, not just gross yardage.

Baltimore remains as the worst passing team, but the second worst, Pittsburgh, is replaced by the Giants. A toss-up there.

The best pass defense team, New Orleans, is replaced by Kansas City, and the second best, Philadelphia, is re-

# The Pros

*After finishing all his stories and scouting reports, SI's NFL expert, Paul Zimmerman, still had things he wanted to get off his chest*



**SLEEPER COACH FOR '84**

Tony Dungy, defensive coordinator, Steelers

placed by Pittsburgh. This makes sense. The Eagles had good stats because it was so easy to run on them that nobody threw. But in efficiency of pass defense they'd drop to 24th.

Finally, the worst pass defenses, Washington and Dallas, would move to 11th best and 15th best respectively, being replaced by Atlanta and San Diego. That certainly makes more sense.

**MORE STATISTICS, HISTORICAL DEPARTMENT**

Don Hutson caught 74 passes in 1942. That was more than four entire NFL teams completed that season. In 1960 Baltimore's Ray Berry caught 74 passes. The Colts completed 196, the most in the league, by far. Berry caught 37.7% of their completed passes. A receiver catching 37.7% of the completions for the leading NFL team last year would have had 139. And as a group, the 1980 Chargers' receiving corps of Kellen Winslow, J.J. Jefferson and Charlie Joiner caught more passes than five NFL teams and more touchdown throws than 20 of them.

**HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO HAVE DINNER WITH THIS FOURSOME?**

Jack Kent Cooke, Bill Oldenburg, Bob Irsay, Tom Carvel

**FAVORITE QUOTE, 1983 SEASON**

"We will not kick a field goal next week if we are on the two-yard line, the one-yard line, none. There will be no more field goals kicked by the Bucs this year, no matter what the score is, no matter what the game is. It's over. I'm tired of being crucified. God bless you and merry Christmas."

John McKay, Tampa Bay coach, after the Bucs missed a field goal and an extra point in a 12-9 loss to the Packers. The next week they did try one, a 29-yarder, and blew it.

*McKay: nix on kicks.*

**ORGANIZATION I'D LEAST LIKE TO WORK FOR**

Indianapolis Colts

**ORGANIZATION I'D MOST LIKE TO WORK FOR**

Pittsburgh Steelers

*continued*

### DEADEST STORY FOR '84

The IFL . . . International Football League . . . remember it?

### BIGGEST NON-STORY FOR '84

Will Mark Gastineau dance?

### THE DRAFT, A DECADE OF NO. 1s AND 2s: WHO'S HAD THE BEST NO. 1 DRAFTS FROM 1974-83?

New England. Fourteen choices, 12 starters, five Pro Bowl selections. Tampa Bay, which didn't start till '76, ranks very high—six picks, five starters, three in the Pro Bowl.

### THE WORST?

Buffalo, with only three solid starters out of 12 first-round picks. One (Jerry Butler) made the Pro Bowl. Two never signed.

### HOW ABOUT THE SECOND ROUND?

Miami sent the most second-round picks to the Pro Bowl (four—Bob Baumhower, Dwight Stephenson, Andra Franklin and Mark Duper) during the decade, but the Dolphins had a lot of picks (14). In all, six solid starters emerged. Detroit has a better percentage—10 picks, six starters, three Pro Bowlers (Doug English, David Hill, Bubba Baker).

### THE WORST 10-YEAR TEAM FOR SECOND-ROUND DRAFTS

You're not going to believe this: Dallas. The Cowboys had eight picks, and not one of them ever became a full-time starter. One made it to the Pro Bowl—but not for the Cowboys. Tight end Todd Christensen, a Cowboy reject, led the NFL in pass-catching for the Raiders last year.

*Cowboy castoff Christensen.*

*Gregg: back with the Pack.*

### DISASTER COACHING FORMULA

Hire one of your own assistants as head coach. In the 15-year period 1969-83, 29 were hired. Twenty-two have had losing records. The seven with winning records: Charlie Waller at San Diego,

### CAN SOMEONE PLEASE TELL ME

What's the record for most yards rushing by a player in an exhibition game? I've never been able to find this out. Once my son put the question in a letter to the Ask Tex Schramm column in the *Dallas Cowboys Official Weekly*, in which the Cowboy G.M. answers questions, but he never got a response—maybe because he called it an exhibition instead of a preseason game.

### MOST SIGNIFICANT '84 SIGNING

The Patriots gave superscout Dick Steinberg a four-year contract. If they'd lost him, forget it.

### MOST SIGNIFICANT '84 LOSS

Ken Herock, director of scouting, Tampa Bay, to the USFL. He was one of the club's few sensible people.

Don McCafferty at Baltimore, Nick Skorich at Cleveland, Bum Phillips at Houston, Ray Malavasi with the L.A. Rams and John Madden and Tom Flores with the Raiders. All except Madden and Flores lost their jobs.

**ANOTHER DISASTER COURSE**

Hire a coach who was a loser elsewhere. Only two have ever gone from being a loser with one club to a winner with another: Forrest Gregg from Cleveland to Cincinnati and Lou Saban from Boston to Buffalo in the early AFL days.

**DISASTER COURSE NO. 3**

Hire a Vince Lombardi product. Only Gregg has come through. Elsewhere the record's a bummer for former Lombardi players and coaches: Bill Austin, Tom Fears, Norb Hecker, Bart Starr, Phil Bengtson, Willie Wood in Canada, Bill Curry at Georgia Tech, etc. You're much better off with a graduate of the Paul Brown system: Don Shula, Weeb Ewbank, Chuck Noll, Bill Walsh and many, many more.

**THE ONE USFL PLAYER I'D SIGN IF I WERE AN NFL GENERAL MANAGER WITH A LIMITED BUDGET**

Herbert Harris, backup wide receiver and special teams terror for the Philadelphia Stars

**. . . AND THE ONE I'D SIGN IF I HAD A TON OF MONEY**

No surprise here. Houston Gambler quarterback Jim Kelly, naturally. Someday he might be the salvation of the Buffalo Bills' franchise. Then I'd go for Gary Zimmerman (no relation), offensive tackle, Los Angeles Express. Herschel Walker? Never did a runner look worse gaining 1,339 yards, Walker's output this spring. Mike Rozier? He came into the USFL as damaged goods (ankle injury in the Orange Bowl). Kelvin Bryant's a better runner than either of them.

**CLEAN HANDS AWARD FOR '84**

Ernie Accorsi, assistant to the president, Cleveland Browns. He left the Colts before their move because he wouldn't tell lies for Irsay.

**BEST NICKNAME NOT USED**

Box Office Billy Johnson. That's what they called White Shoes in college.

**MOST UNDERRATED PLAYER IN '83**

*Dave Logan, noseguard, Tampa Bay.*

**MAJOR TRENDS FOR '84**

On defense, some teams will experiment with five- and even six-man lines, as a change of pace. (Don't laugh. Kansas City used a pure six-man line against the Giants last year.) On offense, there'll be a return to power concepts, *i.e.*, three backs, which Philly and Minnesota used on occasion last year. The jury remains out on the one-back offense. It's not going to sweep the league as predicted last year. Of the 10 playoff teams last season, only two (Rams, Redskins) were one-back.

# PAUL ZIMMERMAN'S SCOUTING REPORTS

# AFC EAST

## DR. Z's POWER RANKINGS

| | COLTS | PATRIOTS | JETS | DOLPHINS | BILLS |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| COACHING/MGMT. | 5 | 2 | 4 | 1 | 3 |
| QUARTERBACKS | 4 | 1 | 5 | 3 | 2 |
| RUNNING BACKS | 3 | 1 | 2 | 4 | 5 |
| RECEIVERS | 4 | 2 | 3 | 1 | 5 |
| OFFENSIVE LINE | 5 | 1 | 3 | 2 | 4 |
| KICKING/PUNTING | 1 | 2 | 4 | 3 | 5 |
| DEFENSIVE LINE | 4 | 5 | 1 | 2 | 3 |
| LINEBACKERS | 3 | 1 | 2 | 5 | 4 |
| DEFENSIVE BACKS | 5 | 2 | 4 | 1 | 3 |
| SPECIAL TEAMS | 5 | 3 | 2 | 1 | 4 |
| DEPTH | 5 | 1 | 4 | 2 | 3 |
| ROOKIES | 5 | 1 | 2 | 4 | 3 |

*(Rankings reflect strength within the division, 1 being best.)*

This was traditionally one of the most ferociously competitive divisions in football, but now it's a two-tiered society. The Bills, the Jets and Colts are the have-nots. Miami is the aristocracy. But this is the year the **NEW ENGLAND PATRIOTS** join the upper crust. All the signs are there.

Sign No. 1—Happiness. Everyone's signed: rookies, guys who'd played out options, prominent starters. And this is a team that usually lets its productive veterans drift away, e.g., Shelby Jordan, Mike Haynes, Russ Francis, Don Hasselbeck, Leon Gray. What's more, the Patriots got up the dough to remove fullback Craig James from the USFL, which also supplied them with quarterback Tom Ramsey.

Sign No. 2—The Steinberg cycle. Dick Steinberg was a scout for the Patriots in the Chuck Fairbanks era, when New England went from nowhere to the playoffs as Steinberg came up with a heavy load of talent. Then he moved to the Rams as director of college scouting, and three years later they were in the Super Bowl. He has been back with the Patriots as chief scout for three years now, and the talent influx is ready to take hold. They have players—lots of them.

Sign No. 3—The defense is coming on. It was young last year. Seven of the starting 11 were in their first or second year, but the defense held opponents to seven points or less five times in the last nine games. In Rod Rust, a quiet, 56-year-old Iowan, the Patriots have one of the game's finest defensive coaches. Andre Tippett can stand alongside the superstar outside linebackers in the NFL; Raymond Clayborn's a big league cornerback. If the line comes on, the Pats' defense will be formidable. A lot depends on left end Kenneth Sims, the No. 1 draft choice in the NFL in '82. In two seasons he has done zip.

Head coach Ron Meyer's offense, which was largely hunt and peck last year—find something that works and stick with it—now has settled into a one-back power concept: Bang away behind one of pro football's more massive lines. The Pats can come at you with an almost inexhaustible supply of backs—James, Tony Collins, Robert Weathers and Mosi Tatupu, the most underrated back in the NFL. Put Tatupu in an offense that would feature him, and he'd routinely crank out 1,000-yard seasons.

Meyer cannot escape his SMU upbringing. He's happiest when the runners (such as ex-Mustang James) are doing the work, and a big key this year is center Pete Brock, coming back from two knee operations. But the air game, with wideout Irving Fryar, the NFL's No. 1 draft pick, taking the heat off Stanley Morgan, could be effective. The Pats were driving for a playoff spot last year until quarterback Steve Grogan went down with a broken left fibula in game No. 12. Kicking was a major problem, but Meyer feels he's solved it with a trade for the Eagles' Tony Franklin.

These should be happy days for **MIAMI DOLPHINS** coach Don Shula. In the off-season he signed a three-year contract for a reported $2.4 million. In 1987 the Dolphins should be in their new stadium, and Shula's excited about the prospect. No Dolphin has been lost to the USFL, and in Dan Marino Shula has a QB to build a future around. But there are problems.

The toughness that Shula has always liked eroded a bit last year. The running game wasn't consistent. Toward the end of the season the Dolphins had trouble stopping the run. In the last four games, counting the playoffs, three enemy runners went for over 100 yards. Many of the problems were hidden behind the glitter and flash of Marino throwing the deep one to the breathtakingly fast Mark Duper, but then Marino missed two games at the end of the season. When he came back for the playoffs, the rust showed, and the Dolphins lost to Seattle.

In the preseason this year Marino went down again with a broken index finger on his throwing hand, and Shula worried about all the snaps his young quarterback was missing; Marino is expected to be fit for the opening game of the regular season. The Dolphins were saddened by the death of halfback David Overstreet in a car accident in June—he was the third Miami player to die in three years. Overstreet was the closest thing to a breakaway back Miami had, and now Shula's looking to replace him, either through a trade or with a sleeper, 20-year-old rookie David Nelson from Heidelberg College, a 230-pounder who can run a 4.58 40.

The defense isn't in great shape, either. The keynote linebacker, A.J. Duhe, is recovering from knee and shoulder surgery and is still out. Two more linebackers, Earnie Rhone and Bob Brudzinski, pulled hamstrings on the first day of camp. Top draft pick Jackie Shipp (Oklahoma) will help fill the gap there, and the second-round choice, Jay Brophy (Miami), a tough guy with limited speed,

probably will, too. But nobody can fill Duhe's vital double-duty role of linebacker and down lineman. And everyone's waiting to see what the Dolphin defense will look like with Bill Arnsparger gone (to LSU as head coach) and Chuck Studley in control.

Joe Ferguson drops back to pass for the **BUFFALO BILLS**. He looks downfield for Frank Lewis. No Frank Lewis. He's retired. He looks for Jerry Butler. Nope, he's gone for the year with a post-op knee. Got to dump it off to Joe Cribbs, but it'll have to be a hell of a throw—all the way to Birmingham, where little Joe was all-USFL for the Stallions.

Ghosts . . . Rich Stadium is filled with ghosts. Those that were, those that never were: quarterback Jim Kelly, the team's No. 1 draft pick in '83, USFL Player of the Year in '84, 44 touchdown passes and each one a dagger in the heart of every loyal Buffalo fan; Tom Cousineau, No. 1 choice in '79, helping to make the Browns' linebacking healthy.

Prayer, hope, a million maybes—that's the Bills' future for '84. Fergie takes the heat, but what's a guy gonna do with a bunch of minor league receivers? Buffalo has had only one keynote No. 1 draft pick in the last seven years, Butler in '79. Now there's halfback Greg Bell, coming in with a wing and a prayer, off an injury-ridden career at Notre Dame.

Kay Stephenson, the Bills' head coach, feuded with his defensive coordinator of last year, Bob Zeman. Now Zeman's gone, which means that Darryl Talley, a flashy rookie linebacker in '83, will be a regular. As many as 10 rookies could make the club this season, and I'll give you the name of a guy to watch—Rodney Bellinger, a shrimp of a cornerback. A Rod Perry clone.

It's the summer of 1981. **NEW YORK JETS** middle linebacker Stan Blinka calls a press conference. He wants to be traded. He has started every game for two years, led the team in tackles for two years. He wants his $40,000 salary upgraded. (The year before, the Jets had given wide receiver Lam Jones a record rookie contract of $2 million.) "There are situations in which a contract might be upgraded, but not after a 4–12 year," says Jim Kensil, the president. Keep that quote in mind. It's significant.

Now it's the summer of '83, the year after the Jets played in the AFC championship. Jerry Holmes, the starting right

*continued*

*Lacking an experienced passer, the Jets will have to rely on McNeil's wheels this season.*

*Collins, who rushed for 1,049 yards in '83, is top-ranked in the Patriot army of runners.*

cornerback, is in his option year. He's making $92,500. All spring people have been begging Kensil to get Holmes signed. He says there's time. In September Holmes signs with the USFL. So do two other defensive backs, Jesse Johnson and Johnny Lynn, the nickel. They had been earning, respectively, $71,500 and $77,000. The Jets lose two out of the three. Lynn comes back because the L.A. Express coach at the time, Hugh Campbell, had a case of the fogs and put a buyback clause in the deal.

It's draft day 1984. No more luxury drafts, like 1983, when the Jets took a quarterback, Ken O'Brien, as a hope for the future. Now it's time for good old need, a cornerback, Russell Carter of SMU. Carter signs a four-year package for $1.2 million, and the floodgates are open. Money is flowing like Hess Oil. Twenty-five veterans' contracts are redone. A new phrase has come into the league—a Gastineau contract. Howie Long wants one, so do Randy White and Too Tall Jones. A Gastineau contract means $3.75 million for five years. The Jets are the NFL's rich boys, and if you can't figure out their new math—pay the big money while holding firm on the smaller contracts—join the group.

**PREDICTED FINISH**

**Patriots 11–5**
**Dolphins 10–6**
**Bills 7–9**
**Jets 5–11**
**Colts 5–11**

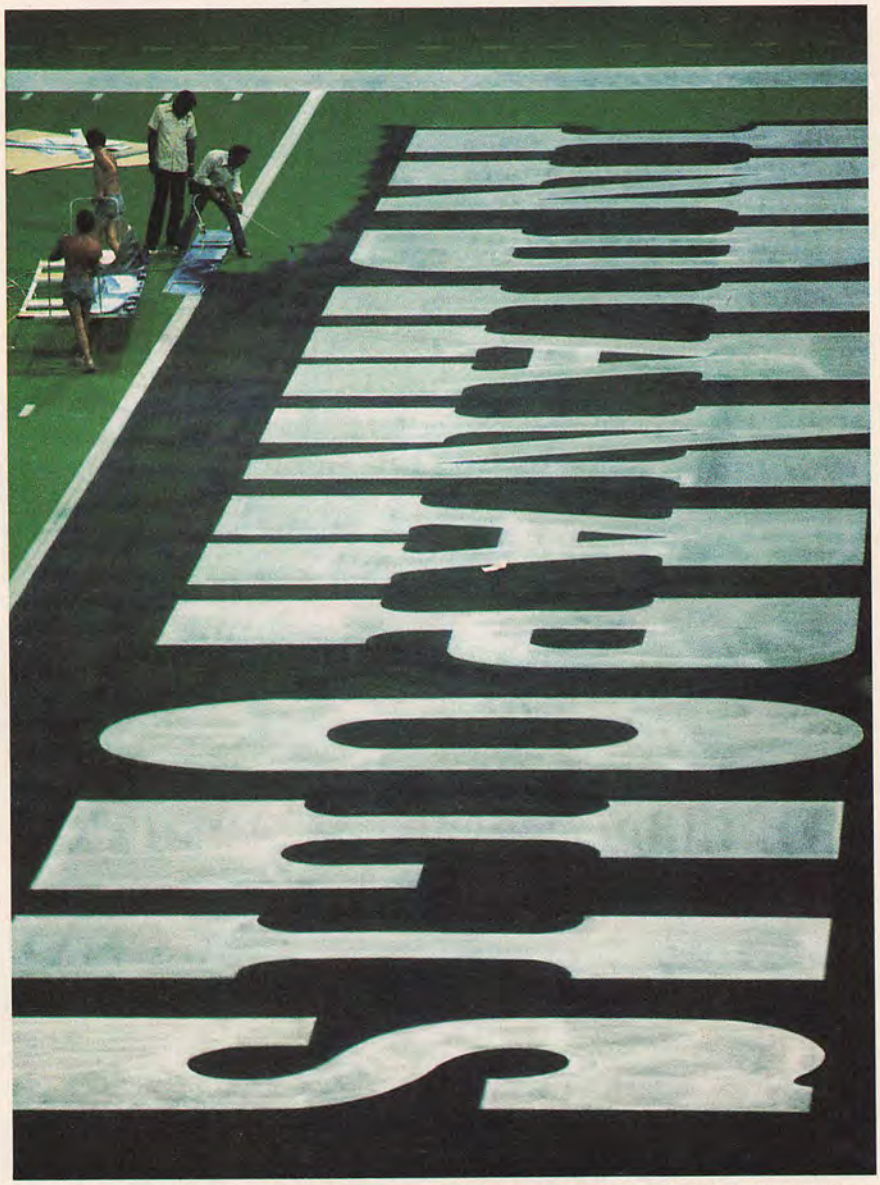
That policy isn't the only thing that's weird about this club. The offense sputtered last year. Halfbacks Freeman McNeil and Bruce Harper went down with injuries. The offensive line was banged up. Wesley Walker, the blue-chip receiver, floundered. So who got all the blame? Quarterback Richard Todd. Off he went to New Orleans, leaving the Jets with O'Brien, who didn't take a snap in '83. He has a gun, all right, but in his first exhibition game he was sacked six times. His escape ability seems minimal. Call it a rebuilding year for the Jets.

On the morning of Thursday, March 29, 1984, employees of the Baltimore Colts came to work to find a building stripped bare. They were ushered into an empty conference room where they were told they no longer had jobs. Goodby and good luck. Thus began the glorious saga of the **INDIANAPOLIS COLTS.**

The news out of Indianapolis? Owner Bob Irsay is given 40 acres of prime real estate and the city will build him a training site. Irsay is sued by an Indianapolis restaurateur over distribution of season tickets. The team had trouble signing its two first-round draft choices, cornerback Leonard Coleman and guard Ron Solt. "I don't expect the people of Indianapolis to pay a player $1 million when he doesn't deserve it," Irsay said.

Meanwhile, coach Frank Kush worries about his secondary. And his offensive line. And his quarterback situation. Mark Herrmann, the man he'd favored to replace Mike Pagel, broke his passing thumb. How will they do? Well, Curtis Dickey should break a few long runs on the artificial turf, and the defense can play it tough at times, if the enemy doesn't get too pass happy. But leadership begins at the very top, and you can give the Colts a zero in that department.

*continued*



*They're painting the town blue in the new Colt home, but this year Indy's going no place.*

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*Motor Trend, March 1984 **EPA est. 21 mpg. 28 mpg hwy. Use "est." mpg for comparison. Mileage varies with speed, trip length, weather. Actual hwy. mileage will probably be less.

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# AFC CENTRAL

## DR. Z's POWER RANKINGS

| | BENGALS | OILERS | STEELERS | BROWNS |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| COACHING/MGMT. | 3 | 4 | 1 | 2 |
| QUARTERBACKS | 1 | 2 | 4 | 3 |
| RUNNING BACKS | 4 | 1 | 2 | 3 |
| RECEIVERS | 1 | 4 | 3 | 2 |
| OFFENSIVE LINE | 1 | 3 | 4 | 2 |
| KICKING/PUNTING | 3 | 4 | 1 | 2 |
| DEFENSIVE LINE | 1 | 4 | 2 | 3 |
| LINEBACKERS | 3 | 4 | 2 | 1 |
| DEFENSIVE BACKS | 1 | 4 | 3 | 2 |
| SPECIAL TEAMS | 1 | 2 | 4 | 3 |
| DEPTH | 2 | 4 | 1 | 3 |
| ROOKIES | 4 | 1 | 3 | 2 |

*(Rankings reflect strength within the division, 1 being best.)*

At the first **CINCINNATI BENGALS'** press conference after Sam Wyche was named to succeed Forrest Gregg as head coach, Paul Brown announced that Wyche would have a free hand in choosing his assistants. Then Brown named three holdovers for him. The football world giggled. Some free hand.

Wyche, who was Bill Walsh's first lieutenant when the 49er offense was taking the league by storm, says no problem. He would have kept them anyway. He says everything is peaceful within the organization, which is what a working man is supposed to say. But is it really? The offense lost a dimension last year when Brown fired the coordinator, Lindy Infante, who had accepted a future USFL job, and that was probably the biggest thing that drove Gregg to Green Bay—plus, of course, the fact that five Bengal vets were headed for the USFL. Offensive thinking won't be a problem, though. Wyche will take charge of that himself. The departed vets? Well, the Browns, Paul and assistant G.M. Mike, won't get into a dollar war with the USFL. That's life. There's still enough holdover talent from the '82 Super Bowl team to keep the Bengals healthy.

Too many people, including yours truly, have made a big thing of the Bengals' stinginess. Their top draft choice, Ricky Hunley, projected as a starting inside linebacker, was a holdout, but their two other No. 1s—defensive tackle Pete Koch and 300-pound guard Brian Blados—were signed. Quarterback Boomer Esiason got the richest contract for a second-round pick in history (a reported $2.375 million for five years).

In his first preseason game, against the Jets, Boomer looked like the steal of the draft—9 for 10 and two TDs, good movement, good head. He was upset about not going in the first round, but cheer up, Boomer, you're in the best situation a young quarterback can be in. You're playing for a coach who's an ex-QB; you've got a great vet to learn from, Kenny Anderson; the Bengals have a fine offensive line; and you're getting plenty of dough. What could be better?

The big off-season trade with San Diego swapped two runners who were unhappy with their clubs, Pete Johnson and James Brooks. As Jerry Magee of the *San Diego Union* said, "The Chargers traded a little griper for a big griper. They'd rather have the big one." The Bengals feel otherwise. Brooks gives them more flash and dash. The offense isn't so locked in. The defense? Well, it led the NFL last year.

He's No. 19 for the **PITTSBURGH STEELERS.** He's bright-eyed and eager to learn. He's got the arm and he's got the legs and he was the youngest quarterback ever to start in the Super Bowl. David Woodley is a fifth-year pro, and he's only 25 years old. Only 25? Must be a misprint. Check it again.

That's the good news. The bad news is that Don Shula gave up on him in Miami, and Shoes knows his QBs. O.K., you say, Dan Marino burst onto the Dolphins' scene like a flaming rocket, and there's room for only one young quarterback star on a sensible ball club. Well, that's the way the Steelers figure it, because if they ever intend to progress further than the first round of the playoffs, they'd better bring their pass-catch game up to date.

In the mid-70s they won two Super Bowls with defense, running and a young Terry Bradshaw. Then the league switched eras on them, so the Steelers went big-play, Bradshaw throwing to a pair of All-Pro wideouts, John Stallworth and Lynn Swann, and won two more Super Bowls. See, it isn't so hard to play this game, is it?

Gone now are Bradshaw and Swann. Stallworth caught only eight passes during an injury-plagued 1983 season. The Steelers made it into the playoffs with a battered and ever-changing offensive line, held together by the great play of center Mike Webster, and a quick-striking defense, again led by a throwback, inside linebacker Jack Lambert. But they had the NFL's second-worst passing attack.

They can't continue to do it with mirrors. Their offensive line is still a shambles. Their defense should be good again under new coordinator Tony Dungy, who's only 28, but if they don't want a repeat of the Raider blowout in their playoff game last year, they'd better learn how to fly with the rest of the hawks.

Enter Woodley, who cost them a No. 3 draft choice. He's got a flock of receivers to throw to, including top pick Louis Lipps, who they say is wowing 'em on the deep stuff. There were eight Steeler draft choices, past and present, in the training camp wideout corps, and all the club needs is three who'll hold up for the season—Lipps; possibly last year's second-rounder, Wayne Capers, who's big and fast; and possibly Stallworth, if he can stay healthy. The Steelers added some speed at tight end with a second-round pick this year, Chris Kolodziejski, who can move his 231 pounds at a 4.6 clip.

Franco Harris was a training camp holdout, but Franco doesn't do much in the preseason anyway. Frank Pollard is

a straight-ahead banger; Walter Abercrombie's still a maybe. From out of the mob of rookies who could make the club, a sleeper ballcarrier emerged, 230-pound Elton Veals, an 11th-rounder. Defense could keep the Steelers near the top of the division, but after that . . .?

Defense moved the **CLEVELAND BROWNS** into playoff contention in 1983. Remember defense? Once the Browns were very good at it—Bill Willis, Len Ford, Walt Michaels, Paul Wiggin, Jerry Sherk. Oh, they had their studs all right. Then they forgot how to play it. From 1977 until last season they finished in the bottom half of the league in defense. Then the defense came to life in '83. The Browns pitched successive shutouts against the Bucs and Patriots; they crushed the Colts. Two wins in their last three games would have put them in the playoffs. Then disaster struck.

Denver's John Elway, the AFC's lowest rated QB, hit them for 284 yards and two TDs. The Browns' Brian Sipe, who had thrown only one interception in his last 102 passes, threw three that day. Now the Browns had to go 2 for 2. Houston ended the dream the following week, as Cleveland's Mike Pruitt lost three fumbles.

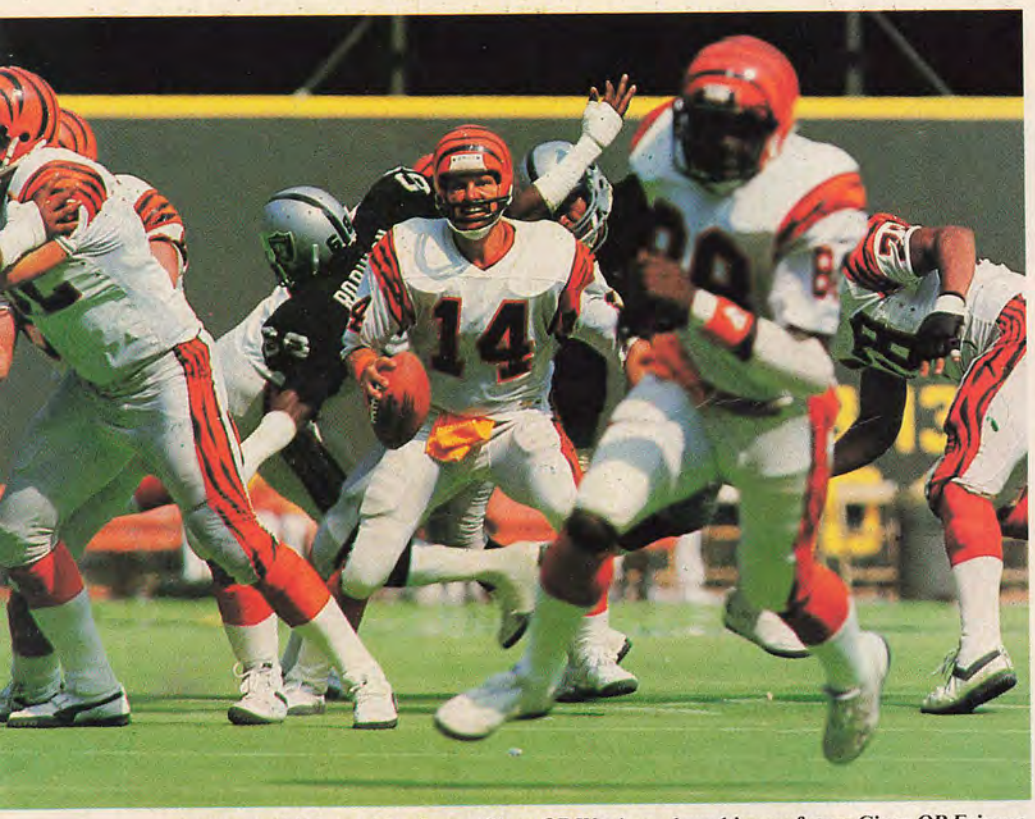
With Sipe gone to the USFL, Paul McDonald is the new quarterback. Pruitt, who has been a Pro Bowl back, is being pushed by second-year man Boyce Green. And the defensive backfield got a shakeup. Don Rogers, the No. 1 draft choice, will be the free safety. Chris Rockins, a second-round pick, is making a run at strong safety. To duplicate the 49ers' hat trick of '81, when San Francisco won a Super Bowl with three rookies in its secondary, the Browns will need assurance from their lawyers. The key to Cleveland's secondary is Frank Minnifield, an Arizona Wrangler whom the Browns signed in April. They project him at left corner, the hot corner. Wrangler linebacker Stan White says he's the best cornerback he has played with in his 13 years. The question remains: Did Minnifield have an option clause in his USFL contract, or didn't he? Minnifield says no; the Wranglers say yes.

*continued*

***Pruitt, a 1,000-yard man in each of the last four full NFL seasons, developed a costly case of the drops during last year's stretch run.***

# AFC CENTRAL

Other phases of the defense, especially the linebacking, are shipshape. Chip Banks is an All-Pro. Tom Cousineau led the team in five categories. The offensive line is solid; the receivers have a little more zip with the addition of Duriel Harris (traded from Miami). Quarterbacking? Well, Larrye Weaver, last year's offensive coordinator is gone now. McDonald's development will be in the hands of Joe Scannella, who coached the running backs for Sam Rutigliano the last two years.



*Anderson (14) is working for ex-Cincy QB Wyche and working on future Cincy QB Esiason.*

At the top level, Art Modell is entangled in a series of lawsuits with minority owner Bob Gries, but it hasn't strangled the operation. Modell's new assistant, Ernie Accorsi, who escaped from Bob Irsay's Colts, got all the draft choices signed faster than any other NFL club. Now if they can just play. . . .

Give the **HOUSTON OILERS** credit. They're trying. They won the Warren Moon derby and made the Edmonton star the highest paid quarterback in the game. They got Hugh Campbell, the coach who teamed with Moon for five straight Grey Cup titles. They stockpiled drafts and flooded their roster with rookies. Bud Adams, a hard man to please, smiled at all this and gave G.M. Ladd Herzeg a new long-term contract.

Now where are they? Tough to tell. Campbell was the greatest Canadian coach since Papa Dionne, but he was a bust with the L.A. Express. His friends say he's laid-back, Southern California style. More cynical observers say he just won't put in the hours. Moon was sensational in the run-and-gun style up north, but it'll take him a while to tune in down here. Once upon a time a quarterback or two would find his way down from the Canadian Leagues, strange specimens usually, darting types, "scatter guys," Weeb Ewbank used to call them. They'd be signed to a modest contract, and every now and then one of them would make the club. That's what Moon has looked like in the early preseason, a herky-jerky kind of guy operating behind a line that's big enough to eat hay but doesn't really fire off the ball in crisp fashion. And the pressure will be on to score every time he has the ball, because the Oilers gave up almost 30 points a game last year. And the defense doesn't look much better.

For the last five years the Oilers' top draft pick has been an offensive player, and while this was going on, the defense eroded. Everyone ran on Houston last year. The Oilers' pass defense was up there in the rankings only because no one bothered throwing against them. Well, first things first, the Oilers say. And first comes the wall, the offensive line, the blockers for Earl Campbell. So their last three top drafts have been offensive linemen, all of whom figure to start—Bruce Matthews at center, after a year at guard; Dean Steinkuhler at right tackle, after a Nebraska career at guard; and Mike Munchak again at left guard, if he recovers from the arthroscopic knee surgery he had in camp. Munchak is All-Pro caliber.

Campbell had his first surgery of any kind in the off-season, and his right knee is still a little sore. Not to worry, he says. According to Earl, "I've still got 4,000 yards, maybe even 5,000, left." He'll be operating out of a one-back set this year, and he'll still get the hook on passing downs. Moon's primary target will be wideout Tim Smith, who had the quietest 83-catch season in history last year.

But what good are all the offensive fireworks if Houston can't stop anybody? Well, its second-round pick was a big tackle from Auburn, Doug Smith, but he showed up at minicamp at a pudgy 305 pounds and then asked for a ton of money, and somehow this combination didn't sit right, so he went to the USFL. If there's any hope for the Oilers and their defense, it could lie in the new coordinator, Jerry Glanville, who put together some good units in his six years at Atlanta. (Remember the maniac blitz?)

*continued*

**PREDICTED FINISH**

**Bengals 10–6**
**Steelers 9–7**
**Browns 7–9**
**Oilers 5–11**

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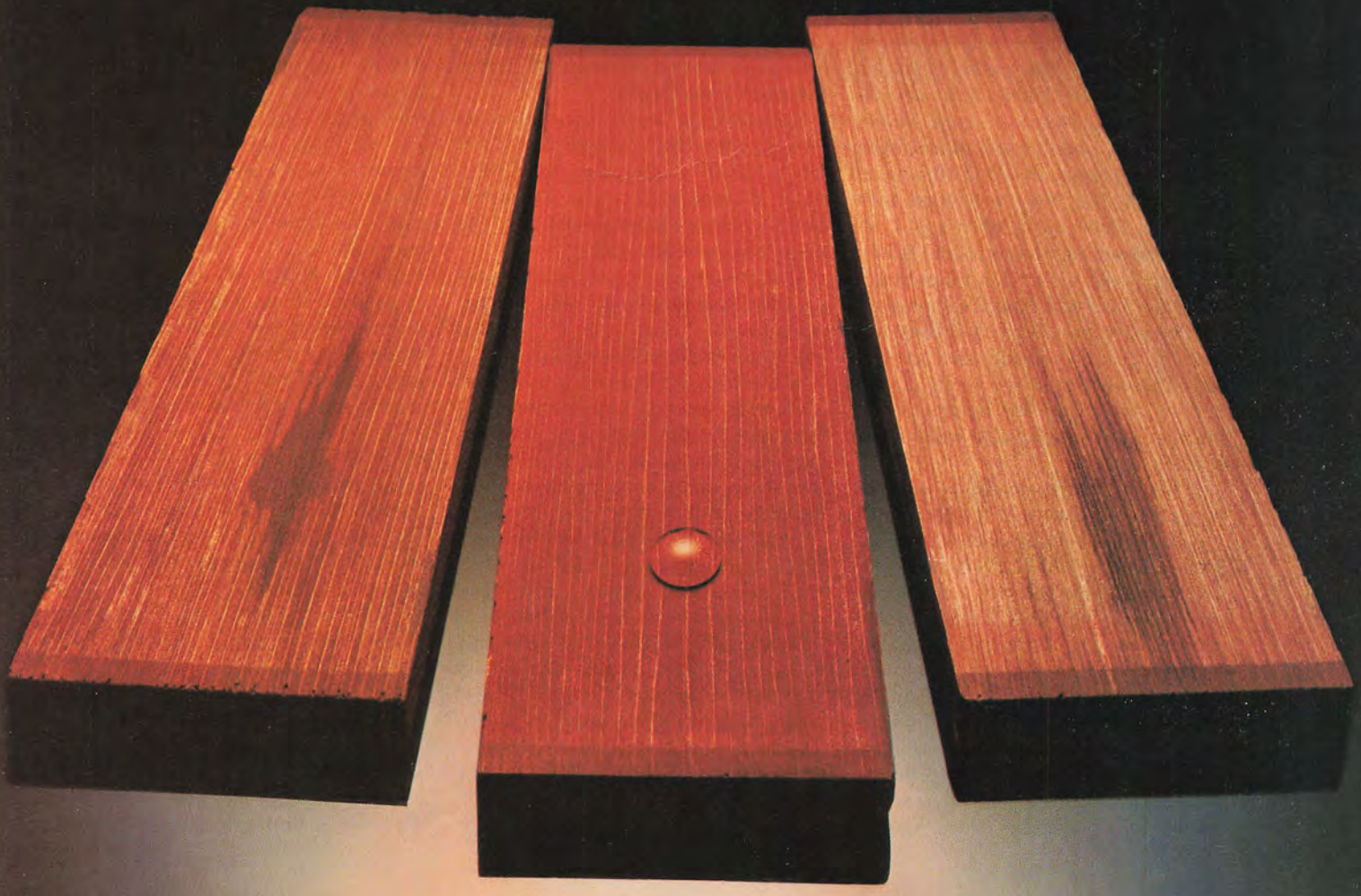

# AFC WEST

## DR. Z's POWER RANKINGS

| | SEAHAWKS | RAIDERS | CHARGERS | BRONCOS | CHIEFS |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| COACHING/MGMT. | 2 | 1 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
| QUARTERBACKS | 4 | 2 | 1 | 5 | 3 |
| RUNNING BACKS | 2 | 1 | 3 | 5 | 4 |
| RECEIVERS | 3 | 2 | 1 | 4 | 5 |
| OFFENSIVE LINE | 4 | 1 | 2 | 5 | 3 |
| KICKING/PUNTING | 3 | 1 | 5 | 2 | 4 |
| DEFENSIVE LINE | 3 | 1 | 5 | 4 | 2 |
| LINEBACKERS | 2 | 1 | 4 | 5 | 3 |
| DEFENSIVE BACKS | 3 | 1 | 5 | 2 | 4 |
| SPECIAL TEAMS | 1 | 2 | 4 | 3 | 5 |
| DEPTH | 3 | 1 | 2 | 4 | 5 |
| ROOKIES | 1 | 5 | 3 | 4 | 2 |

*(Rankings reflect strength within the division, 1 being best.)*

Al Davis's **LOS ANGELES RAIDERS** are a dynasty, or the closest thing to one right now. They have won three Super Bowls in the last eight years. They're the defending champions. Davis says that the fun is just starting, that guys who sat on the bench last year are better than those who played. But veteran dynasty watchers say the Raiders are ripe for a fall.

What happened to the great dynasties of the '60s and '70s, to the Packers and Steelers? Essentially the same thing: They got old. Loyal veterans were not replaced in time. Coaches got sentimental. Superstars faded, and no new ones came along.

Last year the Raiders were the oldest team in football. This season 15 players who are 30 or over should make the roster. That's a lot over a 16-game season. Ah yes, Davis says, but look at the young guys waiting to step in—Don Mosebar at guard, with Pro Bowl written all over him; Curt Marsh at the other guard, returning from a back injury; Marc Wilson at quarterback, should Jim Plunkett falter; Bill Pickel and Greg Townsend on the defensive line; Dokie Williams at a wideout. Teams generally don't get that old on Davis. Players are gently coaxed into retirement, as Ted Hendricks was this year. And now there's a healthy mix of young and old.

O.K., but there are more insidious things at work. Greed, envy. Super Bowls should mean supersalaries, right? What is it that Cowboy G.M. Tex Schramm once said, "Every time you win a championship it costs you money"? Davis tries to shortstop that one by regularly upgrading his people. But now there are grumbles. Tight end Todd Christensen held out. He wanted to be paid what the No. 1 receiver in football should be paid. Davis reminded Christensen that they'd redone his contract last year, and then he signed up his old warhorse, Dave Casper. "Looks like his old self," Davis said, ignoring the fact that two other NFL clubs had given up on Casper.

Defensive end Howie Long left camp for a day. He didn't feel that a $175,000 salary was in keeping with his All-Pro status. We redid you last year, Davis said. Don't worry, we'll get around to it. But when, Long wonders, when?

Other veterans are also seeking renegotiation, and muttering. "The summer of discontent," Davis calls it. "Happens every year. We'll get it worked out."

If it is truly worked out, if youngsters are quietly inserted into the lineup to form that healthy, dynasty-perpetuating mixture, if the old hunger is still there, then there will be no stopping the Raiders, because they have a lot of talent. They showed they could win the Super Bowl with corners (All-Pros Mike Haynes and Lester Hayes) who could play bump-and-run, with a 260-pound linebacker (Matt Millen) who could nullify a guard by himself, and with a quick and agile noseguard (Reggie Kinlaw) who could cut off the blocking angles. They peaked at exactly the right time—the postseason. If 1984 is a natural progression, look out, world!

The **SEATTLE SEAHAWKS** crept into the playoffs for the first time in their history last year on the paper-thin margin of 13 Raider turnovers in the two games against them and a missed extra point by K.C.'s Nick Lowery. In a world hungry for Cinderellas, they went to the ball twice in the postseason and came away starry-eyed. Then the Raiders shattered their glass slippers with a nasty 30–14 win that wasn't as close as the score.

We are left to wonder which is the true Seahawk team. Is it the nifty, crisp-blocking gang of gung-ho overachievers, led by an inspirational quarterback from Milton College named Dave Krieg, that punched enough holes for rookie Curt Warner to top the AFC in rushing? Or is it a group that played over its head—a team with a defense whose ranking of 27th in the NFL was no fluke, with an offensive line whose lack of size was painfully exposed by the bullying Raiders and a quarterback who came unhinged under L.A.'s relentless pressure?

Coach Chuck Knox must be worried about those things, too. He tried to get Warren Moon, but lost to Houston. He brought in a couple of 280-pound-plus tackles, Bob Cryder from New England and Bryan Millard from the Jersey Generals of the USFL, because 258-pound holdover Steve August isn't big enough. In the first round he drafted Terry Taylor to play left cornerback (the bomb was the Seahawks' undoing last year; 22 passes of 40 yards or more were completed against them), and in the second round he took Daryl Turner, a gifted long-ball receiver, to help build Krieg's confidence. Both were excellent picks.

But this year everybody—including the Raiders—will be ready for them.

**SAN DIEGO CHARGERS'** coach Don Coryell keeps his brain working. Just when we get him typed—the man who loves to throw, the great architect of

*continued*

those timed patterns—look what he does. He brings in fullback Pete Johnson, and not only that, he tells his p.r. department to list Johnson's correct weight on the program—278. So what is this, ballast for the Air Coryell balloon? A comedy routine to keep the fans amused between acts? Hell no, says Coryell, we're thinking of Johnson and Chuck Muncie in the same backfield, 514 pounds of thrust crumbling enemy lines. And just to make it more serious, we'll go with three tight ends at times, count 'em, three.

Now there are two ways to look at this. He's not really serious; he's just setting people up for the lightning bolts. Or, and I believe this is the case, he is again one step ahead of the game, anticipating a switch in eras—a return to good old power football, massive rumbling offenses running over those quick and agile pass defenders who have forgotten how to stop the run. Hey, that's what I call football. Way to go, Don!

It's a cinch that something had to be done. Air Coryell was 6–10 last year. San Diego's explanation for that is simple: The club was 1–5 in the six games Dan Fouts was out. O.K., so that leaves it 5–5 in the games he played. Is that anyone's goal in life, .500?

Here's another depressing note for the Chargers. Their commitment was to defense last year, and four rookies started, but even so, San Diego gave up more yards and points per game than it did in '82. This year the Chargers picked up more defense: cornerback Mossy Cade in Round 1 (a holdout in camp); Mike Guendling, a very promising linebacker in Round 2 (out for the year with a fractured tibial plateau). They brought in three vets for insurance, but only one might help, 34-year-old linebacker Brian Kelley from the Giants. With Coryell's offensive brain power, a little defense could get the Chargers into the Super Bowl. But where do you find a defense these days?

Seldom has a team looked worse reaching the playoffs than the **DENVER BRONCOS** did last year. Their defense finished 21st in the NFL. Their offense finished third from last. John Elway, the most publicized rookie quarterback since Davey O'Brien, ended up next to last

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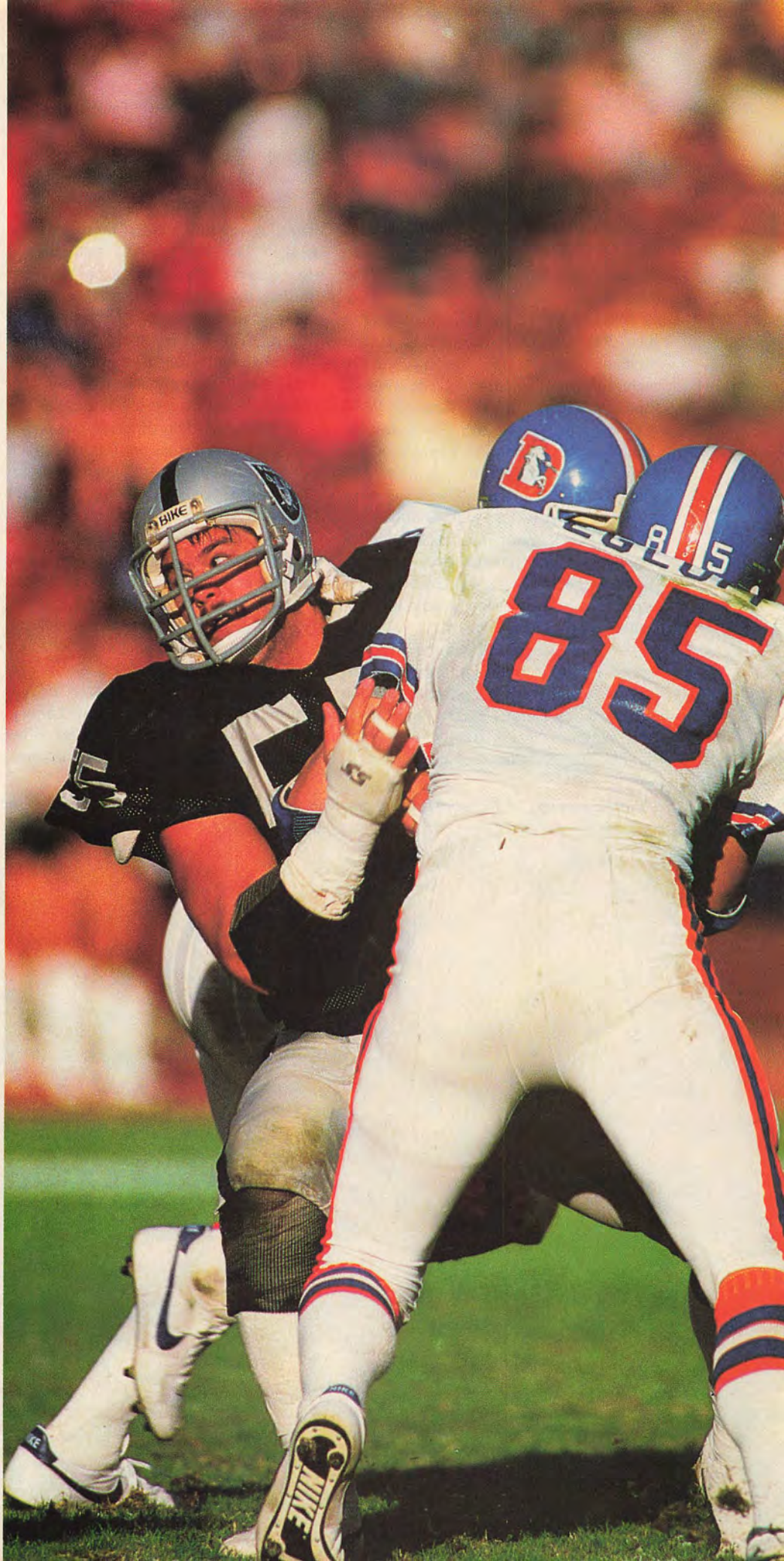


***L.A.'s Millen is such a mass in the middle he's double trouble for opposing offenses.***

# AFC WEST

among NFL passers. Just to help the kid's ego this year, they traded for the guy who finished dead last—Scott Brunner of the Giants.

O.K., O.K., we know Elway's no stiff. Dan Reeves threw too much at him at first, and when he tried to simplify it, the veterans complained and Steve DeBerg had to come in and bail Elway out. Now DeBerg's in Tampa Bay (for a fourth-round draft choice) and Elway's on his own, behind a line that is thin and banged up, a line that allowed the most sacks in the AFC last year. Sounds bad? Wait, there's more. Linebacking, once the heart of those great Bronco defenses, is nowhere, with Randy Gradishar retired and Bob Swenson indefinitely out with a post-op knee.

Still, there are some reasons for optimism. Pat Bowlen, the club's new owner, seems committed to winning. When strong safety Dennis Smith, the heart of the defense, made noises about the USFL, Bowlen issued a three-word command to assistant general manager John Beake: "Get him signed." It took only two sessions with Smith's agent, Howard Slusher, to get the deal done. By contrast, the guy that Bowlen bought the team from, Edgar Kaiser, spent three years griping about the dollars and then turned a $33.5 million profit when he sold out. Guess how the players felt about that?

From the wisdom of former Jet coach Weeb Ewbank comes the following: "I'll put up with you only until I can get somebody better than you." Those words are lost on **KANSAS CITY CHIEFS** coach John Mackovic. On draft day he traded cornerback Gary Green, one of the finest one-on-one cover guys in the NFL, to the Rams for first- and fifth-round choices. Bad influence, he said. Questions the coach's authority too much.

Mackovic comes from the Dallas system, where good citizenship is prized. But here's the thing about Tom Landry. A guy could gripe for years, question his authority, whatever, but if he could play, Landry would tolerate a Butch Johnson, a Hollywood Henderson, even a Duane Thomas. Within a space of two years the Chiefs have now lost three members of what was once one of the league's finest secondaries.

I guess he knows what he's doing, but gee, those cover guys are hard to come by. Give Mackovic an A+, though, for turning Bill Kenney into a Pro Bowl quarterback. And give the club credit for getting Ken Lacy, a quality runner, away from the USFL. Something had to happen. K.C. was 28th in the NFL in rushing last season.

*continued*

**PREDICTED FINISH**

**Raiders 12–4**
**Seahawks 9–7**
**Chargers 8–8**
**Broncos 7–9**
**Chiefs 6–10**

***Muncie went up and over piles last year, but with the 278-pound Johnson leading the way, he'll probably just bore holes through them in '84.***

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# NFC EAST

## DR. Z's POWER RANKINGS

| | REDSKINS | COWBOYS | EAGLES | GIANTS | CARDS |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| COACHING/MGMT. | 1 | 2 | 5 | 3 | 4 |
| QUARTERBACKS | 1 | 2 | 3 | 5 | 4 |
| RUNNING BACKS | 2 | 1 | 5 | 4 | 3 |
| RECEIVERS | 2 | 4 | 3 | 5 | 1 |
| OFFENSIVE LINE | 1 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 2 |
| KICKING/PUNTING | 3 | 2 | 5 | 1 | 4 |
| DEFENSIVE LINE | 3 | 1 | 5 | 2 | 4 |
| LINEBACKERS | 3 | 5 | 4 | 1 | 2 |
| DEFENSIVE BACKS | 1 | 3 | 5 | 2 | 4 |
| SPECIAL TEAMS | 3 | 5 | 4 | 2 | 1 |
| DEPTH | 1 | 2 | 4 | 5 | 3 |
| ROOKIES | 2 | 4 | 3 | 1 | 5 |

*(Rankings reflect strength within the division, 1 being best.)*

The L.A. Raiders did the **WASHINGTON REDSKINS** a favor last January. They kept them from getting complacent. It would have been easy to put on some fat. I mean, how many teams have played in two straight Super Bowls? But lodged in the mind, like a dark nightmare, is the memory of that 38–9 blowout by the Raiders. It kept things just edgy enough around Redskins Park to prevent a case of the slips.

Last summer, coming off their Super Bowl victory over Miami, the Redskins had troubles—a holdout by cornerback Jeris White; drug busts for strong safety Tony Peters and fullback Clarence Harmon; defensive end Matt Mendenhall's unexpected departure, for personal reasons; the grievance filed by kicker Mark Moseley because he felt the team had cheated him out of $30,000 in incentive money. *Mucho* distractions. But to coach Joe Gibbs's credit, he held the ship on course. Now things are peaceful. Oh, there are a few guys—John Riggins, Dexter Manley, Mike Nelms and Joe Theismann (surprise)—who say they won't have any more midweek conversations with newspapermen, but I've yet to meet a coach who worried about writers getting stiffed. The Redskins should be an improved team.

Peters returns at strong safety. Vernon Dean, coming back from a shoulder injury, should reclaim his right cornerback spot. Last year's left corner, rookie Darrell Green, was a dazzler in postseason, and free safety Mark Murphy was All-Pro. The secondary took some heat last year, but it was a bum rap. Much of the yardage allowed was gimme stuff at the end of games. And this year the unit will be close to the best in the NFL.

People pointed out that the Raiders' bump-and-run cornerbacks took away Theismann's wideout attack. The Skins say the wind had something to do with that: Let's see 'em do it on a calm day. It was noted that the Raiders crowded the Skins' offensive linemen, the Hogs, and stalled them in their tracks. In camp the Redskins toyed with the idea of inserting Ken Huff at right guard and moving Mark May to George Starke's right tackle spot, to get a little more thrust. The project went on hold when Huff suffered a dislocated kneecap, but it's not dead; he's expected back soon.

Pessimists say that it'll be tough for Theismann to duplicate the brilliant season he had in '83 (why?), and that at age 35, Riggins will be getting ready to wrap it up. Well, Riggins continues to defy the laws of nature. Last season he had the most carries (375) in his 12-year career.

The draft was primarily a futures thing—quarterback Jay Schroeder, defensive end Steve Hamilton—although Bob Slater, a defensive tackle, should see some action. The Cowboys are still the Skins' most hated rival, but now there's also L.A. to settle with, and there's only one place to do that.

The **DALLAS COWBOYS** have been psychoanalyzed more often than Freud—they want it, they don't want it; they're emotional, they're flat; they're happy, they're mad, etc. Everybody's got a theory about what's wrong with them, and now I'm going to tell you what mine is: Age.

Do you remember their game against the Rams in the playoffs last year, the one that closed out their season? They came out of the tunnel waving fists and giving high fives. "Hey, look at all the emotion . . . they really want it today," John Madden said on TV. And then the Rams took the opening kickoff and drove all the way for a touchdown. And in the end it wasn't mistakes that did in the Cowboys, it was old legs trying to block young ones. You can't let a team get old on you in a 16-game season. The Cowboys simply ran out of gas.

This was always the cold, corporate outfit. A part doesn't work anymore, plug in a new one. But last year the talent supply simply wasn't there. The dropoff from No. 1 to No. 2 was too great. The Cowboys must agree, because in the offseason they hired Dick Mansperger, who'd been the head of Seattle's scouting department.

Older players have retired. Howard Richards steps in for Pat Donovan at left tackle. Doug Donley takes over at flanker for Drew Pearson, but Donley's fragile, and it's doubtful that he can hold up for an entire season. In training camp, Don Smerek, who'd been penciled in as the right defensive end for the retired Harvey Martin, replaced tackle Randy White, a holdout. White's absence would cripple a defense that finished a depressing 17th in '83.

The hot camp story, though, was the quarterback battle between Danny White and his backup, Gary Hogeboom. A *Dallas Morning News* survey of the players gave Hogeboom a 20–4 edge, with 10 abstentions. Why are they so down on White, who's been highly productive? "Because he'll never take on Tom Landry like Roger Staubach would," one veteran says. "Roger was al-

*Linebacker Mel Kaufman (55) is a Redskin on a rampage, tearing up turf to bring L.A.'s high-flying Eric Dickerson down to earth.*

ways fiddling with the patterns in the huddle, lengthening them or doing something. Danny will always obey orders." The whole thing might be academic because Hogeboom hyperextended his throwing elbow in the Cowboys' second preseason game. The missed practice time might be enough to tip the balance.

The **ST. LOUIS CARDINALS** are building a nice little team, but there's one problem: They're in the wrong division. They can't figure out how to beat Dallas or Washington. They're 0–7 against them in the last two seasons, 0–4 in '83, and the games weren't even close. Total points allowed in those '83 games: 152. Average score: 38–14. If they had split those games, the Cardinals would have been in the playoffs.

Don't count on rookies to change anything. St. Louis had a no-impact draft. The top choice, wide receiver Clyde Duncan, went shopping in the USFL for bigger bucks, and his position is one of the Cards' strengths anyway, with All-Pro Roy Green, Pat Tilley and converted cornerback Cedric Mack. The second-rounder, Doug Dawson, could push Terry Stieve out of a guard spot, but offensive line is another strong area. No. 3 was a backup quarterback, Rick McIvor.

Sacks seem to follow defensive line coach Floyd Peters wherever he goes, and last year his Cardinal crew won the NFL sack title (59), just as his units did in San Francisco and Detroit. Neil Lomax is a live quarterback, O.J. Anderson's a big-league runner, and E.J. Junior should challenge the Bears' Mike Singletary as the best 4–3 middle linebacker in the game.

It's a pretty solid team that Jim Hanifan has built. Put the Cards in the NFC Central and they'd probably come away with a title. But right now the Cowboys and Redskins are keeping them in the land of the .500.

The **NEW YORK GIANTS** remind me of an old AFL team that had this real nice guy for a coach. The younger guys started taking advantage of him; they started letting it slide. The old guard, many of whom had played for some absolute storm troopers in their NFL days, took charge. "Look," they said, "you're never gonna play for a nicer guy. Shape up! We wanna keep him around." The team made the playoffs.

End of parable. Those were the old days, before players got $1.9 million, four-year packages, but the Giants better listen up. Coach Bill Parcells—Coach Tuna, the players used to call him—is

*continued*

# NFC EAST

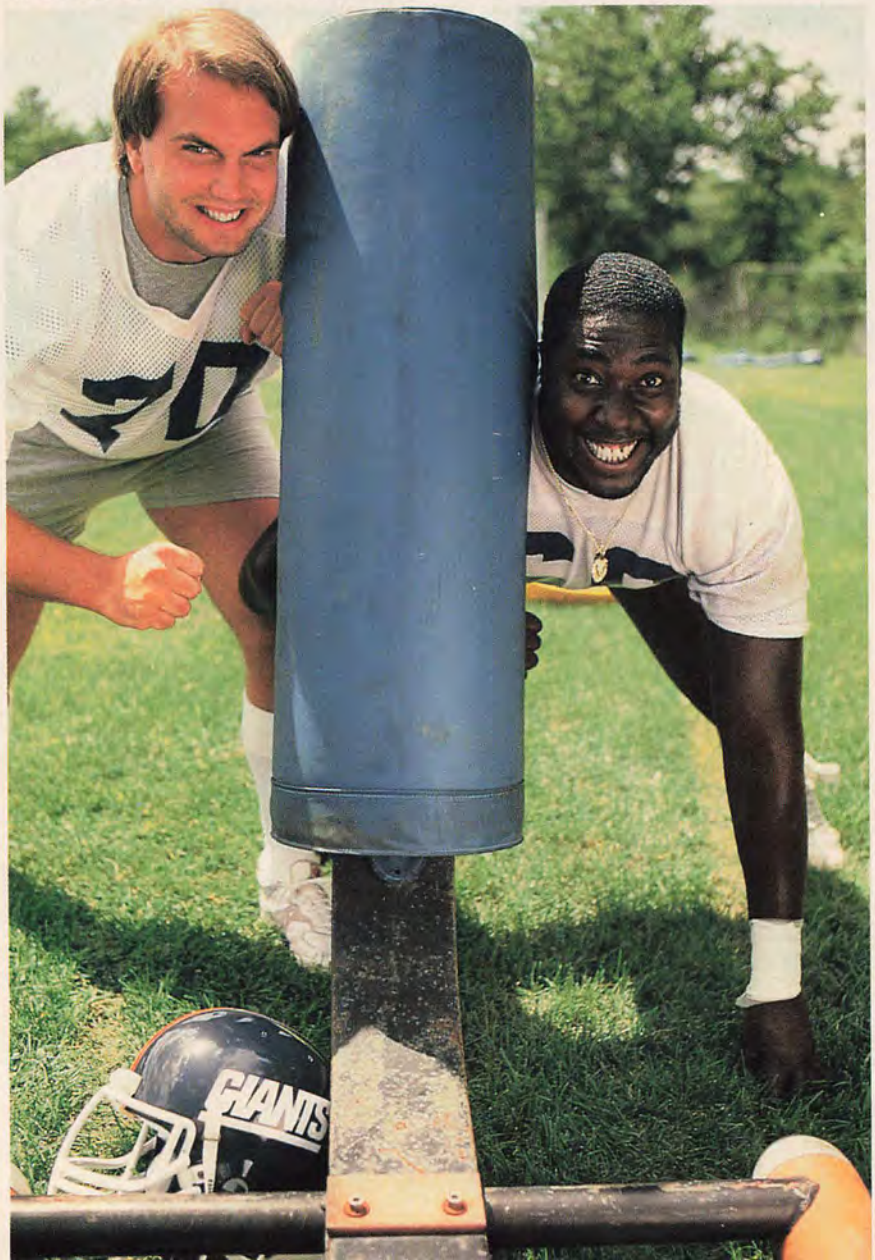
one nice guy. He's also hanging by a thread. Joe Paterno, Howard Schnellenberger—those were the names you heard mentioned in the off-season. "I know I'm on the edge of the cliff," Parcells has said.

He's a defensive coach, one of the best. Though desperate for offensive help, the Giants went for defense with their first pick each of the last two years—safetyman Terry Kinard in '83, linebacker Carl Banks this season. Banks looks like an impact player. Even with old pros Brad Van Pelt and Brian Kelley gone, the Giants' linebacking, led by Lawrence Taylor, will be close to the best in the NFL. The secondary's O.K. The defensive line plays with high emotion; guys like Jerome Sally, a free-agent pickup two years ago, and Leonard Marshall were hell on wheels at the end of last season, when the Giants were going nowhere.

The defense will again be one of the league's best, but oh, that offense. Every week last year a different wide receiver would look like an All-Pro, and the next week he'd drop three balls. The runners, minus Rob Carpenter, who was out the last six weeks of the season with a knee injury, would turn it on one week, go in the tank the next. The line got overrun. The ever-shifting quarterback picture kept headline writers busy.

Phil Simms is the QB now. Carpenter is back. Brad Benson, switched from left tackle, is a competent right guard. The Giants are hoping Karl Nelson can handle right tackle, replacing the injured Gordon King. And at left tackle, well, there's prayer. William Roberts, the club's second No. 1 pick, got the first and longest look. In the opening exhibition game, the Patriots ate him up. Waiting in the wings are rookie Conrad Goode and ex-USFLer Chris Godfrey. Everyone's keeping his fingers crossed.

*Ex-USFLer Godfrey (left) and rookie Roberts are new Giants on New York's offensive line.*




**PREDICTED FINISH**

**Redskins 12–4**
**Cowboys 11–5**
**Cardinals 8–8**
**Giants 7–9**
**Eagles 3–13**

No NFC team in the last three years has had as many running plays called against it as the **PHILADELPHIA EAGLES** did last year. Consequently, they had the second worst offensive time of possession in the NFL, called the fewest plays, scored the fewest points and ended up with a 5–11 record.

Eagle fans, who looked on in shock as Dick Vermeil's final team slumped to 3–6 in the strike-shortened '82 season, had a chance to boo for real last year. The USFL's Philly Stars challenged the Eagles to a game, loser goes to Norristown. The bookies made it pick-'em. The Eagles declined. Owner Leonard Tose said don't worry, there's enough bank financing to let him hang on to the team for another year. The fans booed again.

Is there any hope for the Eagles, who were a Super Bowl team not so long ago? Well, in the off-season they lopped many years (and a lot of contract dough) off their roster—wide receiver Harold Carmichael, linebacker Frank LeMaster, defensive end Carl Hairston. They cut the coaching staff from 11 to eight, and in the process fired offensive coaches Dick Wood and Jerry Wampfler. In the first round they drafted a wide receiver, Kenny Jackson, to team with Pro Bowler Mike Quick, prompting QB Ron Jaworski to remark, "This is my eleventh year in the league, and I've never had two wide receivers with that kind of ability."

As for the rest of the picture in Philly—don't ask.

*continued*

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# NFC CENTRAL

## DR. Z's POWER RANKINGS

| | BUCS | BEARS | PACKERS | VIKINGS | LIONS |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| COACHING/MGMT. | 5 | 2 | 1 | 4 | 3 |
| QUARTERBACKS | 4 | 3 | 1 | 2 | 5 |
| RUNNING BACKS | 3 | 1 | 5 | 4 | 2 |
| RECEIVERS | 3 | 5 | 1 | 4 | 2 |
| OFFENSIVE LINE | 5 | 3 | 1 | 4 | 2 |
| KICKING/PUNTING | 5 | 4 | 2 | 3 | 1 |
| DEFENSIVE LINE | 1 | 3 | 5 | 4 | 2 |
| LINEBACKERS | 1 | 2 | 4 | 5 | 3 |
| DEFENSIVE BACKS | 2 | 3 | 5 | 4 | 1 |
| SPECIAL TEAMS | 5 | 3 | 4 | 2 | 1 |
| DEPTH | 5 | 1 | 3 | 4 | 2 |
| ROOKIES | 3 | 1 | 4 | 5 | 2 |

*(Rankings reflect strength within the division, 1 being best.)*

This is the year we'll find out how much the **CHICAGO BEARS** like their coach, Mike Ditka. The Bears were 3–6 in 1982, the first year of his three-year contract, 8–8 last year. Seems that they're moving in the proper direction, right? Well, somebody must have had second thoughts because Ditka's contract wasn't extended this season.

"We all know Mike's job is on the line," says quarterback Jim McMahon.

Under George Halas, there wouldn't have been a problem; Halas had great fondness for his former tight end. Mike McCaskey, Halas's grandson and the new president, says he expects Ditka to be the Bears' coach "for years to come," but he wouldn't offer him a new contract. "I have a lifetime contract with God; who needs anything else?" was all Ditka would say on the subject. Mysterious, eh?

Maybe McCaskey is nervous about a coach who breaks his hand against a locker after a loss. Maybe he doesn't want to rush into anything his first year. But the operation will get a long look this season, and if the players want Ditka back they'd better produce.

The theme for '84 has been togetherness. Jerry Vainisi, the new G.M., has been aggressive about signing players, including the club's top draft pick, linebacker Wilber Marshall, who went later than expected in the first round because his price (he asked for a million a year, got about half that) was too high. Training camp was moved to the cloistered environs of Platteville, Wis. Insiders say the big reason Ditka got rid of veteran guard Noah Jackson was not so much his superfluous weight but his predilection for pointing the finger at fellow linemen who erred.

A brief flare-up occurred between Ditka and defensive coordinator Buddy Ryan, when Ryan publicly questioned the speed of rookie linebacker Ron Rivera, the second-round choice. And Ryan's complex system is making it tough for Marshall to break in, even though Ditka wants him to see action. "He shows up, and he shows up with a thud," Ditka says. One answer would be to move Al Harris, the right linebacker, to the left side or back to his old position, defensive end, thus making room for Marshall. But Ditka should keep the peace with Ryan, whose system has been a plus, not a minus, in his five Chicago years. Cornerbacks with speed are needed, and the Bears might have gotten lucky with their 10th-round choice, Shaun Gayle, who's swifter than expected.

The Bears' offense is strange. It led the NFL in rushing last year, and now with Walter Payton going for Jim Brown's rushing mark, it probably will again. But the Bears had trouble scoring from inside the 20. They were sixth in the league in total offense but only 20th in scoring. World-class hurdler Willie Gault has the giddyaps at wide receiver to put more points on the board, but last year he didn't always know where he was going. Sixty-six NFL receivers caught more balls than he did.

The offensive line is young and improving, and in Stefan Humphries, a rookie guard who is aggressive, agile and intelligent, the Bears got the steal of the draft's third round.

Forrest Gregg will turn it around for the **GREEN BAY PACKERS**, but he needs one more year, one more draft. Last year's defense was too dismal to rescue overnight. How bad was it? Well, it made the NFL record book—right there on page 276—second-most yards allowed in history.

The D was so bad that not even the high-powered air game of Lynn Dickey throwing to James Lofton, J.J. Jefferson and Paul Coffman could bail it out. The Packers had almost a point-a-minute offense—27 minutes and a tick of possession time per game, 26.81 points scored. But the key figure there is the 27:01. It was the worst in the league. That lovely offense sat on the bench and watched the defense getting overrun.

The Packers still need players. Defensive end Ezra Johnson has a bad back. Safetyman Mike McCoy tore a quadriceps muscle in his left leg and is out for the season. No. 1 draft choice Alphonso Carreker, a 270-pound defensive end, twisted a knee in camp, slowing his progress. Two other rookies will help more, Auburn defensive end Donnie Humphrey (third-round choice) and Pitt free safety Tom Flynn (fifth-round). Flynn was so impressive that he was plopped into the starting unit right away.

In 1983 the Packers made a club-record $1.9 million profit, yet they let their best defensive lineman, Mike Butler, and valuable backup tight end Gary Lewis slip away to the USFL. Coming from Cincinnati, Gregg knew all about that kind of policy, and this year the front office got everybody signed. Here's a name for the future book: quarterback Randy Wright, sixth-round pick from Wisconsin. Remember, you heard it here first.

The **DETROIT LIONS** were 1–4 after

five games last year. The Rams had just beaten them, and Eric Dickerson had run for 199 yards. "See you at the cemetery," was Lion coach Monte Clark's postgame comment. Owner Bill Ford is known for firing unsuccessful coaches.

But the next Sunday Ford went to the pregame breakfast with the players, told them to win it for Monte, or something, and they went out and put it to the Packers, 38–14. The surge carried them through the regular season and into the playoffs, where they came five seconds and one field goal short of beating the 49ers and advancing to the NFC championship. Eddie Murray missed a 43-yarder at the end, and a classic sideline shot showed Clark, his hands clasped in prayer, as the kick sailed wide.

Now, with a solid foundation to build on, the Lions should be a lock for the NFC Central, where a 9–7 record is big thunder, right? But here's the flip side: It's a space game nowadays. The quarterback position has taken on an exaggerated importance. And in four years Eric Hipple hasn't progressed much.

It could be the system. Hipple's a freewheeling type of guy with a powerful gun, but the Lions have been throwing more to their backs. Their leading receiver was 230-pound fullback James Jones, who ranked only 49th among NFL pass catchers. Next was halfback Billy Sims. The Lions have capable wideouts—Leonard Thompson, Jeff Chadwick and former first-round draft choice Mark Nichols, if he ever gets his routes figured out—but somehow these guys have never gotten in sync with the quarterback.

Gary Danielson, with less physical ability but more savvy than Hipple, has been the bailout man, and the situation won't change. In six years Clark has had three offensive coordinators: Bob Schnelker, who has been orchestrating the Green Bay show for the last two years; Ted Marchibroda, now with Philadelphia; and this year Bill Nelsen, whose last port of call was Tampa Bay. Maybe Nelsen will let Hipple open up a bit more. Maybe the top two draft choices, tight end David Lewis and wideout Pete Mandley, will add more zip. Some things never change, though. Five veterans, each with moderate contracts, were camp holdouts. The front office could use a little zip, too.

Ten-hutt! **MINNESOTA VIKINGS** front and center! First general order: Be

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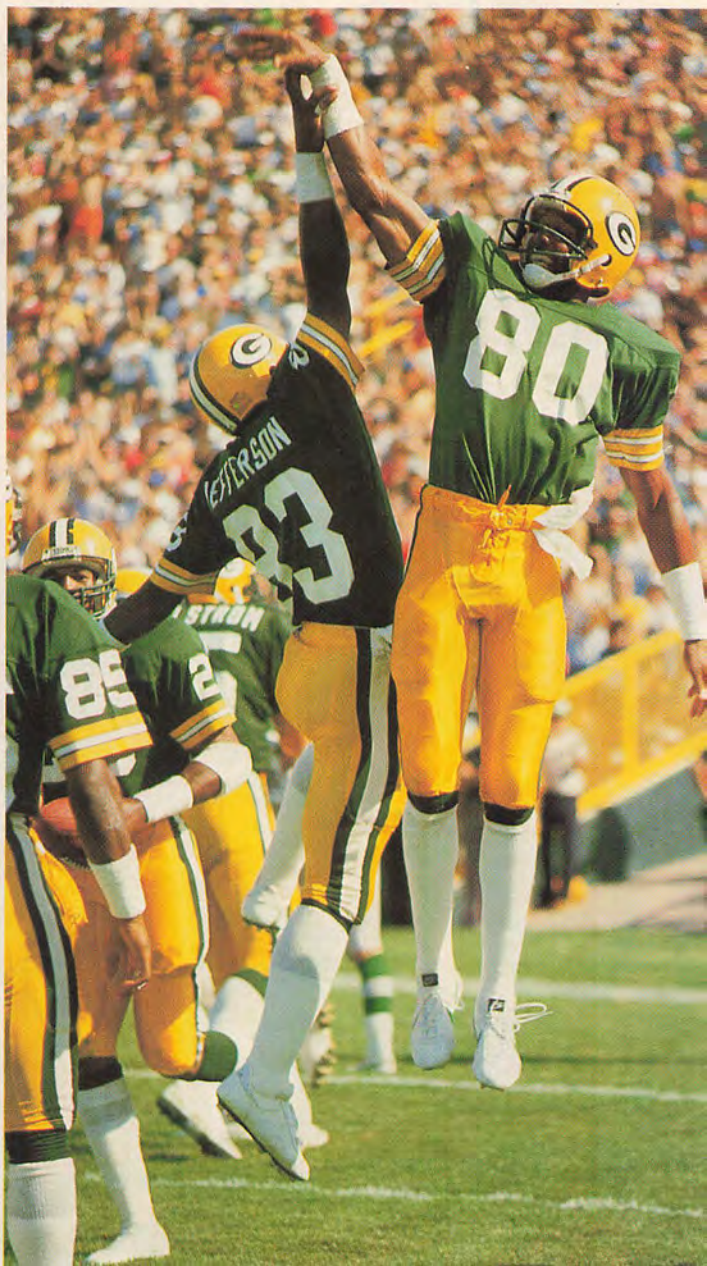


*Dickey (12) and leapers Lofton and Jefferson key the Pack's point-a-minute O.*

# NFC CENTRAL

prepared to occupy territory stretching from the headwaters of the upper Mississippi River down through Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin, with strike-force potential aimed at the Florida Gulf Coast. Put personal goals above monetary considerations; do not let the knowledge that the enemy is better paid than you are dim your will to fight. Do not be distracted by such passive endeavors as fishing during non-duty hours. Avoid cheerleaders; we want no war brides!

—L. Steckel, Commanding Officer

Bud Grant has resigned his commission. Les Steckel, former receiver coach, former Marine Corps combat lieutenant, is in command. "I've led 210 Marines and 80 Vietnamese soldiers into combat," he says, "so don't talk to me about being a head coach." Ah, but has he led 310-pound guards into Tampa Bay?

Steckel has done a "Column right, maaarch!" from the Grant plan of battle, spicing the first day of camp with a grueling, eight-event Ironman competition. The wounded: defensive end Mark Mullaney, pulled hamstring; kicker Benny Ricardo, ditto. He plans to start every regular-season practice with 45 minutes of conditioning drills.

Report on current situation: offense O.K., defensive line under siege. Mullaney hurt, left end Neil Elshire out for a month (knee), middle guard Charlie Johnson wondering why he ever left Fort Vermeil.

Report on defensive line reinforcements: negative. Doug Martin, unwilling to put personal goals above monetary considerations, staging a long holdout; first-round draft choice Keith Millard a deserter to the USFL.

Maybe the troops have been in lousy shape. They've gotten mowed down in December for six straight years (7–14). But it'll take more than starched uniforms to capture and hold a division.

**PREDICTED FINISH**

**Bears 9–7**
**Packers 9–7**
**Lions 7–9**
**Vikings 6–10**
**Buccaneers 5–11**

I keep staring at this quote that's in front of me and wishing that I were a millionaire. The quote is from **TAMPA BAY BUCCANEERS** owner Hugh Culverhouse, and it goes, "If I were allowed to bet, I'd wager a million dollars that my team wins the NFC Central championship." Now how am I gonna cover all that? Tell you what I'll do, Hugh. I'll take $20 of it and try to lay the rest off, O.K.? No? Well, I'm sorry, too.

This is a club that lives with delusion, with strange and puzzling decisions. A year after he lost Doug Williams for less money than it would take to sign most other quarterbacks these days, Culverhouse rushed to get all his keynote players under contract. Fine. Only one year too late. The feeling was that Williams's successor, Jack Thompson, would be O.K., freed of the injuries and uncertainties that plagued the offense last year. But then the Bucs traded for Steve DeBerg to set up still another of those quarterback shoot-out situations. Special teams and kicking, the Bucs' downfall for as long as anyone can remember, still need improvement. Player personnel director Ken Herock admitted being courted by the USFL when he was negotiating his contract, and he was fired.

Within the thin ranks of this organization there are heroes, to be sure—defensive end Lee Roy Selmon; Dave Logan, one of the game's finest middle guards; linebacker Hugh Green; a secondary that plays with recklessness and enthusiasm; underrated tailback James Wilder, who ran the ball 73 times in the two games preceding the one in which he broke two ribs last year. The defense again will be big league, carrying an offense that will be improved enough to lift the record a few notches higher than last year's 2–14. But playoffs? A lot of things have to be straightened out first.

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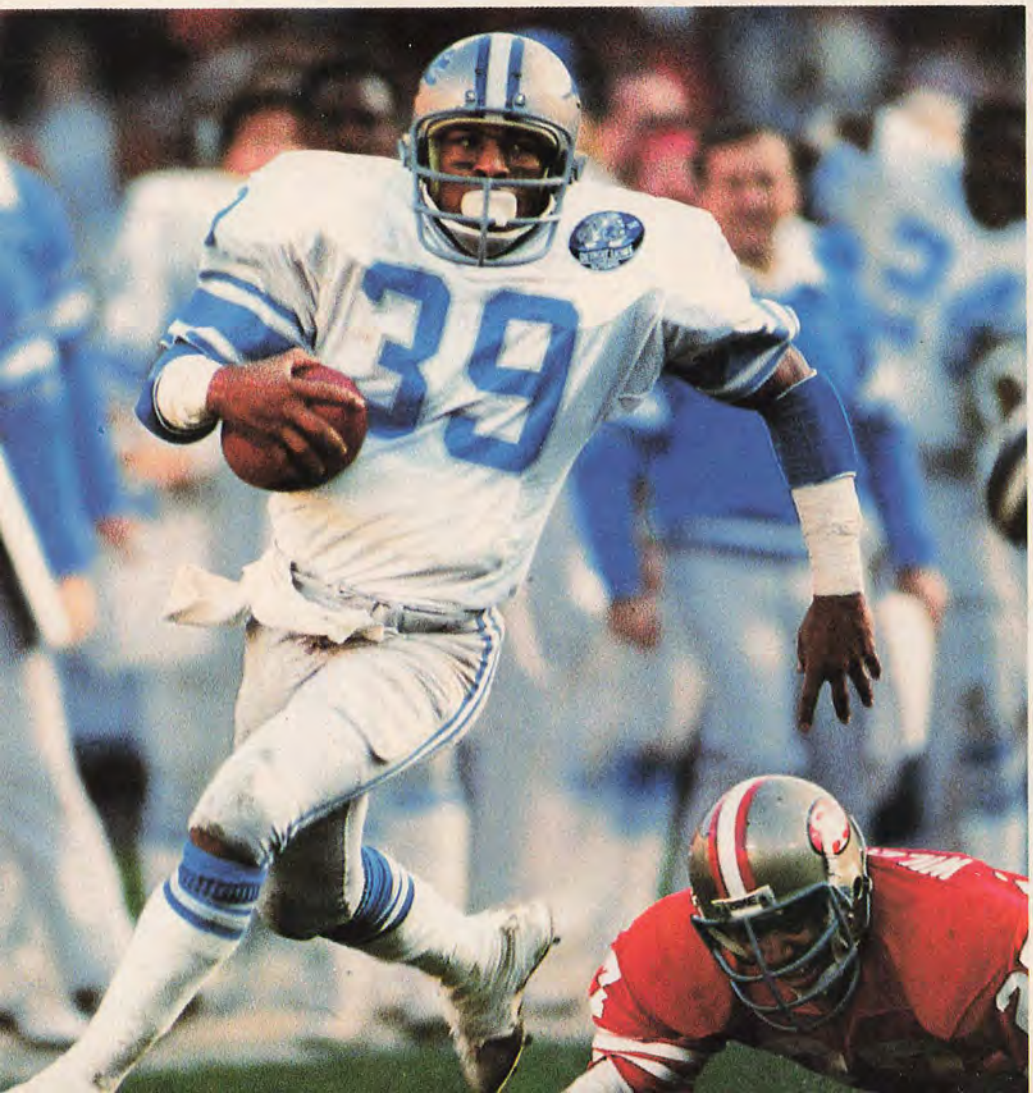
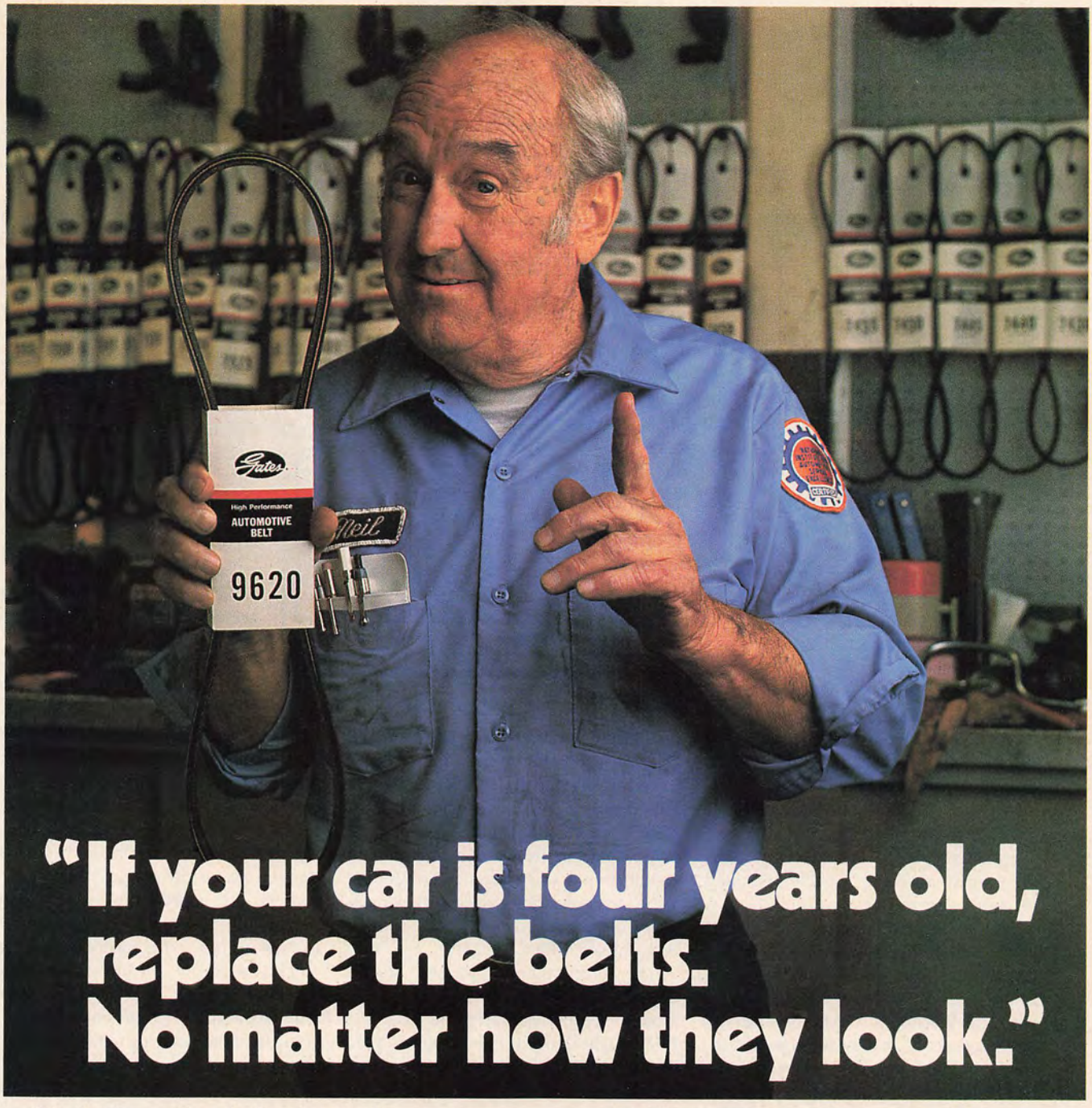
***Thompson is one of several wide receivers Lion quarterbacks must hit more often.***



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# NFC WEST

## DR. Z's POWER RANKINGS

| | 49ers | RAMS | FALCONS | SAINTS |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| COACHING/MGMT. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 |
| QUARTERBACKS | 3 | 1 | 2 | 4 |
| RUNNING BACKS | 4 | 1 | 2 | 3 |
| RECEIVERS | 1 | 2 | 4 | 3 |
| OFFENSIVE LINE | 3 | 1 | 2 | 4 |
| KICKING/PUNTING | 1 | 4 | 3 | 2 |
| DEFENSIVE LINE | 3 | 1 | 2 | 4 |
| LINEBACKERS | 4 | 2 | 3 | 1 |
| DEFENSIVE BACKS | 1 | 2 | 4 | 3 |
| SPECIAL TEAMS | 3 | 2 | 1 | 4 |
| DEPTH | 3 | 1 | 4 | 2 |
| ROOKIES | 2 | 4 | 1 | 3 |

*(Rankings reflect strength within the division, 1 being best.)*

The **SAN FRANCISCO 49ERS** came only a few penalty flags away from a trip to the Super Bowl, where they probably would have given the Raiders a better game than Washington did. If I could have awarded game balls to the 49ers in their losing effort against the Skins in the NFC championship, the first one would have gone to middle guard Pete Kugler, who did a terrific job against center Jeff Bostic and made nine unassisted tackles.

"Pete'll be one of the superstars of the future," a 49er coach told me afterward. "He's really come on. He could be the best in football next year."

Five weeks later the name of Pete Kugler surfaced again, on the bottom of a contract with the Philadelphia Stars of the USFL. The quotes from Kugler indicated very strange treatment for a budding superstar, *e.g.*, "I didn't sign for more money than the 49ers offered. . . . It was a feeling of being wanted more. . . . The 49ers insulted me as if I were an ungrateful child."

So they lost him, and earlier they had lost two linebackers to the USFL, Willie Harper and Bobby Leopold. In March, Eddie DeBartolo Jr. called a meeting with Bill Walsh and G.M. John McVay and suggested that they be more aggressive in holding on to their players. Eddie had just been slapped on the wrist by the NFL because his daddy owns a USFL team—the 49ers had been pressured into dropping out of the scouting syndicate they belonged to and go it alone. Ever since the Super Bowl draft of '81, the 49ers hadn't done much on draft day, anyway. The dogs of war were snapping at Eddie's heels, so he told his generals to spend money and get players.

They did. Linebacker Todd Shell, the Niners' top draft pick, got a $1.9 million package for four years. Jim Fahnhorst, a linebacker from the USFL, got $1.5 million for four. The Vikings, who'd originally drafted Fahnhorst, held rights of first refusal but didn't exercise them. The price was too stiff. When the 49ers offered Minnesota a draft choice "as a good faith gesture," Viking general manager Mike Lynn said, "I wouldn't accept compensation from the 49ers any more than I would from a USFL team. The way the 49ers are escalating salaries, they're as much of an enemy to the NFL as anybody in the USFL."

The 49er veterans weren't stupid. They saw the way big bucks were flying around. Cornerbacks Ronnie Lott and Eric Wright signed for good money. Fred Dean, the Niners' sack artist, was a long, long holdout; he wanted a package that included such bizarre gimmicks as a 25-year supply of tickets.

O.K., enough money, money, money! How will all this translate to the playing field? Does stuff like this wreck a team, tear it apart, affect it not at all, what? Well, since this situation is being repeated on almost every NFL team these days, I'd almost have to call it a wash. Except that the loss of Kugler will hurt. The linebackers? Except for Keena Turner, who plays all the time, there's always a mob of them on the 49er roster, interchanging in who knows how many ways. Wendell Tyler and Roger Craig gave the Niners better running last year, but the backs as a group weren't deep enough. Rookie tight end John Frank should help spread the receivers' work load around, and Olympic shotputter Mike Carter might help out at middle guard. Renaldo Nehemiah is still getting the kind of preferential treatment that has the vets gnashing their teeth—this summer getting time off from camp so he could earn extra bread as an Olympic commentator for ABC. At least that's money the Niners don't have to pay.

The **LOS ANGELES RAMS** are operating under a different concept. Why bother negotiating with rookies and their can-you-top-this agents when you can deal with veterans who make foolish statements such as: "I'm playing out my option this year." Hey, fellas, I've got news for you. Nothing will bring smiles to the faces of NFL management types as fast as a player announcing, as Randy White did in Dallas, "That's it. I'm playing out my option." All it does is give the club a cushion of six months or so in which it can negotiate while holding the guy to 10% above his previous salary.

This strategy is not lost on the Rams' vice-president for finance, John Shaw, who has a kind of brinksmanship game going with men playing out options. Last month L.A. had nine such veterans. Why didn't they walk out of camp, raise hell, phone their congressmen? Well, give John Robinson credit for that. He's such a welcome change after Ray Malavasi that veterans like Jack Youngblood are probably telling the troops to cool it, not to screw things up for Robinson. All-Pro strong safety Nolan Cromwell, for instance, could have played hardball and shot for the big bucks after his fellow All-Pro free safety Johnnie Johnson went down, possibly for the whole season, with a broken ankle. But he didn't. He chose to play for 10% above a modest $225,000 salary.

Shaw won't have many rookie con-

*Craig (33) and Tyler gave a big boost to the 49ers' running game last season, but as a group San Francisco's backs aren't eye-opening.*

tracts to worry about. The Rams' draft looks a little laughable; they didn't start picking until Round 5, a big change from the days when ex-G.M. Don Klosterman had the choices stockpiled two and three deep at the high positions. But look at the '84 picks this way: No. 1, All-Pro left cornerback Gary Green (trade from K.C.; not such a bad first-round pick, eh?). No. 2, Olympic gold-medal relay man Ron Brown. L.A. got his rights from Cleveland for the pick, and he was a legitimate four-year football player at Arizona State. No. 3, to Detroit last year for tight end David Hill. With Mike Barber down with a knee injury, Hill is the starter. No. 4, part of the deal to trade up last year and get Eric Dickerson, and there's no way to knock that.

Two years removed from USC, Robinson looks like the Trader Horn of the NFL. His secondary is half Kansas City, ex-cornerback Eric Harris moving to strong safety (Cromwell will slide over to free) and Green at corner. Washington bombed the secondary in the playoffs last year, but now it's much firmer. The Redskin defeat dimmed the luster of L.A.'s solid victory over Dallas in the wild card game and some inspired work by a mob of good young defensive players, *i.e.*, linebackers Jim Collins, George Andrews and Mel Owens, middle guard Greg Meisner, end Reggie Doss. It's enough to build a program around.

The offense is presentable enough, with Dickerson gunning his motor for another heavy season (Irv Pankey returning to left tackle after missing last season with a torn Achilles tendon, will help), and it could be even prettier if Brown scares people into thinking long ball. Quarterback Vince Ferragamo should have all the time he needs; the Ram line allowed the fewest sacks in the NFL in '83. One of Robinson's declared priorities is to get Dickerson deeper downfield on pass patterns. Last year he caught 51 passes, almost triple his entire SMU output, but his yards-per-catch average of 7.9 was second-lowest among the NFL's top 50 receivers.

Off-season, uh, joke: Q—What defense will the **ATLANTA FALCONS** line up in this season? A—They'll line up in an Okie.

That's a joke, see, a har-har. Okie means Oklahoma defense, and their first three draft picks are defensive guys from Oklahoma, and ah, forget it. So it's not funny. Neither is the Falcons' defense, unless you're another team in the NFC West.

Last year, Dan Henning's first as coach, the Falcons drafted for defense; the first four picks were defensive players. So what happened? The offense got better, the defense worse. This year they went even heavier into defense, devoting their first five picks to that area. The snapper is that Oklahoma connection, but if you look hard enough, you can find a reason for that, too.

Quick now, what kind of a division is the NFC West? You're right if you said it's a running division. When you play the Rams, you've got to stop Dickerson. Against the Saints, you've got to stop George Rogers. Even the 49ers can run at you now, with Tyler and Craig. Last year the Falcons were 0–4 against the Rams

*continued*

# NFC WEST

*It's all laughs now, Bum, but it won't be funny if Stabler (16) plays instead of Todd (11).*

and Saints, the heavy-running teams. They allowed an average of 193 yards on the ground in those four games. O.K., now answer this: What kind of a conference does Oklahoma play in? Right, the last of the great run, run conferences, the Big Eight. A defensive player in that conference better learn how to stop the run if he wants to hold on to his scholarship.

In the first round the Falcons picked the Sooners' Rick Bryan, everyone's All-America tackle. No messing around here. The Falcons popped him into the right-tackle position in their 4-3 defense and said, "Please be great, kid." He's been a little raw but certainly willing. "Relentless" is the way Henning describes him. Last year the Falcons tied for last in sacks. There hasn't been a straight-up, non-blitz pass rush on this team since the days of Claude Humphrey.

The second-round picks were Sooners Scott Case—a wild, turn-the-body-loose safetyman who could break in somewhere, or break something—and a burly 235-pound linebacker named Thomas Benson, who will probably be a backup man. Buddy Curry, moved in from the outside, is excellent in the middle. The offense is dotted with All-Pros: quarterback Steve Bartkowski, running back William Andrews, linemen Mike Kenn, R.C. Thielmann and Jeff Van Note. But the Falcons go to the playoffs only when their defense comes alive, when they're gritz-blitzing people into a stupor or doing other wild things.

Once again I see some preseason polls that have the **NEW ORLEANS SAINTS** first in the division. Well, I'd love to see it, because Bum Phillips is a nice guy and I wish him luck. But Bum, let me tell you this straight, and no hard feelings, right? You're a terrific defensive coach. You and your son, Wade, have worked miracles with the Saints defense, getting it up to No. 2 in the league last year, but man, you're never going to make the playoffs with Kenny Stabler as your quarterback, even as your backup quarterback. O.K., I know you traded for the Jets' Richard Todd, but the mere fact that the job wasn't given to him from Day 1 is a minus.

Yeah, I know all the arguments. The Snake had bad knees last year; he wasn't right; he could have signed with Memphis for a million bucks and he stayed loyal to the Saints; etc. I also remember a Monday night game you played against the Jets, when you were down by three and you got the ball back with plenty of time left, plus all three time-outs and the two-minute warning, and Kenny butchered the clock as badly as I've ever seen it done, and you finally missed a long field goal from just outside your kicker's range—with 19 seconds left. Hey, you could have called another play or two. That game could have gotten you into the playoffs. The Snake doesn't have it anymore. Give Todd or somebody a shot. Get an offensive coordinator who can work with him. Give your offense a chance to catch up to your defense.

And what about Dave Wilson, who looked like such a promising quarterback once upon a time? What's it going to do to him, getting shoved down to third string, running scout-team plays, running Georgia Tech and Missouri and Arkansas offenses against the varsity? Maybe you could redshirt him for a year.

Remember the way it ended up in Houston, Bum—good defense, one-dimensional offense behind the big back, a lack of quality quarterbacking. History has a way of repeating itself. **END**

**PREDICTED FINISH**

**49ers 11–5**
**Rams 10–6**
**Falcons 8–8**
**Saints 7–9**

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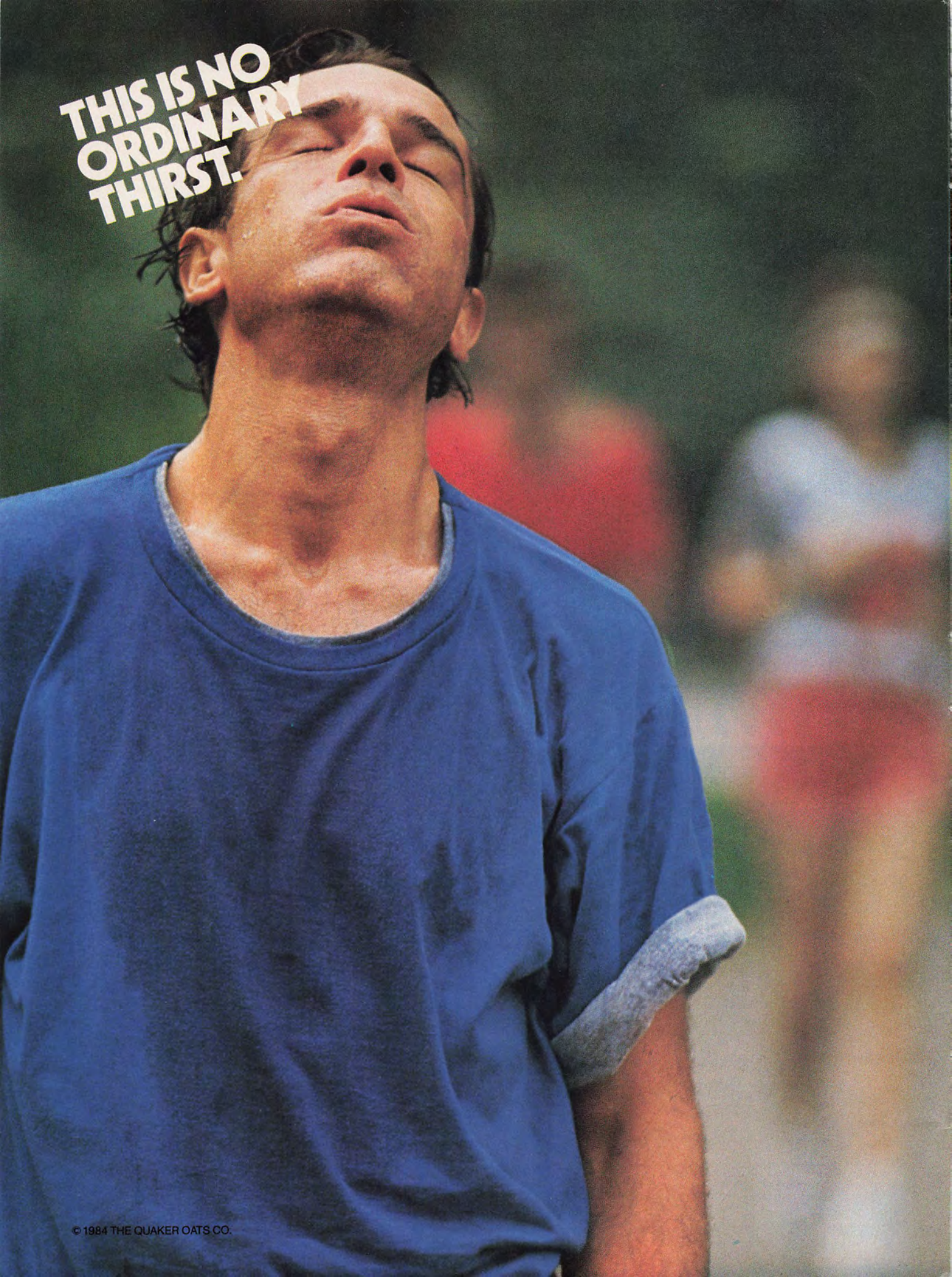
## THE ONE TO WATCH

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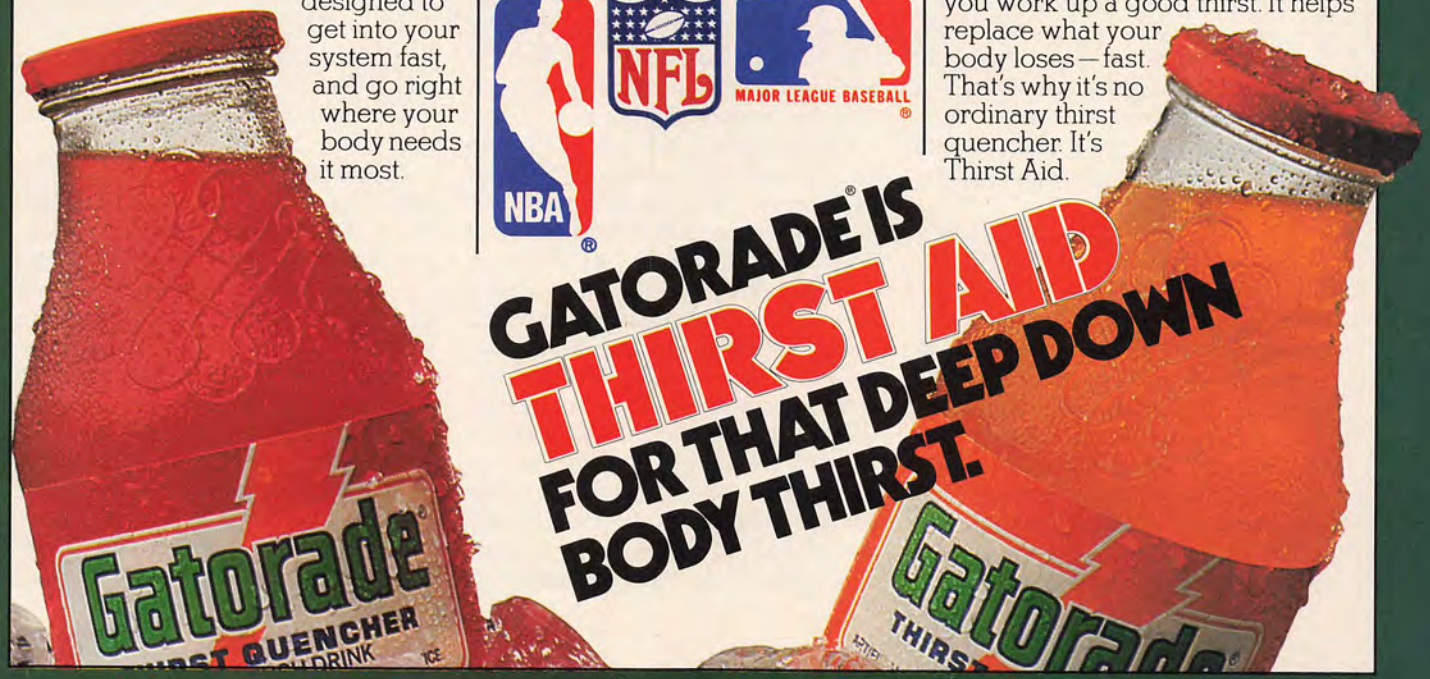
**Gatorade Thirst Quencher was created to help solve a problem.** In 1965, doctors on staff at the University of Florida at Gainesville noticed that, in high heat, the performance of the football team dropped dramatically. So they set out to find a solution...and developed a unique drink that included a specific combination of minerals, glucose, and water.

The result was Gatorade. And in its first season of use, the team's performance greatly improved. Today Gatorade is used by most teams in the National Football League, the National Basketball Association, and many professional baseball teams. Why? Because it works for them...just as it works for you.

**Gatorade is Thirst Aid.** Gatorade is made for any time you work up a good thirst. It helps replace what your body loses—fast. That's why it's no ordinary thirst quencher. It's Thirst Aid.

NBA® NFL MAJOR LEAGUE BASEBALL®

# GATORADE® IS THIRST AID FOR THAT DEEP DOWN BODY THIRST.



# Footage That Can Go To Your Head

*NFL Films, a family-run business, is a house organ that has made sweet music, reeling in 33 Emmy Awards*

by WILLIAM TAAFFE

It's time for the NFL to start romancing itself as no other league can. So, ready on the set? Lights! Camera! Action! Ladies and gentlemen, we give you NFL Films, the celebrated cinematic arm of the NFL that has become an institution on television.

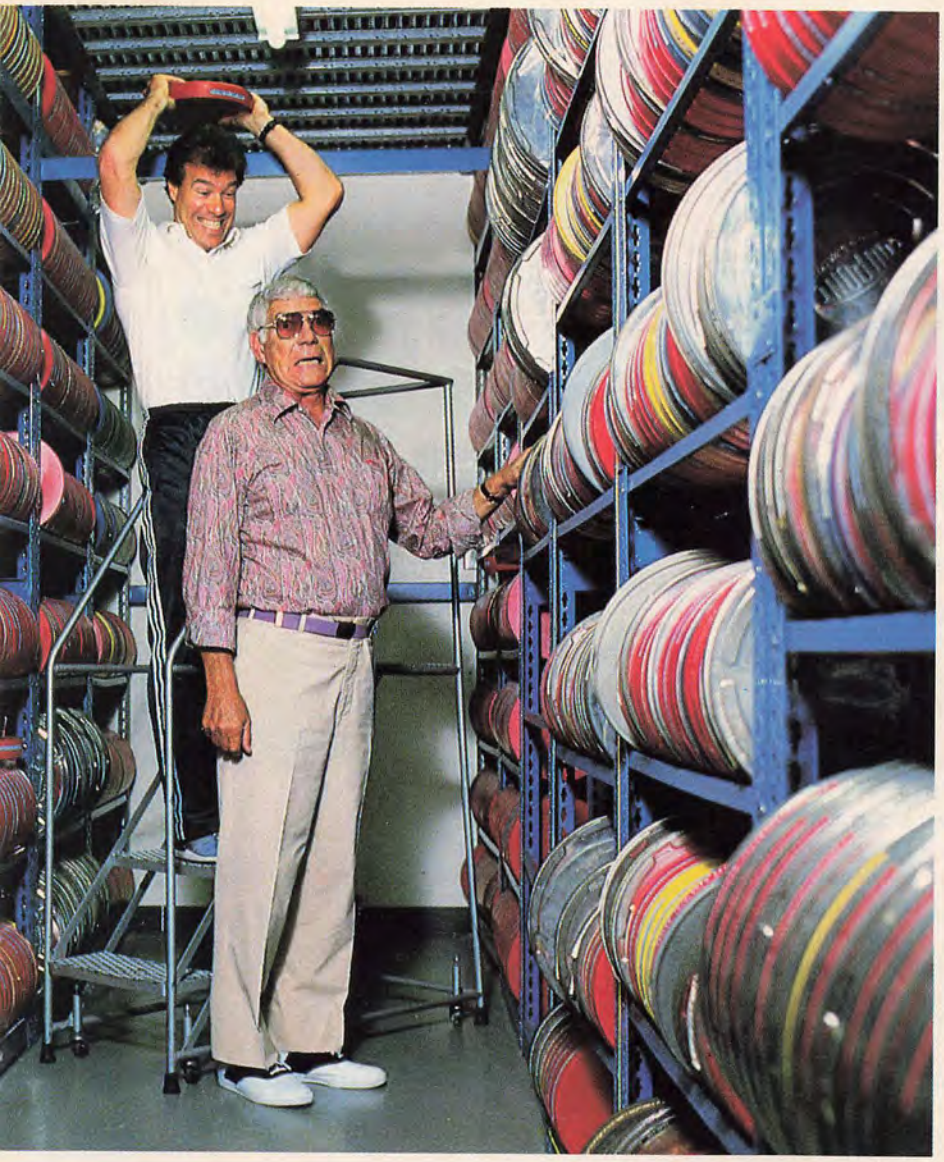
See Marcus Allen sliding off tackle in super-slow motion and in utter silence. Now hear him fall to earth amid sudden sound and fury. Watch how the camera zooms in on the kickoff and follows the ball end over end until it reaches the return man's arms. Not enough realism? Then hear Dexter Manley ("Unnh! Arrrgh!") get off the line, pound a few helmets and rush the passer. Now listen to the announcers. They always sound like the voices of doom. As has been said, they can make a coin toss sound like Armageddon. And the music! No John Philip Sousa marching bands for this bunch. Long before each season, executive producer Steve Sabol commissions a Munich orchestra to come up with new scores.

Steve, 41, and his father, Ed, 68, who founded the forerunner to NFL Films as a small, family-run business in Philadelphia 22 years ago, have won 33 Emmy Awards for everything from writing, directing and cinematography to music and editing. NFL Films has affected the way TV now covers sports. The Sabols were the first to put a microphone on a coach, the first to put pop music to sports footage, the first to diagram plays on the screen, the first to stay with the quarterback after he threw the ball and the first to use the reverse-angle replay. Says Don Ohlmeyer, former executive producer of NBC Sports, "NFL Films started looking at football through a different pair of glasses, and the networks very quickly tried to get the same pair of glasses."

The only knock on NFL Films is a hoary and fairly obvious one: Although it operates autonomously under the Sabols' direction, it functions as an NFL house organ. "If it's a criticism that you always look on the positive side of things," Steve says, "then I accept it. I like to make films that interest me. Let Mike Wallace and Harry Reasoner do the exposés." The apple is always polished at NFL Films. For 20 of its 22 years, the operation has been a wholly owned subsidiary of the NFL, with each of the league's 28 teams sharing equally in profits. You'll never see an NFL Films production refer to drug use or labor disputes. It all amounts to an NFL monopoly on TV images.

The Sabols and their staff of 105 turn out 150 separate pieces a year. For CBS they prepare shorts for the Sunday pregame shows. For ABC's *Monday Night Football* they supply the halftime highlights. They syndicate two weekly shows—*NFL Pro! Magazine* and *NFL Week in Review*—to over-the-air stations, and they furnish ESPN with the *NFL Game of the Week* and, starting this season, *The Men Who Played the Game.* To HBO goes *Inside the NFL*, another weekly series. Beyond all this, the Sabols each year produce a 30-minute highlights film for each NFL team. (Finding something upbeat to say about the Saints, say, is one of the Sabols' great achievements.) And let's not forget the annual Super Bowl film. The best estimates are that NFL Films grosses about $10 million a year and shows a profit of some $400,000.

The Sabols' entry into pro football reads like, well, a romanticized movie script: *Ed Sabol gets 16-mm Bell & Howell camera in 1940 as wedding present. Starts shooting schoolboy football games of only son from roof of chemistry building at Haverford School near Philly. Retires from family overcoat business at age 40. Buys film rights to 1962 NFL championship game for $5,000. Listens to Pete Rozelle describe his movie as "greatest I've ever seen." In 1964 sells his fledgling company, Blair Motion Pictures, to the 14 NFL teams for $20,000 apiece—$280,000 total.*



*Ed launched the business but has given his son, Steve, a free hand on the creative side.*

How the Sabols gained their polish as filmmakers would have made Darryl F. Zanuck blush. Interestingly, neither has ever taken a formal camera, writing or filmmaking course. Sabol *père* always exhibited a show-biz bent. In the late '30s he appeared as an extra with the Ritz Brothers, the vaudeville comedy team. He became a fanatical home-movie hobbyist who flew a single-engine plane over the Bahamas to shoot a film that the Bahamas Tourist Bureau later used for promotion. Ed was the man who knew *what* he wanted to do with color and slow motion and music, but it was Sabol *fils* who had the eye, who knew instinctively *how* to do it. By 1960, when he went away to Colorado College, Steve estimates he had spent 95% of his life watching sports and old movies. "Then all I did in six years of college was go to the movies," he says. "That, and attend a few art classes and play checkers with an assistant [football] coach, and watch them unload melons down at the Safeway." He also was the starting fullback on the football team. By the mid-'60s, Steve had become a talented editor, writer and cameraman. Such lines as "Milt Plum pegs a peach of a pass to become the apple of coach George Wilson's eye" had become standard highlights fare, but suddenly Steve was writing copy such as: "Rage was part of [Mike] Curtis's anatomy. Like a muscle, he flexed it and built it up."

Ed says, "I wanted closeups. I wanted pictures of faces and hands. I wanted better music. I wanted to copy Hollywood. I wanted to be enterprising and exciting. Although the people saw the game on television, I wanted them to have a reason to watch it again on film." The '62 championship, in which the Packers beat the Giants 16–7 at frozen Yankee Stadium, set the pattern for every game the Sabols have shot since then. They always plant a stationary cameraman (a Tree in Sabolese) high in the stadium to cover game action. They always assign another man (a Mole) to work from the sidelines. And they always have a mobile cameraman darting all about the stadium to ferret out small details (you guessed it, a Weasel). The result: a profusion of images that are the signatures of NFL Films. The pass spiraling through the air in slow motion. The mood shot of a hooded lineman sitting on the bench in the snow ("They've made heroes out of guys who wear 73," notes Beano Cook, the ABC football pundit). The shots of eyes, bandaged fingers, cleats.

One saying Steve Sabol savors is from Cézanne: "All art is selected detail." Another, which tells you why the Sabols spice their films with madcap segments called *Football Follies*, is from Walt Disney: "There's a little lowbrow in every highbrow, but there's no highbrow in a lowbrow." As Steve explains, "You have to appeal to the Madison Avenue people and also to the truck drivers."

In recent years NFL Films has branched out beyond football. In 1980 it made *The Greatest Adventure: Man's Journey to the Moon*, a fine PBS documentary done in conjunction with NASA. (Astronaut Buzz Aldrin once said that if NASA had had NFL Films working for it full-time, the government wouldn't have cut NASA's budget.) NFL Films makes music videos for MTV, and is the official cinematographer for the current Michael Jackson tour.

But NFL football is their No. 1 business. Every play of every NFL game since 1948 is preserved on a reel in one of the 45,000 cans of film in the Sabols' Mount Laurel, N.J. warehouse. "Monet painted the same lily pad 300 times," Steve says, "and people ask if I get tired doing football. Now if Monet could paint the same lily pad 300 times. . . ." **END**

*On the field and off, Al Davis and his L.A. Raiders keep rolling over the NFL establishment in their own inimitable way* **by PAUL ZIMMERMAN**

# AL TO WORLD: GET OUT OF OUR WAY

First a story about a struggle—Howard Slusher, a battle-hardened players' agent, vs. Al Davis, the L.A. Raiders' boss. It went into the record books as a victory for Slusher. It wasn't. It was a victory for both of them. But the way Davis handled the situation from beginning to end provides insight into why the Raiders dominate pro football.

The story begins on Thursday, Oct. 20, 1983. Slusher is in Houston and he's sweating. The New Jersey Generals are giving him the business. He has flown from his Los Angeles office to Houston for the USFL owners meetings to try to nail down a deal with Generals owner Donald Trump, a blockbuster $17.5 million package that would send eight Slusher clients from the NFL to the New Jersey club: Gary Barbaro, Jeris White, Marc Wilson and Mike Haynes for the '84 season, Randy White, John Jefferson, Bob Brudzinski and Doug Martin in future years. Now the deal is collapsing.

Trump has already broken two appointments. Finally, they meet, briefly, in a hotel room. "Waddya got? I'm in a hurry," Trump says. He tells Slusher the package deal is out—he doesn't want to sign up futures. He doesn't like the

price for Haynes, the Patriots' All-Pro cornerback who's sitting out the NFL season in a contract dispute. Ditto Wilson, the L.A. Raiders' backup quarterback. Cornerback White, a Washington holdout, is a maybe. And free safety Barbaro, who's holding out at Kansas City, is negotiable.

They talk, and Slusher realizes that Wilson is the guy the Generals are really after. Wilson is unhappy that he's not starting for Davis's Raiders. His 1983 L.A. salary is $400,000. Slusher's asking Trump for $1 million a year for four seasons. Too high, the Generals say, but they're interested. And they're talking. Then the Generals put an offer on the table: $4 million for five years, all guaranteed.

"Fly him into New York and sign him and you've got yourself a deal," Slusher says. The Generals tell Slusher to hold off a little while. Everything is very hush-hush, closed-door stuff.

Slusher flies back to L.A. that night. He phones Wilson and they set up a 6 a.m. meeting at the Wooden Shoe, a coffee shop in Redondo Beach. He hangs up near midnight. At 1:30 a.m. Davis calls Slusher. He knows all about the Generals' offer—the numbers, the years, everything.

Davis wants to meet with Slusher the following week. "Too late," Slusher tells him. How about 48 hours? Too late. "Look, you owe me a shot," Davis says. "Just give me a

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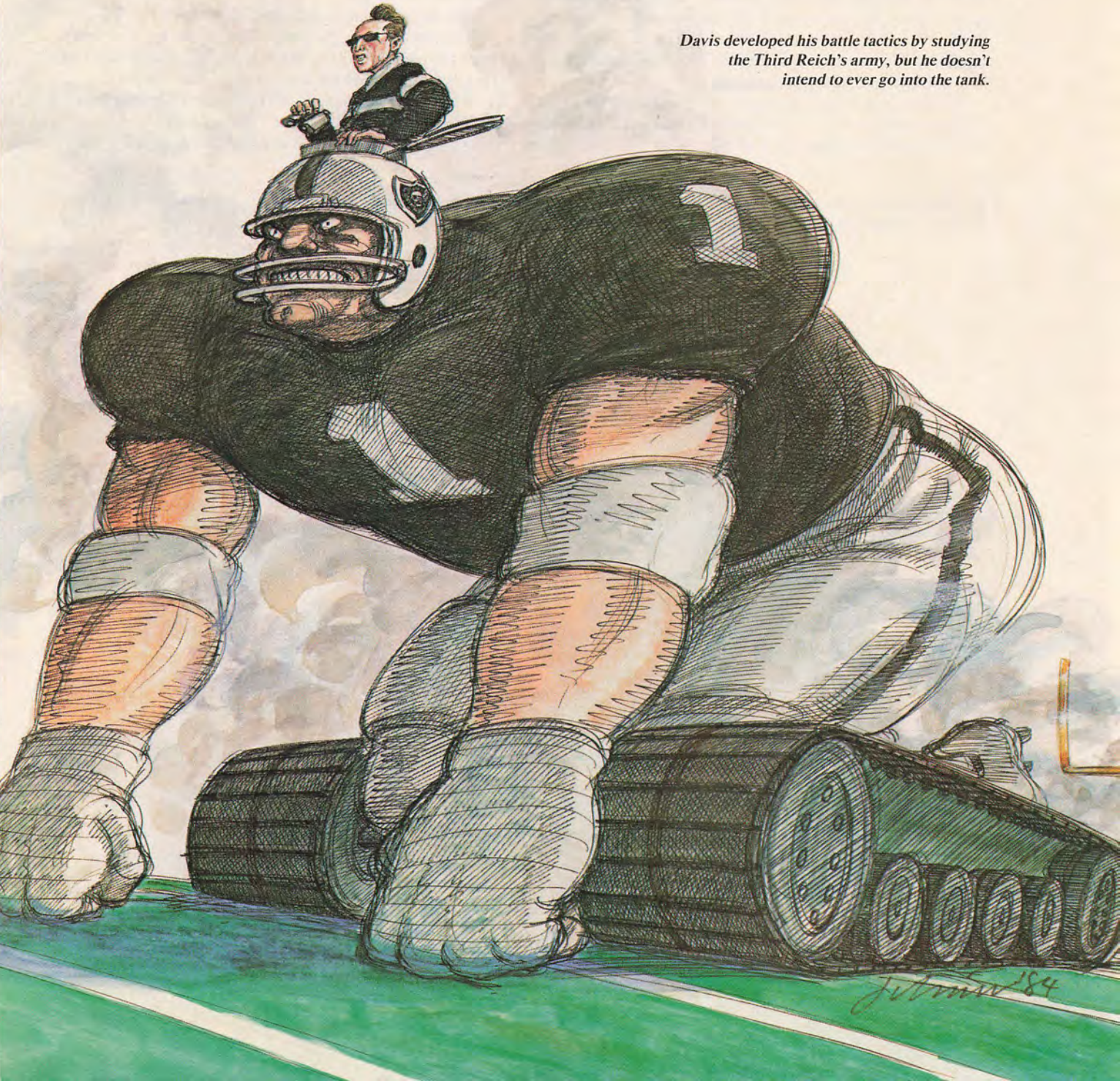


***Davis developed his battle tactics by studying the Third Reich's army, but he doesn't intend to ever go into the tank.***

number." Slusher tells him a million a year. "I'll think about it and get back to you in 24 hours," Davis says.

"Too late. I'm going to New York at noon," Slusher says.

"Don't put any six-hour time limit on me," Davis says. They agree to meet in the Raider office at 11 a.m.

Meanwhile, Wilson is having second thoughts. Jim Plunkett had started for the Raiders all season, but the Raiders had announced that Wilson would start Sunday night in Dallas. The Generals didn't look so inviting anymore.

"Al's master stroke," Slusher says. "Somebody's finally telling Wilson, 'Good boy.' I'll give Al all the credit in the world for that."

At breakfast at the Wooden Shoe, Slusher tells Wilson he's meeting with Davis that morning. He asks Wilson to name a price. Wilson writes $900,000 a year on a napkin. Slusher draws up a proposal and presents it to Davis that morning. Davis looks at it and curses. The phone rings. Davis excuses himself and leaves the office.

"It had to be a signal," Slusher says. "I was ready for it."

Davis comes back in. "You know who that was?" he says. "The Generals. You don't have an offer."

Slusher starts packing his stuff. "I've got a signed contract," he says.

"I guess you're not going to show it to me," Davis says.

"That's right," says Slusher.

They stare at each other. Bluff and counter-bluff.

"I was nuts by then. I didn't know what was going to happen," Slusher said recently. "I was thinking they might stash Wilson, or rough me up . . . you know, crazy thoughts."

Davis curses again and initials the proposal Slusher had drawn up for Wilson. The terms: the original $400,000 for 1983 and a package for the next four years that would bring the five-year average close to $800,000.

"Don't announce anything," Slusher says. "I want to tell the Generals myself."

"We never announce signings," Davis says.

Five minutes later Slusher places a call to New Jersey from the office of Al LoCasale, Davis's executive assistant. He talks to Jason Seltzer, the Generals' president.

"I know. He just signed with the Raiders," Seltzer says.

"How the hell do you know?" Slusher says.

"I have my sources," Seltzer says. "Look, we had a deal."

***With his three Super Bowl trophies and three championship rings, the imperial Davis easily extracts homage from those NFL people his team beats up on.***

ILLUSTRATIONS BY VICTOR JUHASZ

*The Raiders couldn't care less what others think about them.*

"No," Slusher says. "I wanted to fly him back and you refused."

The story breaks that night, Friday, Oct. 21. Trump says he never wanted Wilson. "I'm not interested in backup quarterbacks. . . . They [Slusher and Wilson] played Al Davis like a drum," he says.

"That was the alltimer," Slusher says now. " 'Played him like a drum.' Nobody plays Al Davis like a drum. Look what you've got. Al ended up with the guy he wanted. And in New Jersey you've got a man whose ego is so great he didn't want to let it look like he lost a player. He could've said, 'Look, we didn't get this guy, but we're gonna go after so-and-so,' and made a positive statement. Instead he lies."

That Sunday night, against the Cowboys, Wilson passed for 318 yards and three touchdowns in L.A.'s 40–38 win. He led the Raider drive that produced Chris Bahr's game-winning field goal with 20 seconds to play. That victory was particularly important to Davis because it tied the Raiders with Dallas for most NFL regular-season wins in the last 21 years, the period that Davis has been with the club. At the end of the season the Raiders led Dallas by one victory, 206 to 205. They'd already established themselves as No. 1 in won-lost percentage (.715 to Dallas's .693).

And what does the Wilson story tell you about Davis and the Raiders?

- They will not lose a player they really want. Wilson is now their quarterback of the future, and they don't have to worry about the USFL chasing him until 1987.
- Davis may have a legendary ego, but he will not let it stand in the way of improving the team.
- Davis has an eye for who can play the game.
- Davis has a pipeline to everywhere. He's wired to what's going on around the league—and around the other league.
- The Raiders are the winningest team in the NFL over the last 21 years.

May 6, 1984, The International Ballroom of the Beverly Hilton Hotel: The Raiders are showing their 1983 highlights film. Some 500 people have gathered. There are four buffet lines and a 60-foot bar. A trophy case holds three silver footballs, the trophies from three Super Bowl triumphs, including 1984. From the ceiling hang banners representing four AFL or AFC championships.

Players mingle in a crowd sprinkled with celebrities—state senators and congressmen and entertainers. Jane Fonda and her husband, Tom Hayden, chitchat with fullback Frank Hawkins. Hawkins and defensive end Howie Long have just played in a celebrity flag football game with Cathy Lee Crosby. Marcus Allen is talking about a future assignment, helping to judge the Miss Universe contest. All-Pro tight end Todd Christensen, once a Cowboy castoff, is telling somebody about his new TV show, his own, which reaches 80 markets.

The 22-minute highlights film is over. LoCasale adjusts the microphone for his height, or lack of it. Little Al, they call the 5′ 4″, 175-pound LoCasale. Davis is Big Al.

"In 1983 our team battled not only opponents on the field," LoCasale says, "but a powerful combination of the NFL's propaganda machine, the federal courts, the state courts, the halls of Congress. I can assure you their campaign to prevent the Los Angeles Raiders from being the world champion Los Angeles Raiders will not go unchallenged. Our goal is the same in the courts as on the field: Just win, baby!"

There is applause, some cheers. A few players and coaches smile. They didn't need all the hassle. They'd be happier back in Oakland. The Raiders moved from Oakland to L.A. in 1982 after winning a lengthy legal battle against the NFL. There are players and coaches, including coach Tom Flores, who haven't yet moved their families to L.A. They're not happy about the suitcase life. It's a distraction.

But the problems haven't shown up on the field. In strike-torn 1982, their first year in L.A., the Raiders went 8–1, tying the Redskins for the NFL's best record. In '84 they won their third Super Bowl. After L.A. beat Washington 38–9, the most crushing Super Bowl triumph ever, Davis said: "Wait. You ain't seen nothin' yet. We'll be even better next year." The Raiders are relentless—also slightly paranoid.

To longtime Raider watchers, LoCasale's speech was a classic. Us against them, boys. Tighten up. In the old days the Raiders' distrust of outsiders was so great, their fear of secrets leaking so consuming, that they wouldn't even announce their roster cuts. The team's beat writers went crazy; they had to call the league office to find what the Raiders were doing on cutdown days. Raider press releases wouldn't even have a depth chart for the upcoming game. And if you wanted to know about an injury, well, forget it. The typical

*continued*

Raider release would tell you about statistical milestones, where players went to high school, kindergarten—everything except what you wanted to know. The players seldom knew what was going on, either.

But paranoia works both ways. The outside world has always been paranoid about the Raiders, too.

A New York bartender somehow got through on the phone to Jet coach Walt Michaels at halftime of the '82 Raiders-Jets playoff game in L.A., and after the game Michaels said, "There's an s.o.b. who tried to disrupt our team at halftime and his name is Al Davis." Security at the Jets' Long Island camp had been frantically tight the week before that game.

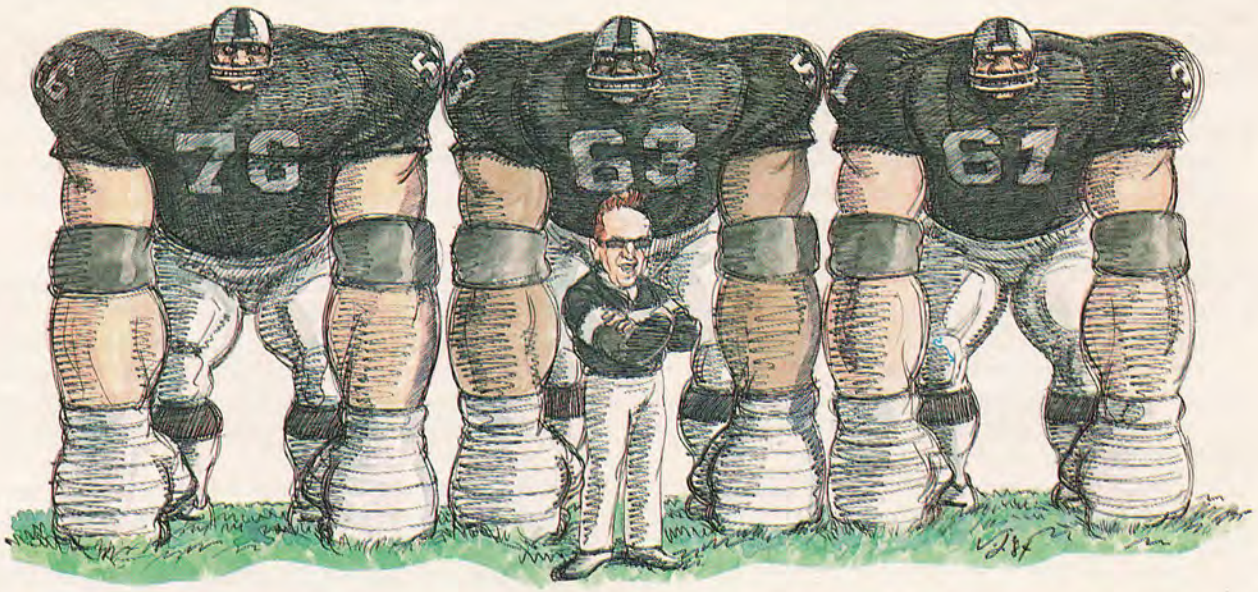
The Al Davis-Harland Svare story is an AFL classic. The rumor was that the visiting team's locker in the Oakland Alameda Coliseum room was bugged. One year when Svare was coaching the Chargers in a game against the Raiders in Oakland, he stared up at a locker-room light fixture, shook his fist and said, "Damn you, Al Davis, damn you. I know you're up there." Svare's line became a book title.

Oh yes, everyone's paranoid about the Raiders—players, coaches, especially the league. Last year Slusher and the Raiders finessed a trade with New England for Haynes through the league office *after* the trading deadline had expired. The deal got L.A. an All-Pro cornerback and firmed up the team's pass defense. Slusher remembers what happened when Haynes's contract was finally signed, in the L.A. County Courthouse. "One of the league lawyers said, 'What if Al refuses to give New England his first-round pick?' " Slusher says. "But that wasn't the height of the paranoia. That came when my 15-year-old son, John, went downstairs to Xerox the contract. Two NFL guys went with him. They didn't want to let it out of their sight."

Distrusted and distrustful, hated in some quarters, admired in others, the Raiders draw together, thumb their noses at the world and carry on. You see, their thing is winning, the big W. "Commitment to excellence," they call it. It's there on the back of their press guide, the new motto, after "pro football's dynamic organization" and "pride and poise." It was on all the billboards the Raiders rented around Tampa before the last Super Bowl. Win, dammit, win! With their 21-year-winning-percentage supremacy in the NFL, the Raiders are now taking on all professional sports. "We stand at .715," their highlights film proclaims. Best of the also-rans over the same span are the Montreal Canadiens (.666), the Boston Celtics (.652) and the Baltimore Orioles (.585). Europe comes next. Hey, look up Real Madrid's record in soccer.

What are their secrets, their little tricks? How have they done it?

Well, not with formations, not with gimmickry or an ultracerebral approach. "I used to love to play Oakland," says Andy Russell, the Steelers' former All-Pro linebacker. "They'd say, 'Here's what we're gonna do. You think you can stop it, go ahead.' It makes it easier."




***Davis has always fancied large, hulking linemen, all the better to crush foes into the grass, which has always been the Raiders' home turf.***

"Yeah, but look at the guys that were doing it," says Jack Lambert, the Steeler linebacker. "A bunch of guys who do nothing but spit in your face, who play the game aggressively—the way it's supposed to be played."

Well, that's part of it, but not all of it. First of all, there's a thing called Raider Football. It represents a style that has stayed remarkably consistent throughout Davis's 21 years. Plus, there's a concept. And it all begins with Davis himself.

Davis, who is now 55, grew up in the World War II era and loved military history. He was fascinated by the frightening power of the *Wehrmacht*, the armed forces of the Third Reich. He read about the German army's deep lightning thrusts through Poland, the great disruptive power, the

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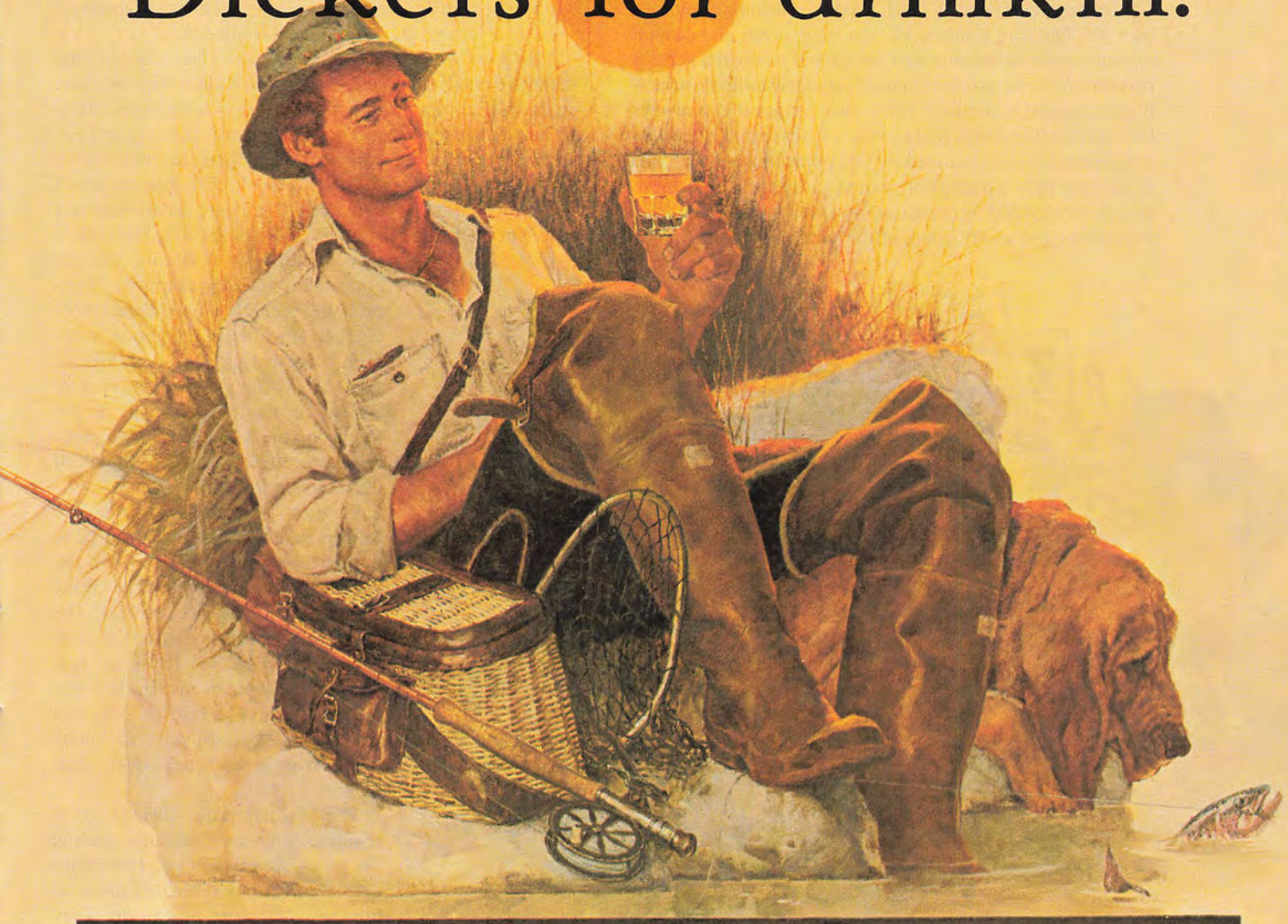

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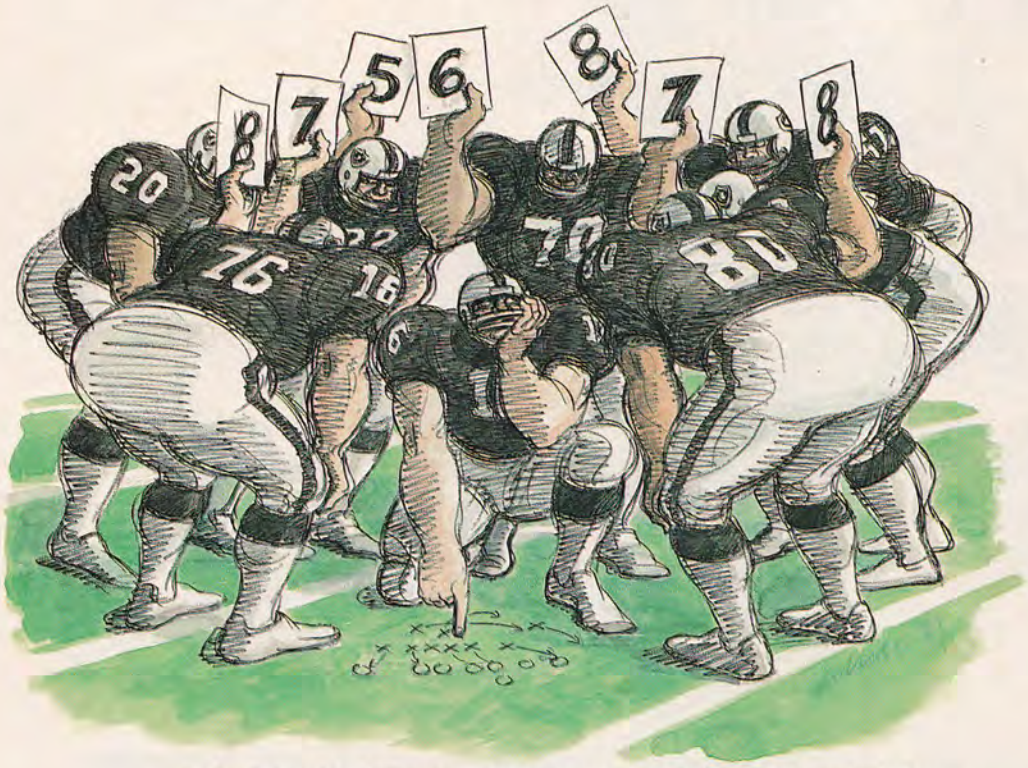
size of the force, its speed. And then he saw its demise—the fragmented command, the defeat at the hands of a well-equipped and organized army backed by rich resources and fed by smooth supply lines.

Eighteen years later, in 1963, Davis had a command of his own, the Oakland Raiders. He was their coach and general manager, later to become part owner and managing general partner. Why, he asked of himself, couldn't military principles be applied to football? Why not an attack that is always looking to strike deeply and swiftly, a defense that is reckless and destructive and manned by big, punishing people? Size always has been a high priority item with Davis. To achieve this, he would need an organization with continuity, no fragmentation, everybody going in the same direction. And finally, the troops would be well paid. All these elements became the trademarks of Raider Football. When Davis thinks of trades and drafts, the question that has to be answered is: Can this guy play our style?



*In the Raiders' huddle, the quarterback gets play-calling help from all the troops.*

"It's not a complicated theory, really," says Mike Giddings, owner of Pro Scout, Inc., a private scouting combine for eight NFL clubs, but never the Raiders. "Find the best people, get 'em to play your style, pay them the most money, and wait for other teams to screw up. And as long as the league keeps handing him people like Mike Haynes, he'll be in business."

"Al Davis is unique in the modern era," says Cleveland coach Sam Rutigliano. "Look at all the hats he's worn—scout, coach, assistant coach, G.M., owner, even commissioner. Don't forget he was once commissioner of the old AFL. How many guys have gone to the owners meetings one week and walked the sidelines at a college practice the next? Maybe George Halas was like that in the old days, but this is a different era."

"The bottom line here is winning—not image or money," says Steve Ortmayer, L.A.'s special teams coach.

"He gives you a chance to win," says Chet Franklin, the defensive backfield coach. "I was with Kansas City for three years. [Coach] Paul Wiggin never was in a situation where he had a chance to win. They knew about auditing and p.r. and marketing in K.C., they ran a nice show. But Paul was in the football business and they weren't. The Raiders aren't much for marketing their team. Their p.r. department is a joke. They win. That's their p.r.," Giddings says. The bulk of their money goes to salaries, and the other areas get shortchanged. "They probably spend less on college scouting than any other organization in the NFL," one player personnel director says. "Their thing is trading. They're always in the bottom half of the league in the number of high draft choices on their roster, but they lead the league in trades."

On their '84 Super Bowl roster, the Raiders had nine veterans acquired in trades: Five were starters, a sixth the nickel back, another a Pro Bowl choice as punt and kick returner. The same roster listed six first-round draft choices and five No. 2's. Their second-round choices in the last decade—defensive end Howie Long and linebacker Matt Millen, to name two—have been better than their firsts.

The Raiders don't belong to a scouting combine. Computer grading has never been their style. They don't care about a guy's vertical jump or how many pull-ups he can do. They go on instinct.

"One team gave me a pinch test, to test my fat content," Long says. "The guy said, 'You're a little chubby there, son.' I ran two 40s in Oakland in rookie camp. You know how many I've run since? Zippo. I can do 80 push-ups in a minute and dunk a basketball any way you want, but I can only do two pull-ups. These teams that make you do dips, bench presses and aerobics, that drop you into a sensory-deprivation tank to test your body fat . . . you think Al would go for that?

"Earl Leggett, the Raiders' defensive-line coach, came down to Villanova to look at me," Long continues. "He ran me in one 20. He asked me to get in a stance, take a step upfield, plant and come inside. Then he left. I said, 'That's it. There's one team I can forget about,' and I went back to my room and turned on *Leave It to Beaver*."

Long was a crucial pick for the Raiders. Part of the concept of Raider Football involves drafting or trading for play-

*continued*

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*Always the host with the most, Davis once rolled out his special green-carpet treatment for the Jets during the middle of practice.*

## THE RAIDERS *continued*

ers to fill certain roles, and the Raiders' style demands a big, reckless left defensive end. They want a guy who can cave in a side, come down the line and occupy two blockers, freeing the linebackers to make the tackle. It's vital for their defense. Ike Lassiter filled the role in the 1960s. John Matuszak was effective for a while but when he started to show some mileage, the Raiders got Long.

The second responsibility, traditionally, of the left defensive end is that he must be able to move inside and play tackle or middle guard if necessary. Long, who was a middle guard one year in college, moves all over the line in nickel situations, usually lining up over the center.

Davis has always liked to move people around on defense. His first rover, a player who can play either on the line or up in a linebacker stance, was Dan Birdwell, whose versatility gave the Raiders a 3-4 look in 1964, eight years before Miami's famed 53 defense. Hendricks played as a rover for a while. Now the Raiders have gone more to a move concept, with Long the prime mover.

The Raiders have often gotten a particular player to stop a specific threat on another team. In 1967 they drafted left guard Gene Upshaw to control the Chiefs' 6′ 7″, 275-pound Buck Buchanan. Bubba Smith had a big game against the Raiders in the '70 playoffs, so the next year Davis traded for 275-pound right tackle Bob Brown, the Boomer, in an attempt to nullify Bubba. Later, he traded for Bubba himself.

"The Raiders are consistently the most effective team in the NFL in filling needs, which is crucial to upgrading a team," Giddings says. "They went into the last season with what I saw as seven needs. They filled six of them, a remarkable percentage."

In 1970, Miami receiver Paul Warfield was terrorizing the NFL on slant-in passes, the Quick I. So the next year the Raiders drafted Jack Tatum on the first round, and Tatum applied Davis's concept of a killer free safety.

"An obstructionist, Jack's the greatest obstructionist there has ever been," Davis says. "He put the fear of God in 'em by his location in the middle of the field. Myrel Moore, a Denver assistant, told me that once they were putting in a play against us where Rick Upchurch had to go inside, into the post, and he said, 'Uh-uh, I'm not going in there.' So they took it out." The Raider who now fills that spot is Vann McElroy, a rough jarring tackler who made the 1984 Pro Bowl.

The killer free safety allows the cornerbacks to funnel things toward the middle, to play the outside-conscious, bump-and-run coverage that has always been part of the Raiders' style. It's a basketball approach to pass defense. Davis said he got the idea from watching John Wooden's zone press at UCLA, also from seeing a talented young Denver cornerback named Willie Brown, who played bump-and-run instinctively. The Raiders traded for Brown in 1967 and then went to the bump-and-run almost exclusively. "Everyone was getting hurt by timed patterns," Davis says. "The bump-and-run took them away. I just said, 'The hell with it. We'll play up on 'em and give the free safety a clean read.' "

Lester Hayes, L.A.'s left cornerback, has been a natural at it. Right cornerback was a problem, but when Davis obtained Haynes last November, the problem was solved. The Raiders could go back to bump-and-run. No team completed 50% of its passes against L.A. in the playoffs, and L.A. did a remarkable job of shutting down Joe Theismann and his wide-out attack in the Super Bowl.

The companion to the bump-and-run is pressure on the quarterback. "The Raiders proved that you can win in this era with great cornerbacks and a pass rush," says one NFL coach. The right defensive end is the Raiders' sacking end, as he is on most teams. But not every team goes to the same pains to find pass rushers—and develop them—as the Raiders do. It started with Ben Davidson, who'd been a skinny 6′ 8″ hurdler in college. Davidson washed out of three NFL camps, but Davis got hold of him and did a psychological

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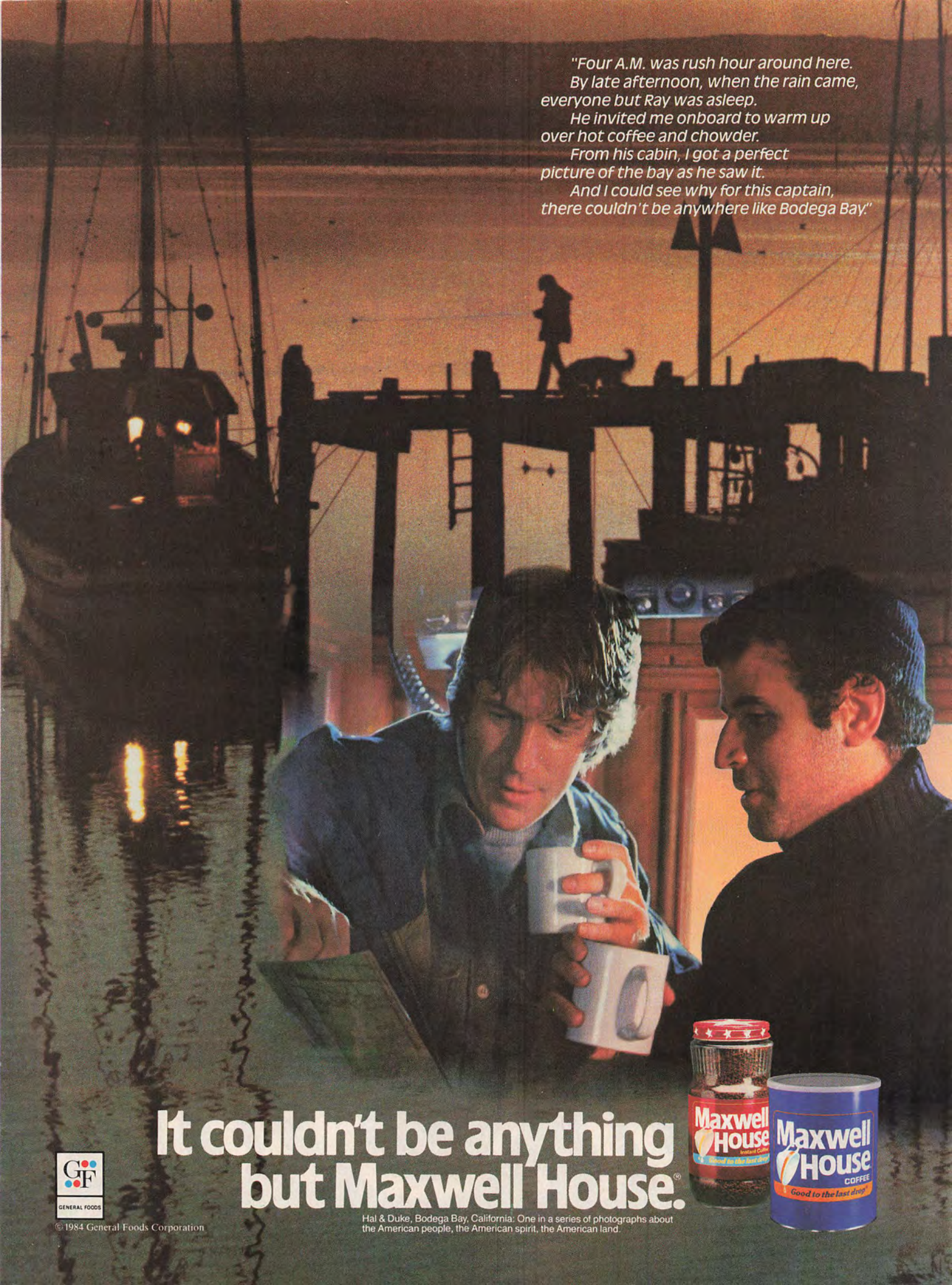
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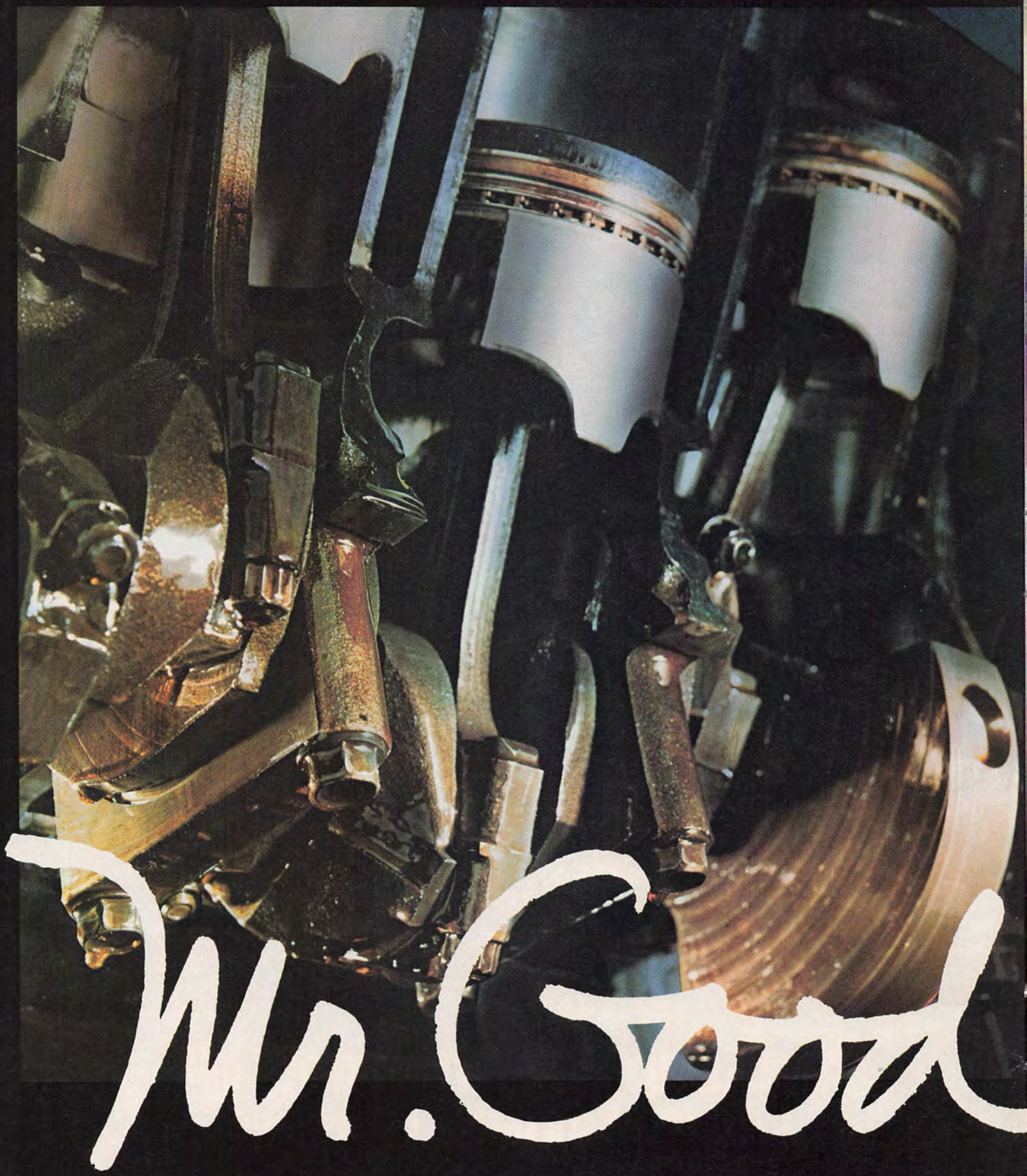

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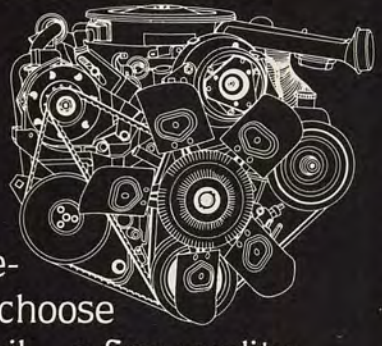

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reclamation project, turning the timid youngster into a raging terror. Davis has brought in older vets to man the position—Pat Toomay, Cedrick Hardman and, the most successful of all, Lyle Alzado—and he has gone with rookies. He's had power rushers like Davidson and speed rushers like Toomay, Dave Browning and the current sack specialist, Greg Townsend. But pass rushers have always been there. Davis has to have them.

The Raiders don't blitz much. Their rush comes mostly from the down linemen ("I got 12 of my 13 sacks last year off a three-man line," Long says). L.A. shoots for mismatches, trying to get the strongest defensive lineman on the weakest blocker. Occasionally, the Raiders will concentrate their whole game plan on an opposing offensive lineman, as they did with Cincinnati's inexperienced center, Dave Rimington, early last year, giving him an ungodly assortment of shifts and stunts to worry about.

They're Al's babies, those defensive linemen, and they're handled very carefully. "They'll try to save your legs," Alzado says. "Leggett is very conscious of that. He doesn't want you standing around when it's 40 below zero, like some clubs."

"They're especially easy on middle guards," Long says. "They know a middle guard's legs only have two full practices in them a week. They're teachers here, too. When I came here I didn't know anything. I didn't even know what the formations meant. Now I can pick them apart, piece by piece, and put them together again."

Most of the Raiders' blitzing is done by the strong safety, Mike Davis, a 205-pound former high hurdler who was drafted to pressure quarterbacks. "Jet Rip Blue Slash," Long says. "That's our safety blitz. In the Super Bowl, Mike came in clean on it twice in a row . . . he had a clean shot on Theismann. Just give me one shot like that and Theismann won't be doing Igloo cooler commercials anymore. He'd be doing spots for a nursing home."

The phrase in football that Davis finds most annoying is: "We've got to control the ball and keep our defense off the field."

"I heard one of our coaches say it in a meeting once, a new coach," Davis says. "I was on my way to the parking lot. I came back in and told him, 'Look, the idea is to outscore 'em,' and all the coaches started laughing. Tom Flores said, 'I just told him that.' "

Everyone knows that the Raider offensive trademark is length. Patterns stretch longer, quarterbacks hold the ball longer, linemen hold their blocks longer. It's the big strike concept, a throwback to Davis's early years on Sid Gillman's Charger staff.

"Attack, fear, pressure," Davis says. "Don't take what they give you. You're going deep and they're not going to stop you by design or location. They have to do it

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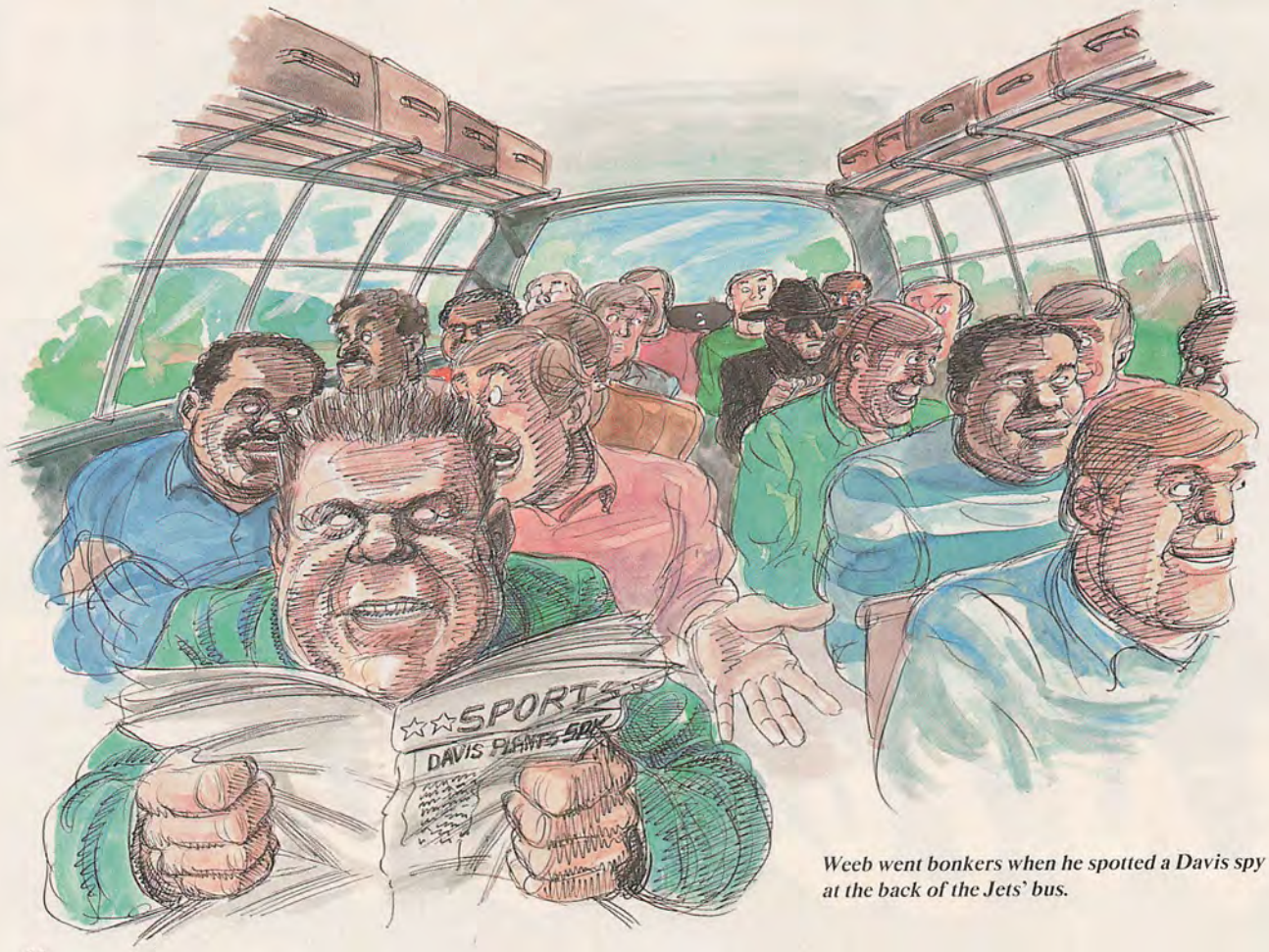


*Weeb went bonkers when he spotted a Davis spy at the back of the Jets' bus.*

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on the field. Screw it. You say you can stop us. Prove it."

The Raiders' offensive system is almost unique nowadays in that quarterbacks call their own plays. "You have no idea what our huddle is like," Christensen says. "[Running back] Greg Pruitt will come in, for instance, and he'll say, 'Tom wants 19 flip.' [Tackle] Henry Lawrence'll say, 'Nah, that won't work.' I'll say, 'Jim, you're the QB.' Jim'll say, 'Henry's right. Forget it,' and he'll call something else. Do you know how valuable it is for a team to have a huddle like that? As John Madden says, 'The coaches are the theoreticians. The guys in the huddle are the combat troops.' "

In Al's early years the Raiders ran a trap-blocking offense,

***Did Davis have a game plan that gave Namath nightmares?***

but now there's very little finesse and much straight-ahead power. The overall offensive concept has something to do with that. The Raiders look for big pass blockers when they're drafting offensive linemen, guys who function better as straight-ahead run blockers. The turf figures, too. The Oakland Coliseum became their home field in '66, and the ground there was naturally heavy and soggy, built for big linemen. It was tough to run a trap-block offense, as Pittsburgh does on its artificial turf. And though they've moved to L.A., the Raiders still play on grass.

Davis points to another key to his offensive operation—the split end, almost always lined up left. "It has been the hub of our attack," he says. "We've only had five in 21 years—Art Powell, Bill Miller, Warren Wells, Mike Siani and Cliff Branch. That's our deep threat position."

As for the myths that surround Davis and the Raiders, let's examine some of them.

*Myth*: Davis will do anything, but anything, to win.

*Reality*: Davis has calmed down, at least in his on-the-field operation. In the old days he was wild. He sneaked a construction crew into Shea Stadium in the middle of the night and set up a heating unit by his team's bench for the '68 championship game against the Jets. His workmen once interrupted a Jet practice in Oakland and started rolling tarps on the field. When the AFL and NFL were battling and the race was on to sign players, he once phoned Syracuse guard Walt Sweeney at 3 a.m. E.S.T. "What did you do that for?" LoCasale asked him. "Just so he'll remember me," Davis said. "He'll sure as hell remember the guy who woke him up at 3 a.m." His move to L.A. earned him many enemies among owners and league people, but longtime Davis watchers say he has mellowed. "Three Super Bowls plus Tom Flores have done that," an associate says. "Tom has been a great influence on him."

*Myth*: The visiting team's locker room really was bugged, as Svare said. And Davis has recording devices concealed throughout the NFL.

*Reality*: No one knows. Davis laughs at the Svare outburst. "Ah, hell, it wasn't in the light fixture," he says. Former Raider p.r. man Lee Grosscup once said, "I don't know about the locker, but you can bet that every office is bugged."

*Myth*: There are Al Davis spies everywhere.

*Reality*: Oh, he had 'em in the old days. Once, when the Jets were riding the bus back to their hotel after a Saturday practice in Oakland, Weeb Ewbank looked around and spotted Raider scout Maury Schleicher in a rear seat. Trembling with rage, the Jet coach had the driver stop the bus in the middle of Route 17, and Schleicher was ejected. Now? "I want to be candid with you," he says. "We do have contacts at every level, on every team. We have people in the USFL we call, too. Look, you're not going to stop communicating. If you think you are, you're crazy."

*Myth*: Davis himself once showed up in the Jets' hotel the night before a game and told Joe Namath what the Raiders were going to do to him.

*Reality*: A misinterpreted story. Davis liked Namath. Always did. He dropped by to pay his respects. His toughest statement was, "You sonofagun, stop killing us."

*Myth*: Raider coaches are rubber stamps. Davis is the real coach.

*Reality*: Christensen calls Flores "a great, great game-day coach, excellent on the sidelines." Other players agree. Davis attends the Wednesday and Thursday practices, sometimes the one on Saturday, and that's all. The coaches drop a game plan on Davis's desk, but he doesn't actually put in plays. "It's a courtesy," Flores says. "Sometimes he doesn't even want to see it. He says, 'I want to be surprised.' But we do discuss general concepts—this tackle doesn't match up well, we can work on this cornerback. And the overall Raiders' concept is his. He just wants me to coach the hell out of it. I always have the last word on game-to-game strategy. I'd be lying if I said I wouldn't like to be a household name, like Al is. But I figure if I keep winning, sooner or later someone's gonna say, 'Hey, Flores must be doing a hell of a job.' "

*Myth*: The drafts are Davis's drafts, the trades are his trades.

*continued*

George Lupo

Martha Woodward (2)

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*Reality*: All the coaches get involved in drafting. They're expected to rate the top candidates at the positions they handle, then join Ron Wolf's scouting department and Davis, and thrash it out. Trades are more Davis's thing. Alzado was his baby. Plunkett was worked out by Flores and Wolf; Davis wasn't there and Flores swung the election for Plunkett. In the old days Davis was a terror on draft day. Wolf tells this story: "It's 1967, our first-round pick is coming up and Al and I are battling down. I want Harry Jones, a halfback from Arkansas. He wants Upshaw. We have this speaker set up so we can hear what's going on in the draft room in New York. Finally, Al says to me, 'All right, dammit, you win. Go call Harry Jones and alert him. Use the phone in the hall.' So I go out in the hall and dial, and as I'm dialing I hear over the speaker: 'In the first round the Oakland Raiders select Eugene Upshaw, guard, Texas A&I.' "

*Myth*: Davis is infallible when it comes to judging talent.

*Reality*: Oh, he has had his clunkers, notably ex-Ram cornerback Monte Jackson, who cost the Raiders three draft choices in the famous Lawrence Welk trade . . . a-one and a-two and a-three. The coaches had to finally beg Davis to get rid of him. Bubba was a mistake. So was Bob Brown. But Davis was the guy who lobbied hardest for tight end Raymond Chester, when Chester wasn't even listed among the top 150 college prospects by some teams. And it was Davis who personally scouted Mark van Eeghen at an East-West game practice in a gym where the players were all in tennis shorts . . . and then drafted him in the third round. Van Eeghen is the Raiders' alltime leading rusher. Davis's percentage is very high.

*Myth*: The Raiders are truly the last stop, the haven for outcasts. They've got more druggies than any other team.

*Reality*: One veteran says that when the first Super Bowl practice was called 11 days before the '81 game, only 26 guys showed up. One suppposedly was in Peru. Davis says he doesn't know anything about it. As far as the drug problem, he says, "We've taken care of it from within. At one time we were bad in that regard, but we've learned how to deal with it, and that's through fear of punishment. It's controlled on our club." Translation: If there are problems they're kept within the family.

*Myth*: No one's underpaid on the Raiders.

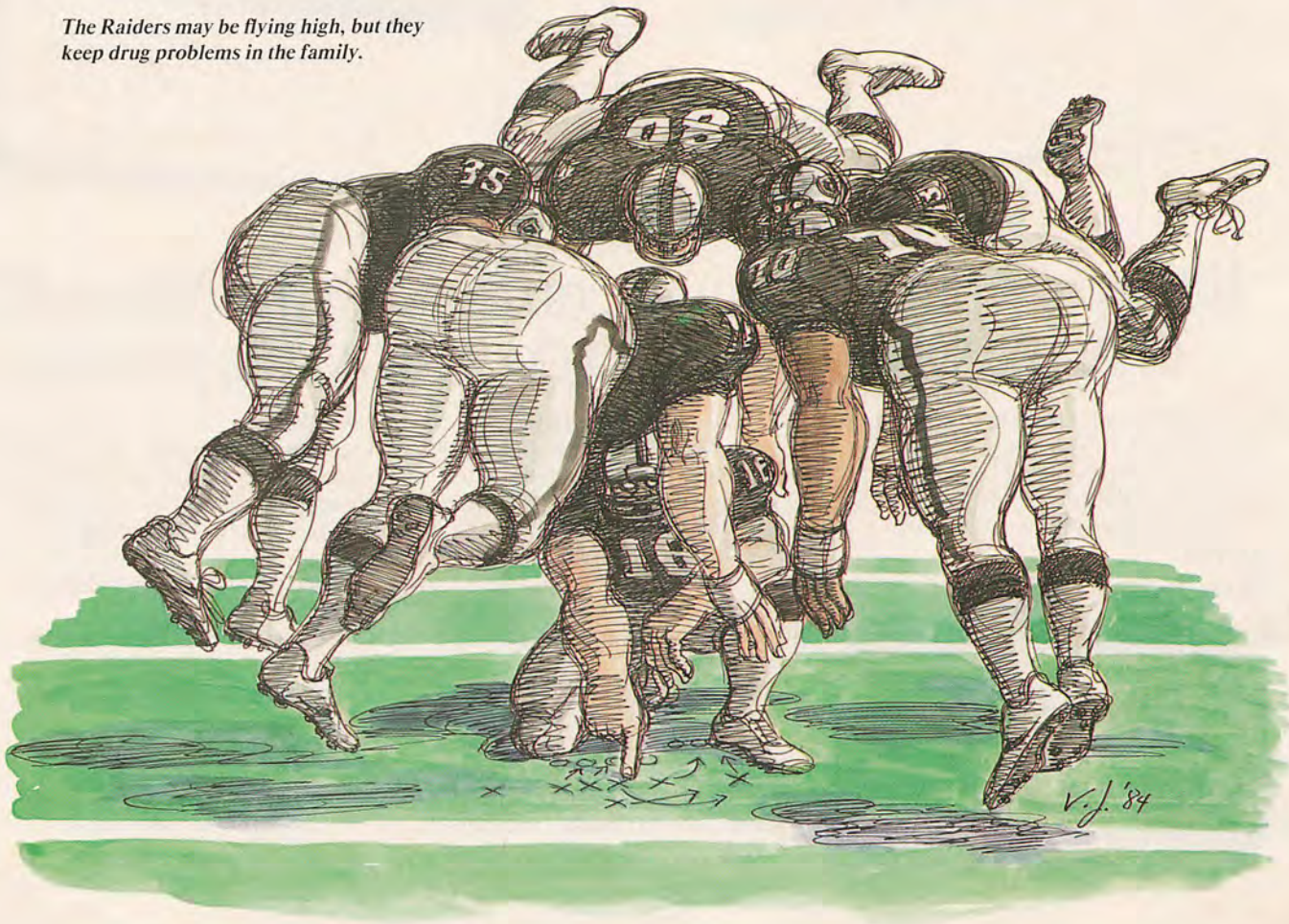
*Reality*: If a player is performing, Davis will usually upgrade his contract, without request, after two years. Long feels he's underpaid, even though he got a raise last year. Long says he makes $120,000, which, he complains, is "64th-best among NFL defensive ends." "I'll catch him up," Davis says. "Look, I can't do a guy every 15 minutes."

So the Raiders' future is promising. After the Super Bowl victory over Washington, Davis said, "We'll be even better next year." But a few months ago, when the players got their rings, he warned them against overconfidence.

"It was classic Al Davis," LoCasale says. "He told them, 'You can't talk about it. You've got to do it. Everyone's gonna be shooting for us.' "

Haven't they always?

**END**




*The Raiders may be flying high, but they keep drug problems in the family.*

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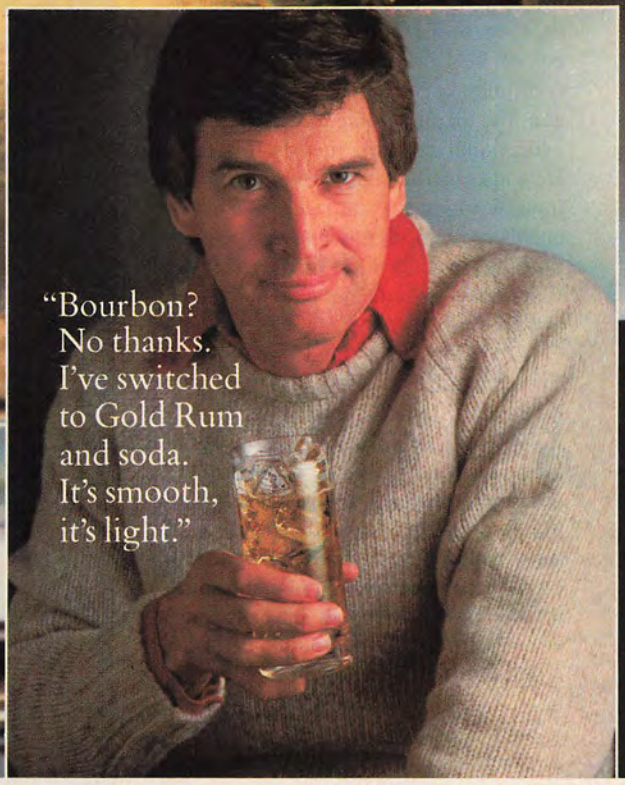


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*Dan Marino of the Dolphins may be the best young pro quarterback, but is he better than the Hurricanes' Bernie Kosar?*

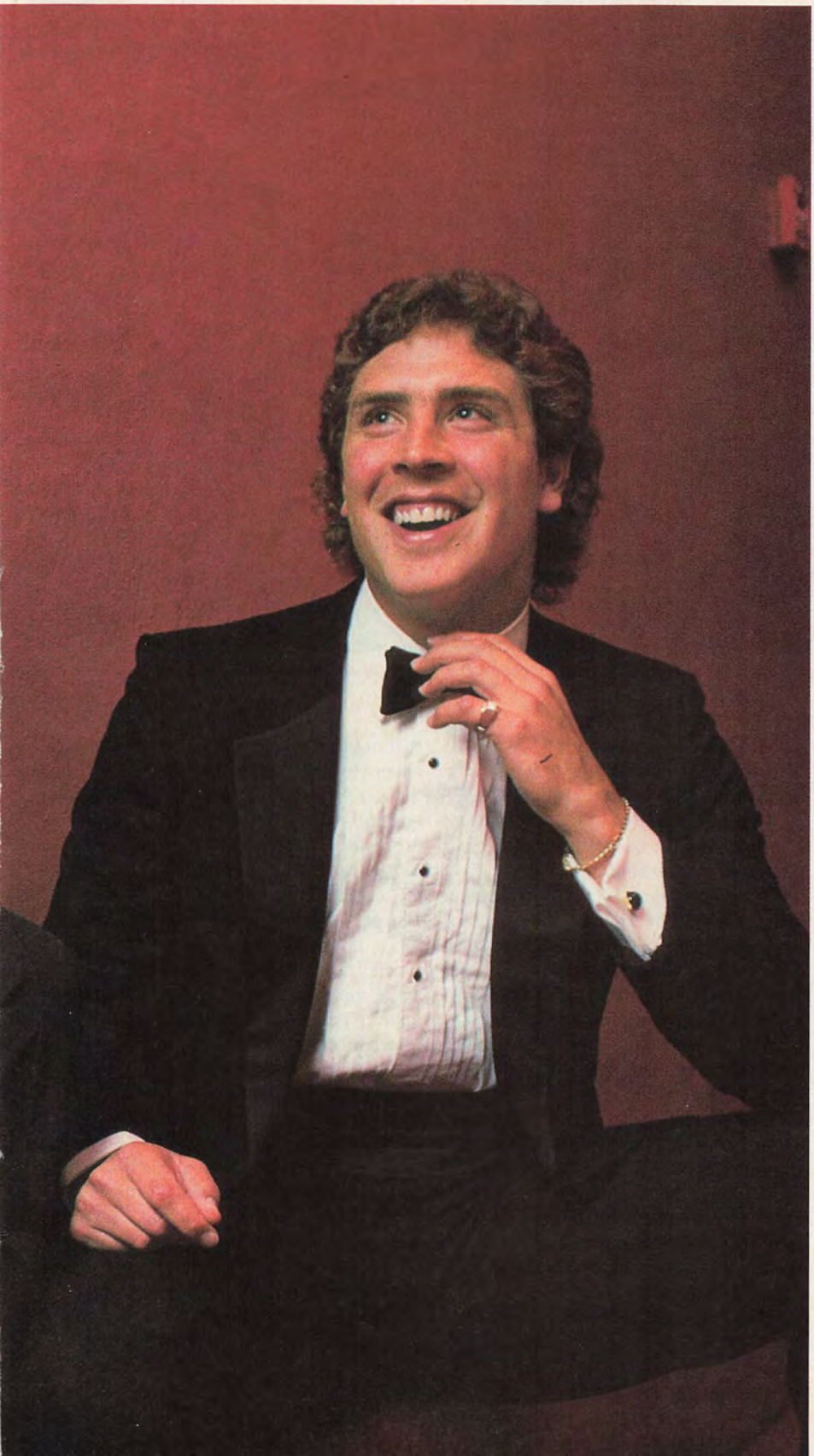
**by JOHN UNDERWOOD**

Bob Kuechenberg, the Miami Dolphins' affluent All-Pro guard, says that if the relenting fates grant Dan Marino an exemption from injury he will "set every quarterbacking record there is to set" in the NFL before he's done. Marino "has it all," continues Kuechenberg. "The height, the gun, the incomparable quick release, the exceptional control, the great attitude. He's also in the right place at the right time, working for the right man." Kuechenberg says all this knowing that the time Marino has done in the NFL consists of one—count 'em, one—full season as a Dolphin.

If the above assessment sounds excessive, appreciate where it's coming from. Appreciate that Kuechenberg drives a Rolls-Royce and lives like a duke on Star Island in Miami Beach, because for 14 years he has been a star island himself in the Miami line, doing business within arm's length of some of the great quarterbacking in football. Though his father had himself shot from cannons for a living, Kuechenberg doesn't shoot his mouth off for his. When Kuechenberg talks, even D.F. Shula listens.

So listen up. "We were playing the Jets in Shea," Kuechenberg says, "and I was on the sideline, taking a breather. We were inside their 30 and Marino had the ball, trying to look downfield with this defensive lineman in his face. I was standing next to Don Shula, and I blinked my eyes, and from the ball being

# SPARKLING STUDS



in front of him with a guy in his face, it was in the end zone to [tight end] Joe Rose. In the blink of an eye! I thought, 'Did I really see that?' I glanced at Shula. He had the same look."

The football world got more than a blinking eyeful of Marino in 1983. As a rookie he beat David Woodley, fresh from a Super Bowl season with the Dolphins, right off the Miami roster. (Woodley lost the job in the fifth game and was traded to the Steelers in February.) Marino then led the AFC in passing (2,210 yards, 20 touchdowns) and took the Dolphins to the playoffs and himself to the Pro Bowl, all unprecedented achievements for an NFL novitiate. In March he was named the team's Most Valuable Player and—need you ask?—the league's Rookie of the Year.

When Shula drafted Marino in May 1983, he was advised by Pittsburgh sportswriter Pat Livingston that in "Danny," as Marino is called by those admiring men and adoring ladies who get to know him, he would have a quarterback with "the touch of a Sammy Baugh, the release of a Norm Van Brocklin, the arm of a Terry Bradshaw, the . . ." etc., etc. No reluctant dragon, Pat. Reckless praise doesn't pour so freely from Shula. He got through the 1983 season without conceding much more than how "amazing" it was that "Danny" (ahem) got sacked only 10 times and threw just six interceptions in 306 pass plays, and despite his inexperience was "never indecisive," even in the face of man-eating red-dogs and the best secondary schemes and ploys money could buy.

But when Shula was asked what Marino would have to do to improve in 1984, he practically bristled. "*Maintain*, you mean," he said. It was the Shula equivalent of a standing ovation.

Wally English, who coached the Dolphin quarterbacks in 1981-82 after coaching Marino for two years at Pitt and

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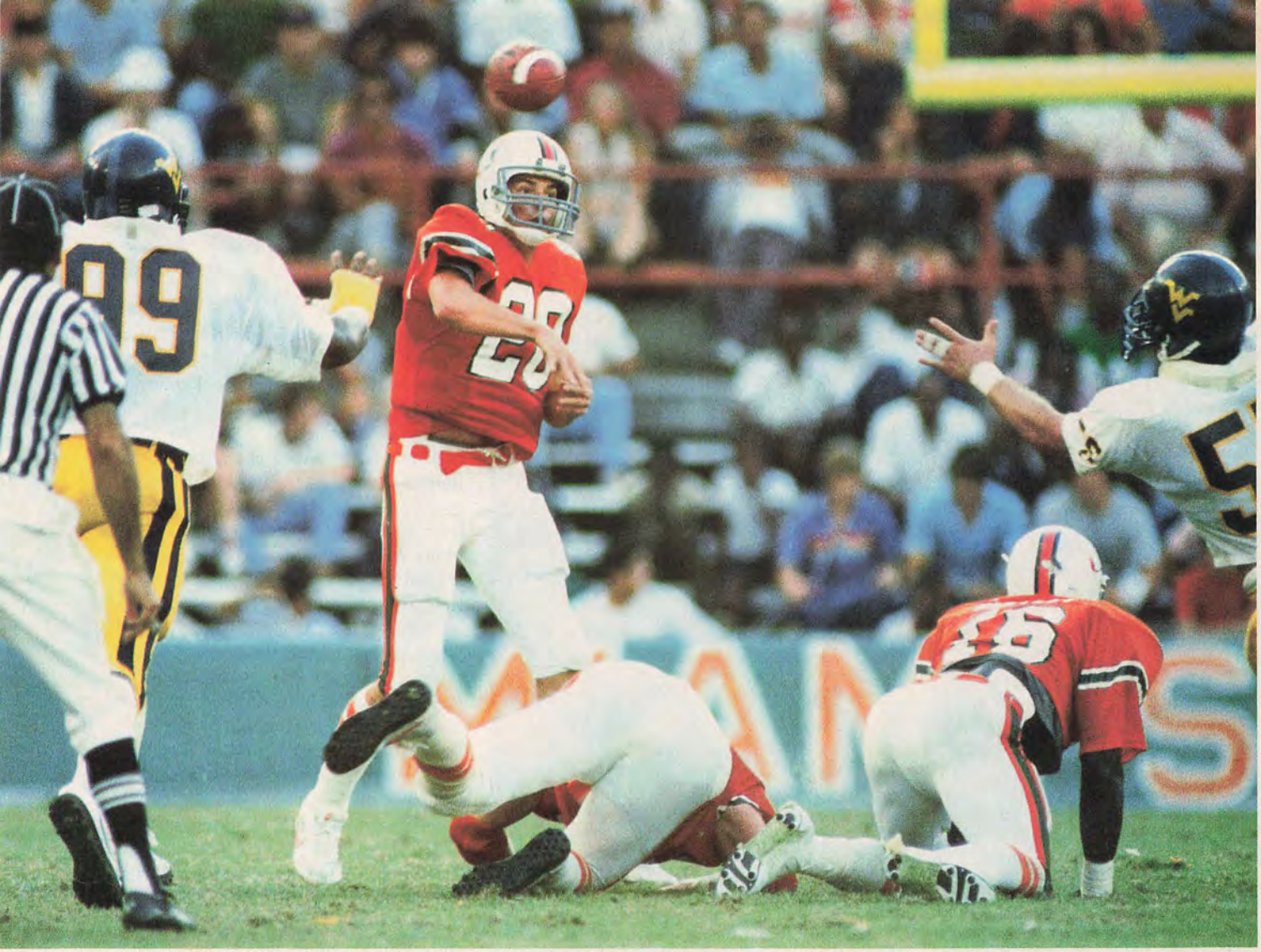
***In May, Kosar (left) and Marino spoke at a Miami Herald annual banquet for the premier high school athletes in Dade County.***



*Especially for a 20-year-old, Kosar, who passed for 2,629 yards in '83, has an uncanny ability to read defenses and find the right receiver.*

## KOSAR AND MARINO *continued*

is now the head coach at Tulane, says Marino is simply "the best dropback passer" he ever saw. Two of Marino's teammates, defensive back Glenn Blackwood and wide receiver Nat Moore, compare him with Joe Namath and make it sound as if Namath should be flattered. They talk about the invaluable extra time Marino's hair-trigger release gives pass catchers to get open, and about his vast potential for "the big play." Big play is right, says quarterback Don Strock, the Dolphins' bullpen ace. Strock doesn't call Marino Danny. He calls him Touchdown. Foge Fazio, Marino's coach his last year at Pitt, says, "What we had to face after he left was whether there would be football *after* Danny."

Enough. What we are clearly up to in these first weighty paragraphs is the tying together, elephant fashion, of a train of thought that could carry us to the conclusion that Daniel Constantine Marino, 22, is on the verge of being the best quarterback in all of professional football this 1984 season. It's a tempting proposition, but first we must decide if he's the best quarterback in all of Miami.

We're not being funny. We're being dead serious. For Miami, lucky it, also happens to be where Bernie Kosar does his quarterbacking. Kosar plays for the Miami Hurricanes, the champions of college football. If you know anything about the Hurricane passing game under Howard Schnellenberger the last five years, and what Kosar did with it in 1983, you know we're talking about an ascending rocket every bit as spectacular as Marino. In some respects, Kosar is more spectacular. To wit: While Marino was barely out of college when he did his wondrous things in '83, Kosar was barely out of short pants, a redshirt freshman at Miami, not yet 20 years old.

One of the axioms of college football is that passing teams don't win national championships. Pitt *almost* did, with Marino and a cast of all-stars in 1981. Miami *did*, with a jangling medley of ragtags and raw talent and the sensational Kosar. Anyone who saw Kosar's husking of unbeaten, top-ranked Nebraska in January's Orange Bowl game—he passed for a bowl-record 300 yards and two touchdowns in the 31–30 upset—would agree that if nothing else, no freshman quarterback ever showed more aplomb under such pressure.

Aplomb? Schnellenberger says that Kosar went into that game "like a confident prizefighter who couldn't *wait* to get in the ring." When it was over, Kosar admits, he wandered around the Miami locker room "trying to look surprised." He wasn't surprised. "We did exactly what we were supposed to do," he says. "I knew we'd beat Nebraska. I was more surprised that we [came from nine points behind to] beat Florida State."

*The first rookie to lead the AFC in passing, Marino, who threw for 2,210 yards and 20 touchdowns last season, has a hair-trigger release.*

Earlier this summer, as he cleaned out his office shortly after accepting an offer to become coach and general manager of the USFL's Miami-bound Washington Federals, Schnellenberger was asked roughly the same question Shula was asked about Marino: What does Kosar need in 1984? "He needs a big man in this chair," he said, indicating the one new coach Jimmy Johnson now occupies at Miami, "because he's going to be so big himself." Kosar, Schnellenberger continued, "is the best on the [college] scene, an All-America if there ever was one. He may have been the best last year, too." Could he play in the pros right now? "Let me put it this way. There are quarterbacks who are *playing* in the pros who aren't as good as Bernie."

Kosar was hardly a red-hot prospect coming out of high school. Although raised in Boardman, Ohio, he didn't get a serious look from either Pitt or Ohio State, which are only 170 and 68 miles, respectively, from his home. What accelerated Kosar's development was exposure to Schnellenberger's passing attack, an advanced blend of intricately timed patterns and early-warning recognitions ("keys") of defensive alignments. Schnellenberger began to refine his passing game as offensive coordinator under Bear Bryant at Alabama. Schnellenberger coached Namath, Steve Sloan and Kenny Stabler at 'Bama, and he later installed that attack for the Dolphins as Shula's offensive coordinator in the early '70s. As a result, the Hurricanes' passing game is virtually identical to the Dolphins'—Johnson, whose specialty is defense, has said he plans to leave Schnellenberger's offense intact—even in nomenclature. The only noticeable difference is that the Dolphins throw more to the short side of the field, to take advantage of the room the pro leagues grant themselves by setting the hash marks farther from the sidelines.

Kosar says he "didn't realize how good" the Hurricane offense was until "I saw what other teams do. We do so much more. And this spring we were doing even more than we did last year."

While he was redshirted, Kosar got technical help from Earl Morrall, the 21-year NFL veteran who was a Hurricane assistant, and private strategy lessons from quarterback coach Marc Trestman, who volunteered his services after hours. Trestman found Kosar's aptitude for the game's finer points to be "awesome. He's just smarter than anybody else, that's all."

And when the editing on Kosar was complete, what did Schnellenberger have? A quarterback, he says, who was better at making the Miami offense hum as a freshman than Jim Kelly, Miami's No. 1 quarterback from 1979 until he separated his shoulder early in the '82 season, was as a senior. But not just better than Kelly, who as a Houston Gam-

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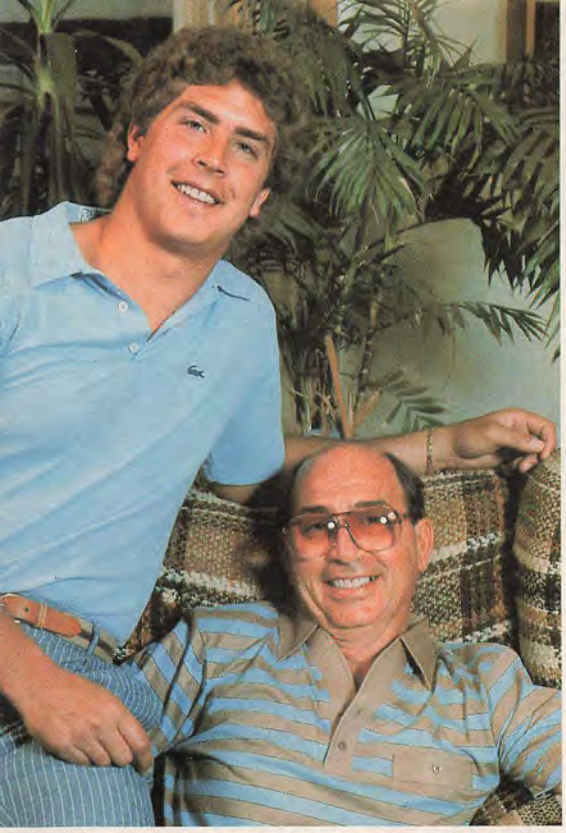

*Marino looks up to his dad; Brian and Bernie look up to their 9′ 6″ "dunking" hoop.*

## KOSAR AND MARINO *continued*

bler was the year's USFL MVP—"better than Namath at seeing the big picture. Better than Sloan or Stabler at the same stage, or even Bert Jones" when Jones came into the NFL with the Baltimore Colts in 1973 and Schnellenberger was his head coach.

The Miami offense is based loosely on the concept that if you send three receivers into a zone, "flooding" it, the defense can't possibly cover all of them with two men. Good receivers can beat one-on-one coverage. Even under duress, a good quarterback will read where the defense has left itself vulnerable and find the right receiver—not necessarily the most convenient one or the first one he sees open, a crucial difference. The best quarterbacks do this 75% of the time.

Miami had—and still has—the receivers, including the brilliant Eddie Brown, and Kosar found them 220 times in 1983 (breaking the school single-season completion record held by George Mira) for 17 touchdowns (breaking the record held by Kelly). And get this, says Schnellenberger, "Nine out of 10 times he threw to the right man. That's not 75 percent; that's *90* percent, and that *is* amazing." Under the circumstances, says Schnellenberger, "nobody in the country could stop us."

Morrall says he never saw a young man pick up the subtleties of the pro-style passing game so quickly—which, of course, is exactly what the Dolphins say about Marino. Six of Kosar's 17 touchdown passes came when he read blitz and threw to the receiver that such a tactic invariably must leave uncovered. Schnellenberger estimates that Kosar successfully checked off at the line of scrimmage on all but 8% of the plays in which he was blitzed. He's so adroit at making a defense pay for tipping off its intentions that in practice, says assistant athletic director Harold Allen, "we had to tell him, 'Now Bernie, no matter what you see, *don't check off*. Run the play we give you.' He can't stand not taking advantage of everything he sees. He's like a spider."

Obviously we aren't talking "typical" here. Typical would be to say, with some justification, that any comparison between a professional and a collegian is inappropriate, that there's a disparity in the caliber of the competition, the sophistication of defenses, and so forth. Apples and oranges. Even though Kosar's 2,629 passing yards in '83 exceeded by some 1,000 the yardage Marino threw for in either of his first two seasons at Pitt, if you had to choose between the two right now, you'd naturally give the nod to Marino, for no other reason than he has a head start and plays at the higher level.

Mercifully, no choice is necessary, except for those twice-blessed Miami fans who might have to budget their entertainment dollar. You pays your money and you takes your choice. But if it doesn't matter for now who's better, it does matter that we're talking about two atypical quarterbacks, two exceptional born-to-*be* quarterbacks who are amazingly alike and yet remarkably different, and who'll make football that much better this fall. And that's more than just significant. It's downright fun.

The similarities between the two are uncanny. To begin with, both are very tall—Kosar a shade over 6′ 5″, Marino 6′ 4″—and exceptionally bright. Marino had a 3.0 average at Pitt and graduated with a B.S. in communications. Kosar has a 3.4 in economics and finance, takes honors courses and is a full year ahead of his class at Miami. By next fall, his junior season, he may well be enrolled in the Miami law school. He's also talking about applying for a Rhodes scholarship.

Both quarterbacks come from the same football-rich territory around Pittsburgh that laps into Ohio and has produced a number of outstanding signal-callers, including Namath (Beaver Falls, Pa.) and Kelly (East Brady, Pa.), and from solid Catholic family backgrounds with strong father figures. Both are "juniors." As the elder Bernie Kosar says, "*I* used to be Bernie Kosar. Now I'm Bernie Kosar's dad."

Both have sunbursts of curly hair, although Marino's is caramel-colored and thick as macaroni, and Kosar's is dark and tight. Marino worries about losing his because his father is almost bald. As a boy, says Kosar's mother, Geri, he went through a period when he "brushed it by the hour, trying to straighten it out." He now makes the best of it, especially in Miami where, together with eyes as dark as a raccoon's and a name you can't quite pin down, it gives him a handsome ethnic look that attracts invitations for appearances from the area's active Jewish community. "When they find out he's a Czechoslovakian Catholic, they're usual-

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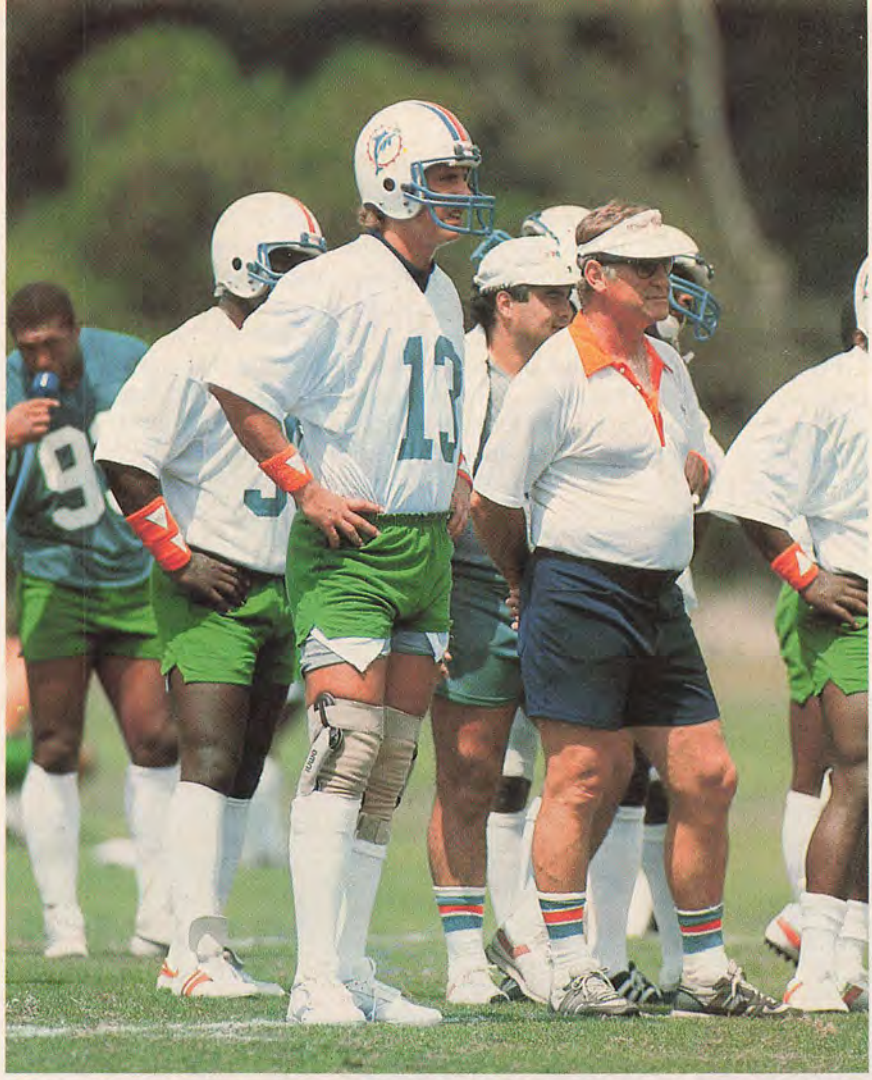

***Shula will be happy if Marino can just "maintain"—that is, play as well as he did last year.***

ly disappointed," says former Miami publicist Ron Steiner. "But we've had a lot of 'em say, 'Send him anyway. He *looks*.' "

Both are inspirational, eminently likable leaders who extract great outpourings of loyalty from their teammates. After Marino's first day of practice at Pittsburgh, Hugh Green, the All-America defensive end, went to Fazio, then a Panther assistant, and announced, "He's our quarterback!" One of Kosar's offensive linemen, Alvin Ward, said he was "prepared to die" for Bernie, and Kosar has no reason to doubt the claim. The Miami line often gives him eight to 10 seconds to throw, twice the normal allotment.

Similarly, too, both won their spurs early in 1983 in losing causes. In Marino's first start, against Buffalo in the sixth game, Miami fell behind 14–0. But then Marino rallied the Dolphins with a 14-for-20, 268-yard, three-touchdown second-half passing barrage that put Miami ahead 35–28 with three minutes to play. The Dolphins lost in overtime, but from the second quarter on, Marino could be seen slapping helmets and shouting encouragement. After the game, Shula was smiling. Shula doesn't usually smile when he loses, unless he knows something. In Marino's next eight starts the Dolphins won six times.

Kosar prevailed over the incumbent Miami quarterback, sophomore Kyle Vanderwende, and another whiz kid from his own class, Vinny Testaverde, to earn the starting job against Florida in the season opener. Before 74,000 screaming, hostile Gator fans in Gainesville, Kosar got hammered 28–3. But he also completed 25 passes, tying Mira's single-game completion record. Once when Kosar was knocked dizzy, he came to the sideline seething: "Those s.o.b.'s aren't going to put me out of this game! Where's the smelling salts?" Says Schnellenberger, "It's easy to show poise when you win. It's tougher when you're getting your rear end kicked in front of 74,000 fanatics. We came out of that game a lot more confident than we went in." Miami then won 11 in a row.

And, perhaps most appealingly, both Marino and Kosar have been armed with such healthy outlooks on life by their involved parents that they carry into games an almost supernatural equanimity. It's a detached kind of intensity, if that's not a contradiction in terms. Generals have that kind of detachment. So do revivalists and some of your better politicians.

Kosar's father is an industrial engineer who became an air compressor salesman when U.S. Steel closed its operations in Youngstown in 1980. He refused to move his family from suburban Boardman. Bernie I is a big, affable man with bursting good humor that bespeaks his ability to cope—"I probably should've been a salesman in the first place," he says—and what he calls an "if it feels good, do it" kind of love for sports. The father always kept the sprawling Kosar backyard mowed to the roots to accommodate the daily "blood-and-guts" pickup games, and he fed his sons a steady diet of coachly bromides: "Don't be afraid to fail. . . . History is made by people who get up one more time than they get knocked down," etc. Bernie II and Brian, 16, his brother, prefer the one about feeling good.

Bernie I, however, pushed academics and "other interests," too, and refused to let Bernie II play organized football until the seventh grade. He said it was "ridiculous" to be rigidly structured too early, because if it didn't get you hurt, it could still "burn you out." Consequently, Bernie II has no trouble with his priorities, except for finding time for all of them. He says he has "no plans for a pro career," not because he might not want one but because he knows a lot could happen between now and then. "All you need," he says, "is for one of these . . ."—and he points to his knee, which God didn't make for football—and shrugs.

All of which isn't to say that Kosar lacks commitment. He just spreads it around. If anything, his zeal is relentless. According to Trestman, in quarterback meetings Kosar carries every tactical problem "one step further" and won't abide incomplete answers. But fear of failing isn't what drives him; it's the desire to achieve, a subtle difference. After his second day in first grade, Bernie ran home and announced he wasn't going back. "They still haven't taught me how

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to read," he said, pouting. His mother, a registered nurse, says that in the years that followed it wasn't uncommon on school days to find him studying at the breakfast table at 6 a.m.

For a living, Marino's father drives a newspaper truck in Pittsburgh. He never had much money, but he had time for his children, and when people ask Danny II who his hero is—or, for that matter, who the coach was who molded him—he points to his dad. He says it wasn't that the old man was a great athlete, or knew that much about x's and o's, and "he never really pushed me to play anything."

*Kosar, who covets privacy, doesn't like to reveal much more about himself than his name.*

But every day after school "he was there to throw the football, or to hit me ground balls—two or three hundred ground balls in a row, if I wanted. He loved it and so did I. He had one rule: 'Play because you enjoy it, not because I want you to. If you don't want to play, that's O.K. We'll do something else.' "

Danny I impressed on Danny II that losing isn't life-or-death, that the pressure of games "is nothing" in the scheme of things. He says, "Pressure is having six kids, and half of them sick, and you've been laid off at the mill. *That's* pressure. So if you lose, don't worry about it." Marino never lost much (only five times in 47 games in college), but his 9–3 senior year was a disappointment to Pitt fans primed for a national championship. When, as Fazio says, "We didn't win every game by 40 points, and he threw a few more interceptions [23 in all] than he might have," the critics swarmed.

At Pitt Stadium, three years of unremitting cheers curdled into boos. The media batted around innuendos of drug use—rumors that reached Shula, who checked them out with Fazio before the draft. Fazio had already found them unsubstantiated. "Nobody in the media asked me, but I'd of told them," says Marino. "The answer was 'no.' But we weren't doing as well as we should have, and they had to blame something."

Under duress, says Fazio, Marino tried "to do it all himself, and sometimes when you do that you force passes and get intercepted. It becomes an ego thing. But it wasn't Danny's fault at all, and the criticism went from bad to worse. He had every reason to be bitter over it, especially when five quarterbacks went ahead of him in the first round of the [NFL] draft. But Danny never got down. He said he looked forward to going to Miami. You had to think, 'What a wonderful foundation this kid has, to be that strong.' "

Danny I says the turmoil of that senior season at Pitt was "the best thing that ever happened" to Danny II. "He learned once and for all that you could lose and it wouldn't kill you." Shortly after signing with Miami for an estimated $2 million over four years, Marino had a $4,500 satellite dish erected in his family's backyard so that Danny I, his wife, Ronnie, and their two daughters could watch *all* the Dolphin games. He wanted to give them more, but his father drew the line. "We don't need anything," Danny I said. On agreeing to endorse a line of athletic shoes, Danny II made the manufacturer put a clause in the contract stating that for every touchdown he scores, or TD pass he throws, three pairs of shoes will be sent free to children of out-of-work mill hands.

As for the differences between Marino and Kosar, they're just as intriguing. First, as physical specimens they may soar to impressive heights, but their scaffolding is notably unequal. Marino has a body Fisher only wishes it could make. He enhances it with weights but carries his 214 pounds easily, like the natural athlete he is. In casual dress he leans to sleeveless shirts (his biceps bulge) and is a vision of svelte in ads for a fancy Miami haberdasher. His suits fit like gloves, and his blue eyes flash. He has star quality.

Kosar, on the other hand, looks as if he's put together out of pickup sticks, and when he moves it appears that the sticks will tumble in all directions. He lifts weights, too, but still weighs only 209, and he's the first to admit there's nothing permanent-looking about him. He describes himself as "klutzy," with two left feet that get him no place in a hurry and two arms that make small circles when he scrambles. He tells Trestman he *has* to have a good year, "because I'm not handsome like you, and the girls will never get too excited about this body."

Actually, neither Marino nor Kosar lacks confidence. They brim with it. It just comes in markedly different styles. Marino likes attention. While still in col-

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**THE AFRICA-ARCTIC CHALLENGE**

lege he was quoted as saying that he didn't think anybody at any level could pass any better than he, and he admits he "still felt that way coming into the NFL. Maybe that's wrong, but it's the way I felt. I don't think I'm cocky. I just think with experience you come to expect things of yourself."

In a highlight film of his career that was shown at a testimonial dinner for him last year, Marino appears on camera, full frame, with a few earnest opening remarks about how he'd like to be remembered as a team man who worked as hard as he could, and as a team leader, etc. He finishes the statement, but the camera is still rolling when he turns to someone off the set, grins gorgeously and says, "How's that?" Watching his performance on a tape replay, he grins again at that part. Later on, the tape shows the spectacular 33-yard touchdown pass to Panther tight end John Brown that beat Georgia in the last minute of the 1982 Sugar Bowl. "Nice catch," says Marino. Then a deliberate pause, and another big grin. "Nice throw, too."

Kosar, by contrast, shuns attention. At the Hurricanes' Orange Bowl victory parade, the players rode in open cars, wearing their game jerseys. Kosar wore a pullover and dark glasses, as if trying to avoid recognition, a futile gesture. He dons the same disguise, adding a cap that he pulls low over his eyes, when he goes out with friends.

Yet, when discussing the Nebraska game, Kosar says he *wanted* the Cornhuskers to make the two-point conversion that would have put them ahead 32–31 with 48 seconds to go. He says their missing it clouded the issue unnecessarily, and he'd have preferred to clear it up right away. "There was plenty of time for us to at least get into position for a field goal," he says. "We would have done it, too, the way we were moving the ball. Forty-eight seconds was more than enough time. It would've been fun."

Although Kosar tries doggedly to put football into perspective, the game is Marino's true love, and he puts it first. He passed up a free trip to Italy in July because he didn't want to report late to the Dolphins' training camp. "I can go to Italy another time," he says. Kosar passed up an invitation to talk about Miami's Orange Bowl victory the next day on *Good Morning America* because he thought 6:30 a.m. was meant for other things. His roommate, Paul Bertucelli, one of Kosar's bodyguards at tackle, says you can't get him to rehash a game "unless you do it right afterward. He's always looking ahead to something else."

The dark side of these personality traits is that in enjoying his prominence Marino sometimes seems boastful, and by only tolerating his prominence, Kosar sometimes appears aloof, or even snooty. A few weeks after the Nebraska victory, Kosar only begrudgingly gave *PM Magazine* a brief interview, because, according to Steiner, "He didn't want to reveal too much of himself. Bernie won't even watch football on television because he can't see what he wants to see [the defensive secondary reacting to the pass patterns], so why bother?"

*Marino should've teed it up—as he used to do in the rough.*

Kosar analyzes almost everything—the stock market, *The Wall Street Journal*, politics, even the words of the songs of his favorite rock group, the Who ("They tell you a lot about life and stuff," he says). In June, when Miami was searching for a replacement for Schnellenberger, Kosar spent a good deal of time "trying to separate the facts from the b.s." He found it "all very interesting, seeing people maneuvering other people." He turns down many requests for appearances, but he accepted one in particular because a magician was going to introduce him by having him come out of a puff of smoke. He went, and watched. "Now I know how they do it," he told Steiner afterward.

In almost every respect, Marino's candor is charming; he makes you glad to know him. But he goes over the line just often enough to make people who care about him cringe. Pitt publicist Jim O'Brien lectured him on a recent flight from Miami to Pittsburgh when Marino kept putting his sneakered feet in the aisle against the flight attendant's wishes. "She warned him three times," recalls O'Brien. "And then, when the man behind him complained that Danny's seat was leaning back too far and interfering with his lunch, Marino said, 'If I put it up, it'll interfere with my sleep.' It was a small thing, but that's the side of Danny that can be misinterpreted."

That side springs from his being from the "neighborhoods," from the row houses of the tough, well-integrated Oakland district of inner-city Pittsburgh. In Oakland the American flag flies from every third house, the Blessed Mother hangs in replica on every second door, and on Memorial Day the barbecue smoke from the tiny backyards mingles democratically and the porches teem with beer drinkers. Billy Conn grew up in Oakland, and Willie Stargell lived next door to Marino's flinty grandmother on Frazier Street when he first came to Pittsburgh. As a kid, Marino played catch

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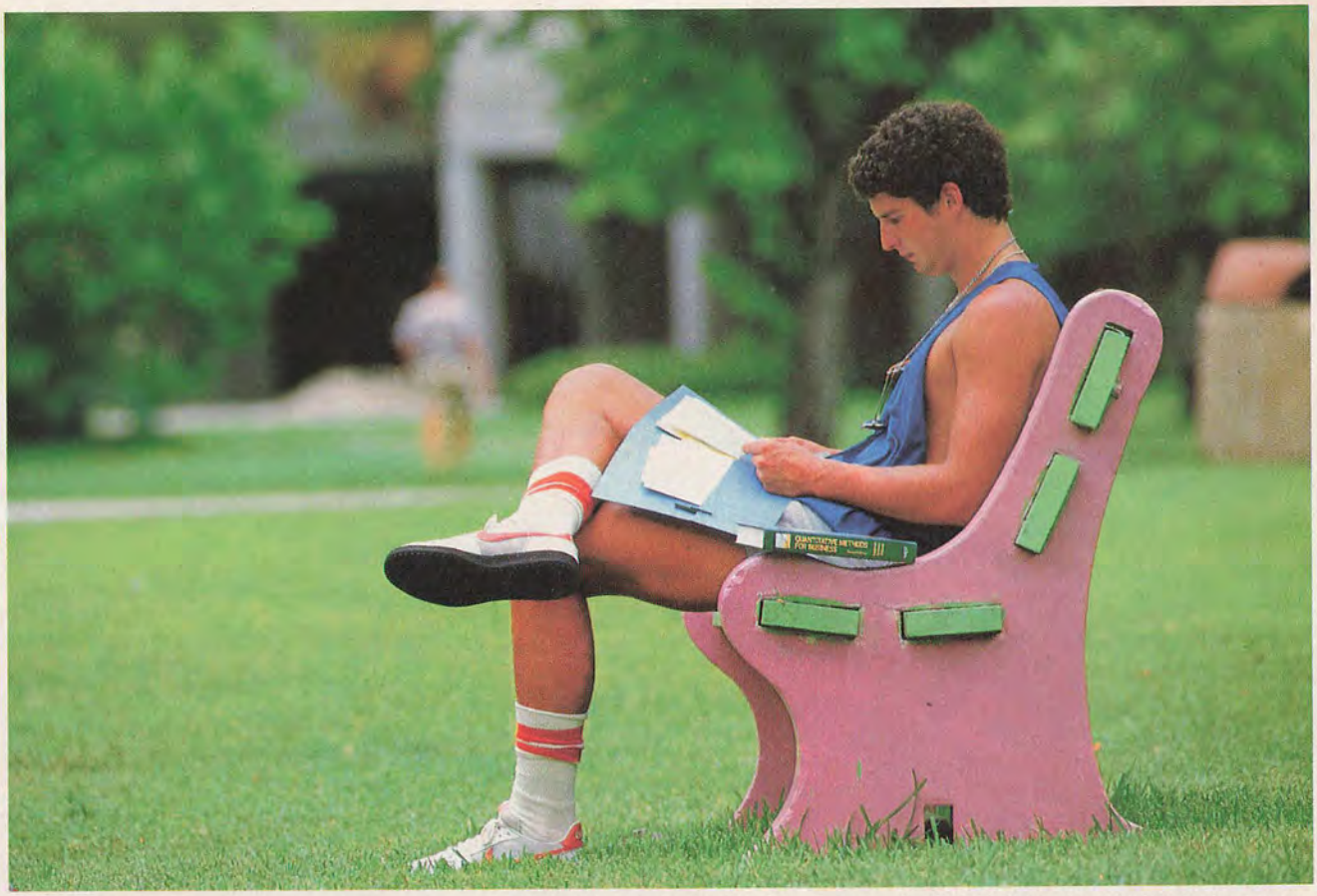


*A finance and economics major who's a year ahead of his class academically, Kosar may be in Miami's law school by his junior season.*

## KOSAR AND MARINO *continued*

with Stargell in the streets and down at Frazier Field, where the football field is 80 yards long.

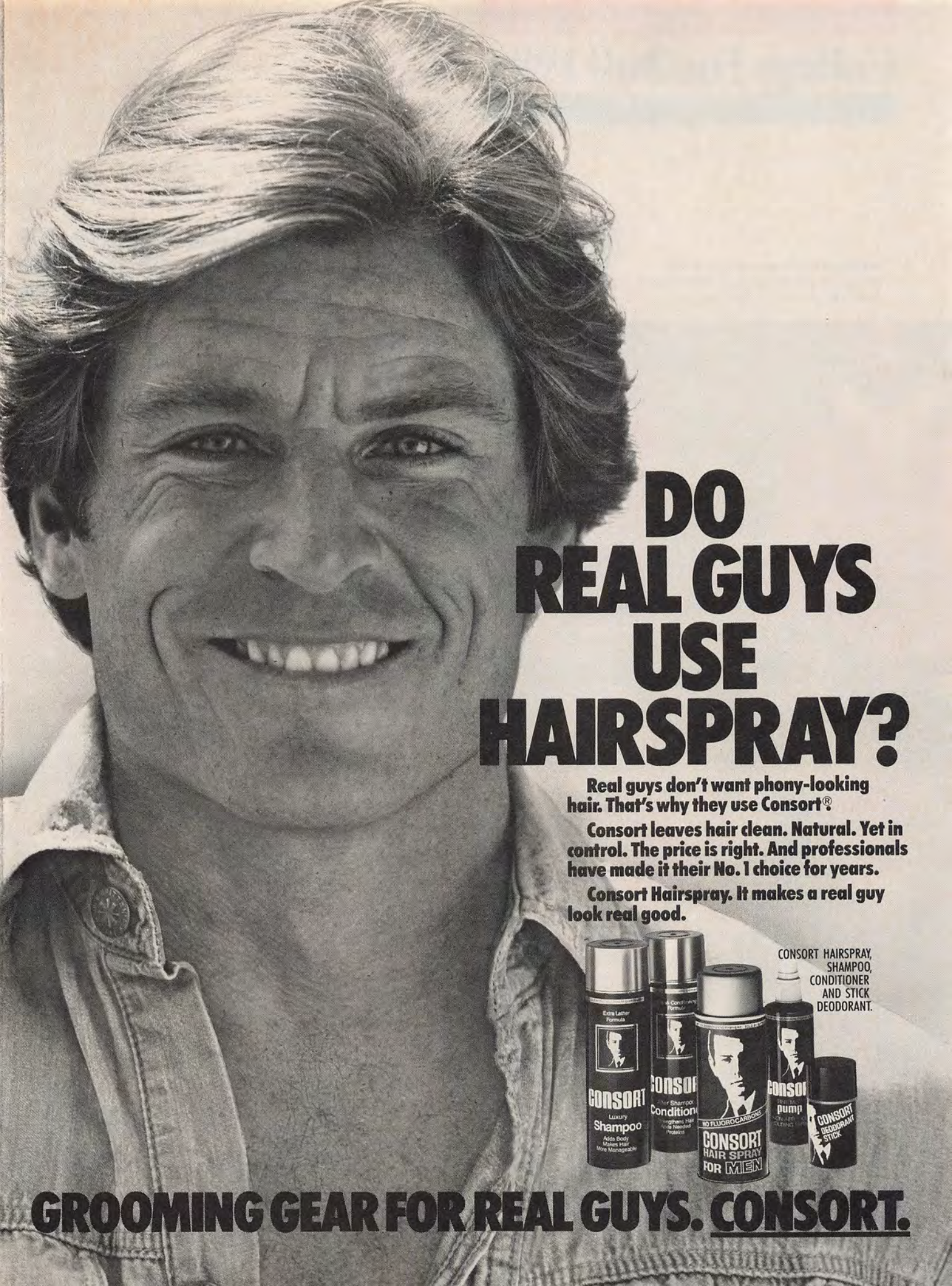
It's a neighborhood of horselaughs, heavy-handed digs and no sacred cows, Marino included. He likes Oakland because they "treat me the same, no matter what," and if Miami was a good thing for him, Oakland—Pittsburgh, actually—nourishes him still. "What Danny is is a 'Pittsburgh guy,' " says O'Brien, who's one himself. "A Pittsburgh guy is a shot and a beer guy. He's not afraid to get his hands dirty. He walks with a certain air, but he's not a put-on." He says "you'ns" or "youse" to address more than one person because, logically, there is no plural for "you" in English. "He's a guy who'd rather be with his buddies than a beautiful girl," says O'Brien, "and in Dan's case, he's a guy who didn't get his driver's license until he was 18. The neighborhood was where he wanted to be and you didn't need wheels to be there."

Marino now drives a Corvette—a gold one last year, a blue one now—but for all his self-assurance he has acclimatized himself to Miami less convincingly than Kosar, the introspective Ohio boy from out where the sidewalk ends. Kosar now sports a year-round tan. Marino, still pale, recently gave up his apartment on the beach in Fort Lauderdale to move inland, nearer the Dolphin camp. "I didn't like the beach," he says. Last April he went to a Club Med in the Bahamas, but after a day packed up and headed back to Pittsburgh. Fazio was having his annual leukemia benefit golf tournament at the Pittsfield Club. "Danny said he couldn't make it," says Fazio, "but I looked up and there he was. He said, 'Club Med's not for me.' "

Marino is building a house just north of Miami, having endorsed a development that will give him a $100,000 discount. He says it'll be "great" for having the folks down. In May, Billy Sabo, one of his childhood buddies, moved in for the summer, "or for as long as I can stand him." Sabo—animated, fast-talking, delightfully irreverent—says he's there because Danny "can't get a girl." He says they used to fight all the time as kids, especially on the public golf course at Schenley Park, "where Danny was always teeing up in the rough." Marino laughs. He enjoys Sabo. He calls it "bringing Oakland to Miami."

Considering everything, what has really been brought to Miami is a two-man concentration of quarterbacking talent that may well be unprecedented, and is certainly impossible to ignore. Because if we know one thing about quarterbacks, among all the things we do *not* know, it is that the best ones find a way to win. More than anything else, says Kuechenberg, "Marino is a winner."

And, says Schnellenberger, so is Kosar, on whom he impressed his own favorite bromide: "You do whatever it takes to win. If somebody says, 'What do I need to do?' you say, 'Whatever it takes.' " Kosar went to Schnellenberger's office "to talk" before the coach made his decision to leave the Hurricanes for the USFL. When presented the terms of the offer, Kosar told Schnellenberger they were too good to turn down. He says it wasn't a matter of encouraging his coach to leave, it was a "practical consideration." After all, he says, "we'll win without him. We'll do what it takes." Schnellenberger agrees. **END**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# WALK-ONS ARE

*After beating out two other walk-ons last season, Miami of Ohio's Todd Rollins completed a school-record 110 passes.*

*The lowly walk-on is a special breed of player who supposedly doesn't have what it takes to make the varsity but more and more is rising to the top of the depth chart* **by JACK McCALLUM**

# NOW IN THE RUNNING

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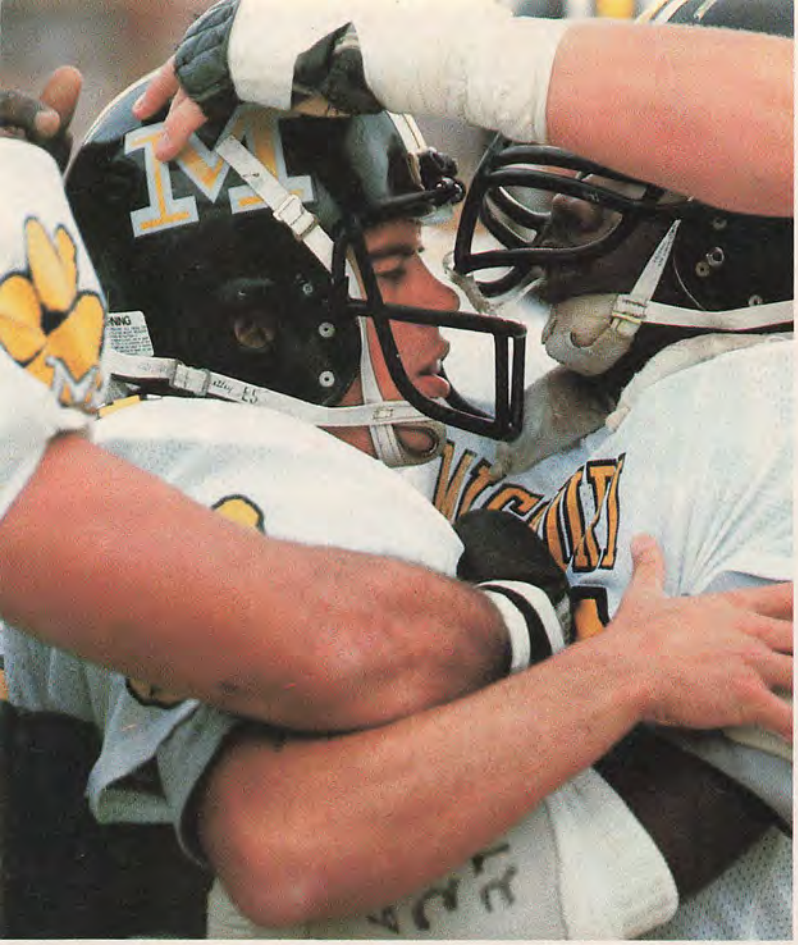
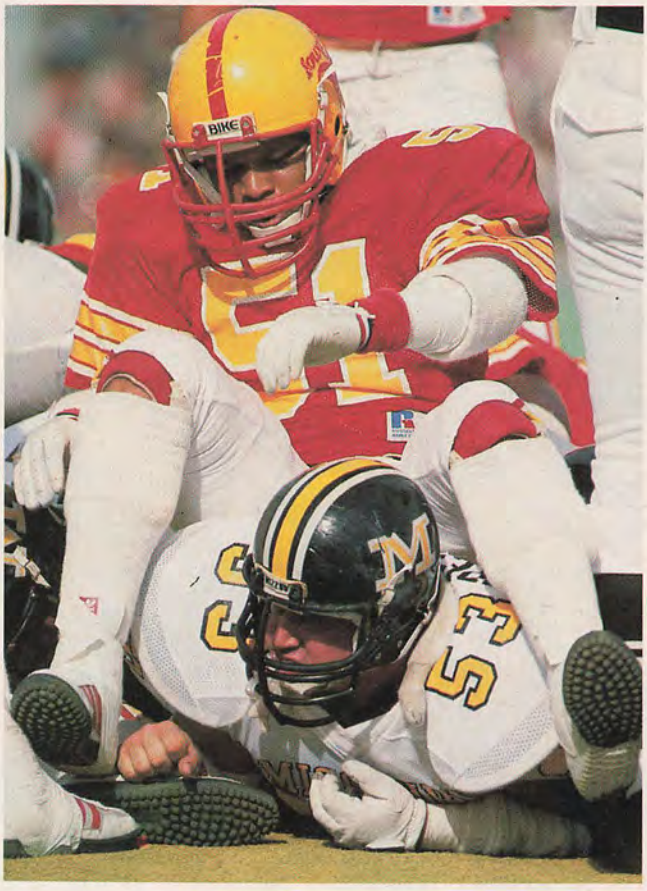


*With the help of a fellow Missouri walk-on, center Phil Greenfield (53), Adler (above, left) scored four TDs at Iowa State last year.*



## WALK-ONS *continued*

A rare breed of tough-minded, stubborn and dedicated college athlete is flourishing these days. He's the walk-on, and sometimes he gets walked on. He arrives on campus with no scholarship, no reputation and, quite often, no chance. He just shows up and says, "I want to play." He's the ultimate odds-beater. He pays his own freight, carries his own weight and, in some quarters, sparks a lot of debate.

Last season walk-ons accounted for all of Missouri's points in a 10–0 upset of Oklahoma. A walk-on fullback led the Western Athletic Conference in rushing last year, and a walk-on kicker led the Southwest Conference in scoring. Walk-ons started at fullback, tight end, middle guard, defensive end, strongside linebacker and monster for the nation's No. 2 team, Nebraska. The country's best tight end is a walk-on at Colorado State. Miami of Ohio's top three quarterbacks last season were all walk-ons, and two are still in Oxford. They'll throw to a walk-on split end who broke the school's single-season reception record. And so it goes. There will be walk-on starters at virtually every position in every conference this year.

And what a strange cast of characters they are. They include the healthy, like Auburn defensive end Kevin Greene, whose 500-pound bench press is a team record; the wealthy, like Florida placekicker Bobby Raymond, who refused a scholarship because his parents are well off; and the wise, like the defensive end who turned down financial aid at Dartmouth to walk on at Nebraska. That's premed student Scott Strasburger.

Then there's UCLA junior wide receiver Mike Sherrard, whom Bruin offensive coordinator Homer Smith considers more of a "stroll-on" than a walk-on. "He strolled into our office with a girl on each arm," says Smith. "He's skin and bones, girls hanging on, and he tells us he can play football for UCLA." Turns out he could. Last season Sherrard led the Bruins in receiving with 48 catches for 709 yards and was named second-team All-America.

Tulsa has a walk-on, Jason Staurovsky, who thought he would be the student manager but ended up as the first-string placekicker. Defensive end Derek Turner walked on at Baylor because he saw the coach on a television show, and a walk-on wide receiver, Billy Getchell, is at Alabama because he worked as a counselor at Joe Namath's football camp and got Broadway's recommendation. The Southwest Conference has a two-time walk-on quarterback. Anthony Sciaraffa, who got the walk-around when he walked on at Texas, upped and walked away and walked on at TCU, where he won the starting job. "Walk-ons are the salt of the earth," says Florida State coach Bobby Bowden. Adds Southern California coach Ted Tollner, "We need them. We want them."

So walk on, walk-on, with hope in your heart, and you'll never walk alone. Well, not exactly never. For every walk-on who elbows his way into the limelight and wins a scholarship, legions of others don't fare as well. They remain anonymous players who spend their practice time holding blocking bags and their game time holding down space on the bench—in short, walk-ons who get walked on their entire career. This is a story about both kinds of walk-ons.

Colleges could give an unlimited number of football scholarships until 1973, when the NCAA decided that no more than 30 could be awarded per year. In 1977 the NCAA set the maximum number of players a school can have on scholarship at one time at 95. Thus, most coaches need warm bodies, warm walk-on bodies who aren't getting financial aid, to fill their practice needs. If you think that 95 scholarship players should be enough, you're not a coach and you're not familiar with the battalionlike size of contemporary teams. As many as 150 players suit up for Nebraska practices, and another 95 play on the freshman squad.

Some coaches find the politics of dealing with walk-ons difficult. Virginia Tech's Bill Dooley says some walk-ons "use us to get into school, then drop off the team," meaning that they get assistance from the football office to obtain admission to the university without really intending to play. Even Bowden, a fan of walk-ons, says he has lost friends over trying to help walk-ons. "I probably get more bad letters in regard to the walk-on players we try to be nice to than I get about anything else," he says.

Many coaches don't pursue walk-ons because of a built-in problem—high tuition. A school like, say, Duke might be expected to have a lot of walk-ons, academic types who stumbled onto the practice field one day while looking for

*continued*

***A "stroll-on," Sherrard led UCLA last year in receiving with 48 catches for 709 yards and was named second-team All-America.***

the chem lab. But only four of Duke's 98 players last season were walk-ons, largely because of the school's $12,000 annual tab. Walk-ons may enjoy punishment more than most, but they're not necessarily monetary masochists.

However, the coaches with solid walk-on programs wouldn't want it any other way. "I'd never cut a walk-on," says Texas Tech's Jerry Moore. "Once they're out there, they're there until they want to quit." Adds Jim Lambright, who coordinates Washington's excellent walk-on program, "The productivity you get out of walk-ons is amazing. We have a lot of players, so we can have two or three scout teams. That means we get many more repetitions at practice because we're not wearing down the same 11 guys."

Just who are these extras? Do they conform to a certain physical type? Are their Rorschachs similar? Do they ever get to date the cheerleaders? The common belief is that walk-ons are the Smurfs of college football, the "ungrowth ones" as Washington State coach Jim Walden calls them, players who were denied scholarships out of high school because nobody believed they could play with the big boys. Colorado State sophomore Steve Bartalo, the WAC's leading rusher last fall with 1,113 yards in 10 games, was passed over largely because of his 5′ 9″, 185-pound dimensions as a schoolboy quarterback. Missouri walk-on split end Andy Hill is only 5′ 9″, 164 pounds, but he averaged 21 yards per catch in 1983 and teamed up with quarterback Marlon Ad-

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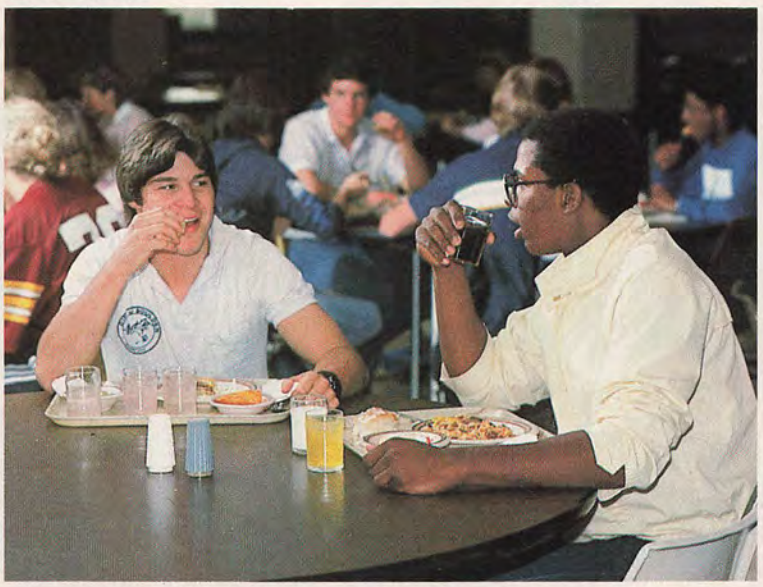
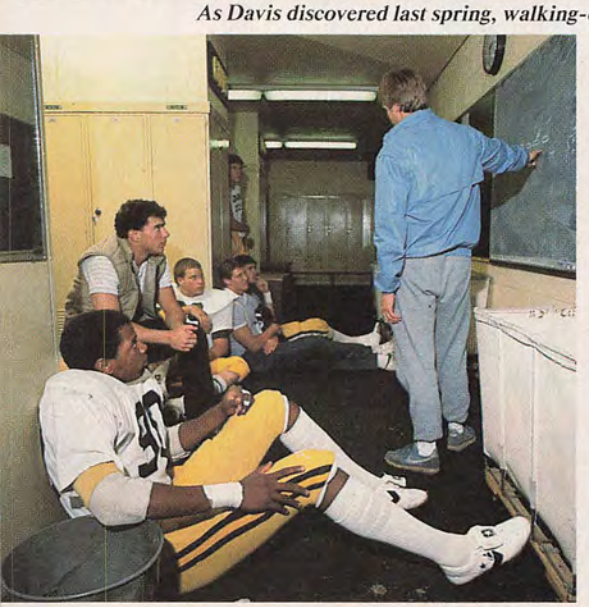
## A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A WALK-ON



*As Davis discovered last spring, walking-on at Colorado State can mean solitary workouts; eating with your roommate, fellow walk-on*



*Treve Suazo, at the mess hall, not the training table; getting backside views of coaches; and enduring frustrating moments on the field.*

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## WALK-ONS *continued*

ler, also a walk-on, for the touchdown that helped beat Oklahoma 10–0. Walk-on placekicker Brad Burditt added the extra point and the field goal.

One of the nation's smallest make-good walk-ons is 5′ 7″, 150-pound tailback Eddie Lewis, who'll key Utah's rush-oriented attack this season. He follows in the small footprints of Tony Lindsay, a 5′ 8″, 185-pound walk-on who from 1977 to 1980 set the Utes' career rushing mark. In the SEC 5′ 6″, 196-pound Kenneth (B.B.) Cooper should play an important role in Tennessee's rushing game. Walk-on linemen with pro size include guards Jeff Ostrowski (6′ 2″, 262 pounds) of Auburn and Calvin Switzer (6 feet, 268) of Kansas State and tackle Greg Schwab (6′ 7″, 250) of Oregon.

Walk-ons most frequently shine as placekickers and punters. Because kickers are so unpredictable, and their talents so subject to factors like the phases of the moon, many coaches don't like to risk scholarships on them. Among the top placekickers returning are Texas's Jeff Ward, Illinois's Chris White, West Virginia's Paul Woodside, Alabama's Van Tiffin, Washington's Jeff Jaeger, Michigan's Bob Bergeron and Maryland's Jess Atkinson. There's no common thread to their stories, as befits the fact that there's usually nothing common about kickers. Ward, for instance, was a schoolboy soccer star in Austin who dreamed of playing for the hometown team. White was a Division II basketball prospect who didn't play football in high school. His father, Illini coach Mike White, laughed at him when Chris said he was going to make the team as a freshman kicker, but that's exactly what Chris did. Woodside was a stutterer three years ago when he presented himself to a West Virginia assistant coach and gave him a card with the Stutterer's Creed before he uttered a word.

The top walk-on punters are no less unusual. Lewis Colbert of Auburn was born with a clubfoot and didn't begin kicking until he was in the 12th grade. Vanderbilt's Ricky Anderson got an earlier start; he began kicking over a miniature goalpost given to him by his grandfather when Ricky was five. BYU's Lee Johnson, a left-footer, punts barefooted but place-kicks with a shoe. When Cougar coach LaVell Edwards debates whether to punt or try a field goal, Johnson must keep his shoe half on—and half off.

There's little question that many walk-ons are walk-ons simply because the evaluation system broke down, pointing to what UCLA coach Terry Donahue, a former Bruin walk-on defensive tackle, calls "the imperfect science of recruiting." Chuck Nelson, now with the Los Angeles Rams, was being wooed by Washington State, but the coach, Warren Powers, left and, says Nelson, "took the recruiting files with him." So he walked on at Washington and later set numerous NCAA placekicking records. The problems of tight end Keli McGregor, who walked on at Colorado State and is now a preseason All-America, started at the other end. His high school coach left after football season, and no one was around to send McGregor's films to inquiring college coaches. Nebraska middle guard Ken Graeber was a well-known football talent and state wrestling champion in Minneapolis but wasn't offered a scholarship by then Minnesota coach Joe Salem because, according to Graeber, "he didn't think there was any worthwhile talent in the state." So Graeber walked on at Nebraska and is now a starter.

Many times an athlete just doesn't get showcased enough in high school. That might happen to, say, a wide receiver on a team that throws only seven or eight times a game. And sometimes a high school coach simply isn't shrewd enough to judge talent. Recruiters tend to be wary of injuries, too. That's how linebacker Tim Anderson, highly coveted in his junior year at Pioneer High in Ann Arbor but largely ignored as a senior following knee surgery, wound up as a Michigan walk-on. Recruiters also seem to be scared off by athletes who sit out a year of football in high school. Are they lazy? Don't they have any desire? Redshirt freshman tight end Fred Davis, who's trying to follow McGregor's path from walk-on to scholarship star at Colorado State, thought he got a lazy tag because he didn't play his junior season at Boulder High.

Family ties also play a big part in creating walk-ons. Often a player will turn down scholarships to walk on at a campus with a familial connection. A high school quarterback who

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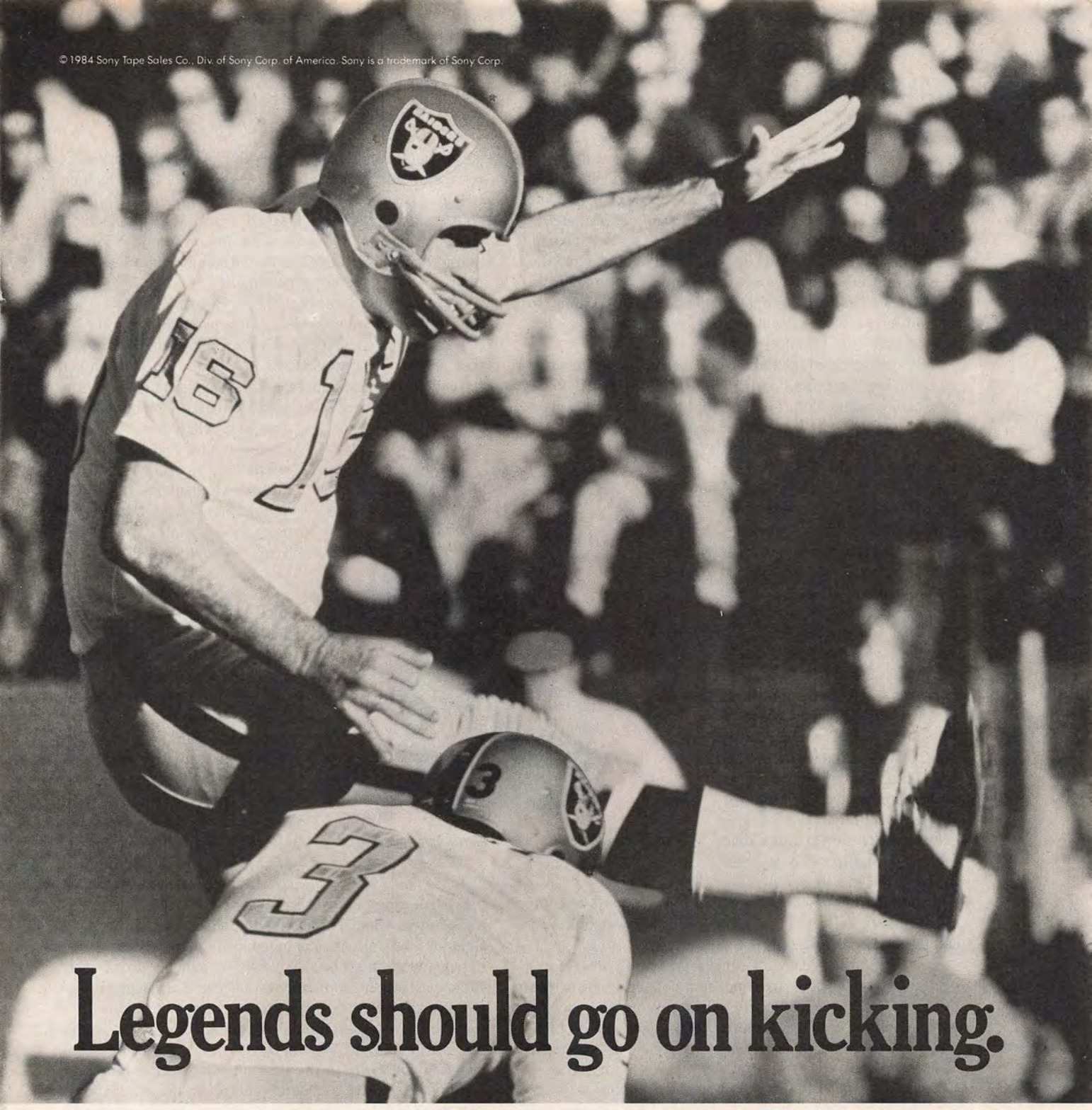

# Legends should go on kicking.

The legendary George Blanda. The quarterback with the golden foot. In his 26-year career, Blanda scored an outrageous 943 out of 959 extra points attempted. He booted another 335 field goals. When he retired at age 48—the oldest active player in pro ball—Blanda had a record-breaking 2,002 points to his name.

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had a few offers, Derrick Sheppard decided to walk on at Oklahoma because his brothers, Woodie and Darrell, had played there. He's slated to start this season at split end. During his two years as a starting strong safety at Tennessee-Martin, David Valletto's thoughts were with Alabama, where his father, Carl, had been a starting offensive and defensive end on Bear Bryant's first Crimson Tide team, in 1958. David had to know if he could make it at Alabama, so he transferred, sat out the obligatory year and walked on last season. He's now on scholarship.

Without doubt, though, the No. 1 reason a walk-on walks on is intense loyalty to a particular institution. He may have other scholarship offers, but if he has been dreaming of playing for good ol' State U his whole life, then that's where he's going to play, even if he has to pay his own way. That kind of devotion is the reason Nebraska, the quintessential State U, stands helmet and cleats above the rest in making walk-ons an integral part of the program. "I guess we're sort of the Mecca of walk-ons," says Cornhusker coach Tom Osborne. No coach would deny that assessment. Certainly not former Nebraska assistants Powers (now the head coach at Missouri), Jerry Pettibone (assistant head coach at Texas A&M) and Texas Tech's Moore, all of whom are trying to bring the Husker walk-on magic to their campuses. The most innovative has been Moore, who in 1982 oversaw the printing and statewide distribution of a poster that showed an infant dragging a Texas Tech helmet. The caption read: Some people just can't wait to walk on at Texas Tech!

*Texas Tech will try just about anything to get players.*

The Cornhuskers' success—this season walk-ons are expected to start at defensive end, middle guard, strongside linebacker, monster, offensive guard and tackle—begins with a commitment from Osborne, who was a walk-on himself. Though an outstanding schoolboy athlete in Nebraska, Osborne passed up several free rides to enroll at Hastings College in his hometown. Nebraska's first famous walk-on was I.M. Hipp, who arrived in Lincoln in 1975, unexpected and unheralded. Hipp had watched the Cornhuskers beat Oklahoma in a memorable 1971 game for the national championship and couldn't get the Huskers out of his mind. So he borrowed money from his girl friend in Chapin, S.C. and came west to ask for a chance. "Who's that?" Osborne asked one of his assistants one day. "Oh, some guy named Isaiah Hipp or something like that," was the answer. The rest is walk-on history: Hipp became Nebraska's leading career rusher (his record has since been broken by Mike Rozier). Hipp also got a scholarship in his junior year.

Many coaches bad-mouth the Cornhuskers' walk-on program by spreading tales about so-called "county scholarships" in Nebraska. Says former Indiana coach Sam Wyche, who's now coaching the Cincinnati Bengals, "What happens is that a great player gets his county's nonathletic scholarship, which frees up a football scholarship for someone else." In fact, county scholarships do not exist in Nebraska, and the university's office of financial aid is at a loss to explain how such a rumor got started.

By Osborne's reckoning, 90% to 95% of Husker walk-ons are home-state products who simply wanted to play for Nebraska from the time they made their first crab block in bootees. Unlike most major football schools, the Cornhuskers have no intrastate competition of any consequence. Nebraska has only its sister institution, Nebraska-Omaha, a school with an excellent Division II program but one that furnishes as much recruiting competition as, say, Muhlenberg gives Penn State. "Nebraska football is *the* thing in this state," says senior Tom Morrow, a walk-on from Lincoln who'll start at offensive tackle this season. "That's just the way it is." Osborne lists other factors critical to the success of his walk-on program: a freshman team that practices together and plays a five-game schedule ("They're not just bag-holders their first year," he says); the Huskers' nationally acclaimed weight program ("I knew I needed a lot of work, and this was where I could get it," says Morrow); and Osborne's policy of holding back about five scholarships per year for walk-ons, a true motivational carrot.

Nebraska-Omaha coach Sandy Buda has considerable insight into the walk-on phenomenon at Lincoln. Many a player has spurned his school to walk on at Lincoln. Conversely, Buda has accepted others who became disenchanted as Cornhusker walk-ons. "The first reason they're successful is that they have a great football reputation and a great reputation with walk-ons," says Buda. "Also, as the only major college football power in the state, they have incredibly good alumni and booster connections all across the state. They're able to get kids summer jobs that pay well, and that's entirely legal. We can give a kid a limited amount of aid, but the same kid can walk on at Lincoln, pay his own way and still make out better because they'll get him a good summer job. What's misleading about their walk-on program is this: You tend to hear only about the ones that make it. They do a good job of publicizing them. That's fine. But the other 77 who don't make it call me."

One such player was Tim Slobodnik, an Omaha native who transferred to Nebraska-Omaha after spending two years as a walk-on at Lincoln. Slobodnik was what the NCAA considers a "recruited walk-on," that is, the Cornhuskers recruited him out of high school—visits, phone

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calls, letters, etc.—but didn't give him a scholarship. That's all fine and legal. But as soon as a recruited walk-on plays one second as a varsity player, he must be counted among the 95 players on scholarship, if he's receiving any non-athletic aid from the school.

Says Slobodnik, a defensive back who was redshirted as a freshman in 1978 and never played a down for the Nebraska varsity the following fall, "It may come down to politics. If you're of the same ability, or maybe just a little better than a scholarship player, you won't get the job because they'll have to give you a scholarship." Adds Osborne, "Every time a player is near being a starter, he's going to think politics are involved. As I recall, Tim might not have been as close to starting as he thought."

Almost every walk-on considers transferring at one time or another. Some, like Slobodnik, are glad they did—he was a two-year starter for Nebraska-Omaha—others are glad they stayed. But they all have a list of ways that they're made to feel like second-class citizens. First, there's the jersey-number problem. Washington's Blaise Chappell, a walk-on defensive back who plays mainly on special teams, has been through three numbers in two years. Other schools don't issue walk-ons a number so they can differentiate them from the scholarship players. "It's weird having nothing on your back," says Colorado State's Davis. Except a monkey.

Many schools don't have the locker-room facilities to accommodate all the bodies, so guess who dresses under the leaky faucets. "You might be on the eighth team, but if you're on scholarship you're in the varsity locker room," says Nelson, who literally had to kick his way in to dress with the big boys at Washington.

There are other piddling distinctions. "You're never sure if you should jump in and be a part of things," says McGregor. "I can remember being hesitant about the team photo, for example." Some meetings are just for scholarship players, others just for walk-ons. Walk-ons at some schools

may eat with the team, but, if the school is doing things legally, they have to pay for the meal. In some cases walk-ons have to be excused early from practice to conform to dorm eating schedules. "There were so many times I asked myself, 'Why am I doing this? What am I doing here?' " says Michigan's Anderson. "Here I am spending all this time, passing up times I could be studying or socializing, and I'm not even able to go to the training table."

The larger problem is, of course, political. Coaches pay lip service to treating all players equally, without regard to race, color or financial investment, but doing so is almost an impossibility. "Coaches think they must give the scholarship player a longer look before they go to a walk-on," says Wyche. "It makes a coach look a little bad if he has a scholarship player sitting on the bench and a walk-on starting. Human nature says a coach wants to confirm his evaluation of players out of high school."

Certainly that seemed to be the case with North Carolina State defensive back John McRorie, whom coach Tom Reed tried to run off when he took over before the 1983 season. Reed didn't think McRorie was good enough to stick, but McRorie changed Reed's mind with his tenacious play in practice. He's expected to be one of the Wolfpack's leaders on defense this season.

"You've got to beat a regular player in *every* phase of the game to get a chance," says Washington's Chappell. "If you're a walk-on, you only get one chance," says Tennessee's Cooper. "A walk-on is a combination of perhaps being too stupid to know he doesn't belong and dumb enough and brave enough to come out and try something like that," says Terry Theodore, a walk-on long snapper at UCLA. "I didn't realize what it was like. You can earn a scholarship and they still never let you forget you're a walk-on. Once you're branded a walk-on, that's the way it is, no matter how good you may be."

But if a walk-on's climb is steeper, the rewards are usually

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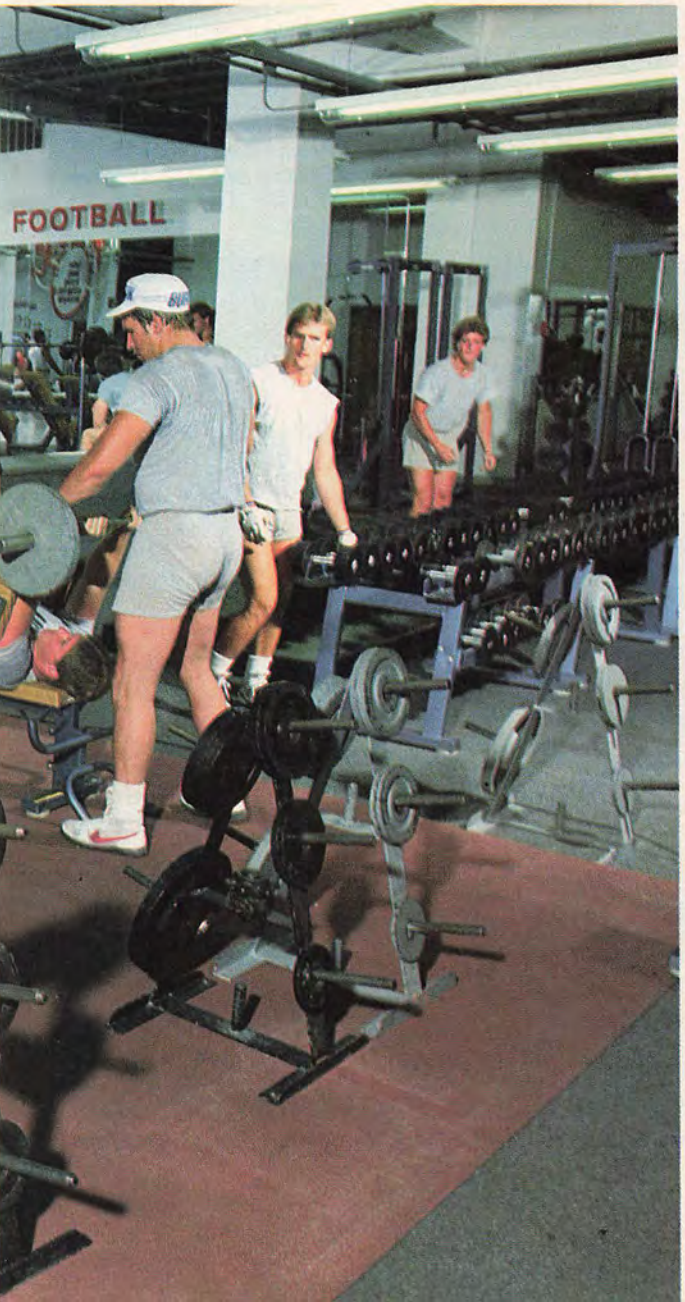


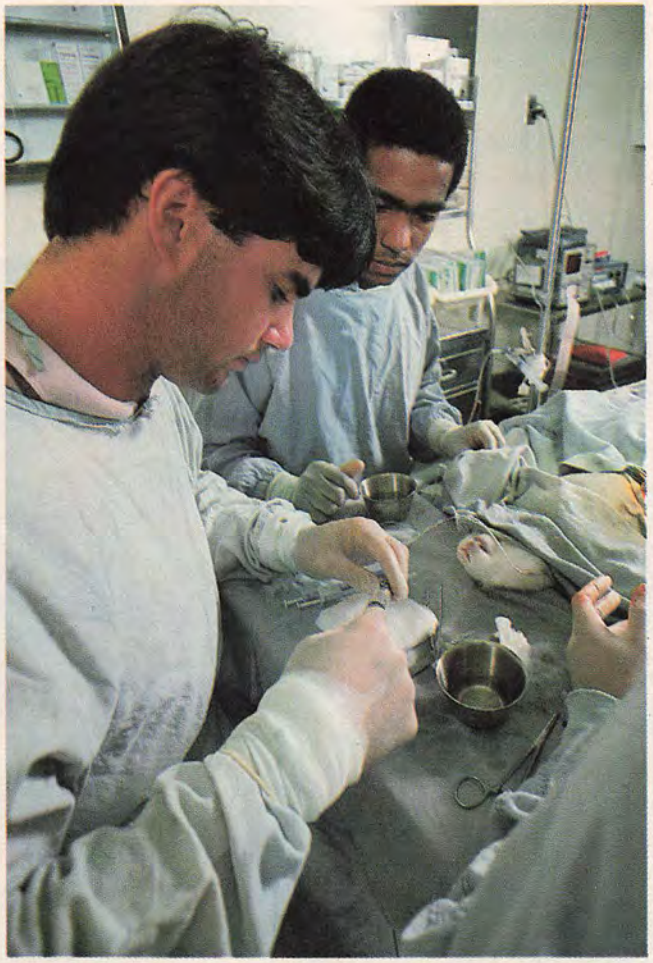

*One of six Nebraska walk-ons who'll start in '84, premed student Strasburger (left) spent the summer working in a radiology lab.*

*Nebraska's other walk-on starters, plus strength coach Boyd Epley (in red shirt) in the weight room: from left, Mike McCashland, Graeber, Morrow, Orton (on bench), Daum (spotting).*

## THE '84 ALL-WALK-ON TEAM

### OFFENSE

*Tight End*—Keli McGregor, Colorado State
*Tackles*—Greg Schwab, Oregon; John Ivemeyer, Georgia Tech
*Guards*—Dave Mielke, Wisconsin; Greg Orton, Nebraska
*Center*—Yann Cowart, Auburn
*Quarterback*—Marlon Adler, Missouri
*Running Backs*—Eddie Lewis, Utah; Steve Bartalo, Colorado State
*Receivers*—Mike Sherrard, UCLA; Tom Murphy, Miami of Ohio
*Placekicker*—Paul Woodside, West Virginia

### DEFENSE

*Linemen*—Scott Strasburger, Nebraska; Derek Turner, Baylor; Dave Zyzda, Indiana
*Linebackers*—Matt Monger, Okla. State; Mark Daum, Nebraska; Kevin Sumlin, Purdue; Bob Daniels, Kansas State
*Defensive Backs*—Jerome Caver, Missouri; Joe Hennelly, Memphis State; David Ast, Kansas State; John McRorie, N.C. State
*Punter*—Lee Johnson, Brigham Young

greater. For one thing, his sights are set considerably lower than those of a high school hotshot, who's bound to find disappointment if he isn't a star. "One of my major goals was to run out of the tunnel for a game," says Nelson.

The routine is never routine for a walk-on, not even the barest notice from a coach. "The most welcome sound to a walk-on is a coach barking at him," says Mark Napolitan, a walk-on who'll start at center for Michigan State this season. Notoriety in a game is simply off the scale. "When I got the ball, I didn't ever want to let it go," says USC walk-on Brian Cook of an interception he made against Cal two years ago. Considering where they come from, we can allow walk-ons a little corniness.

The proudest moment for a walk-on, of course, is earning a scholarship. Small wonder that Wisconsin coach Dave McClain said he never saw a happier player than his walk-on offensive lineman, Dave Mielke, when McClain told him last season that he had earned a scholarship. "It's not the money so much," says Nelson, "but the feeling that you're a major college player."

Walk-ons who win scholarships have a right to feel that way. After all, their aid is based strictly on performance, not potential or high school press clippings. "I can't help thinking," says Al Robertson, a walk-on guard at Washington, "that I earned my position more than a lot of other guys."

Walk like a man, walk-on, walk like a man. **END**

*A two-time academic All-Big Eight selection, Monger led Oklahoma State in tackles last fall with 150, including 68 unassisted.*

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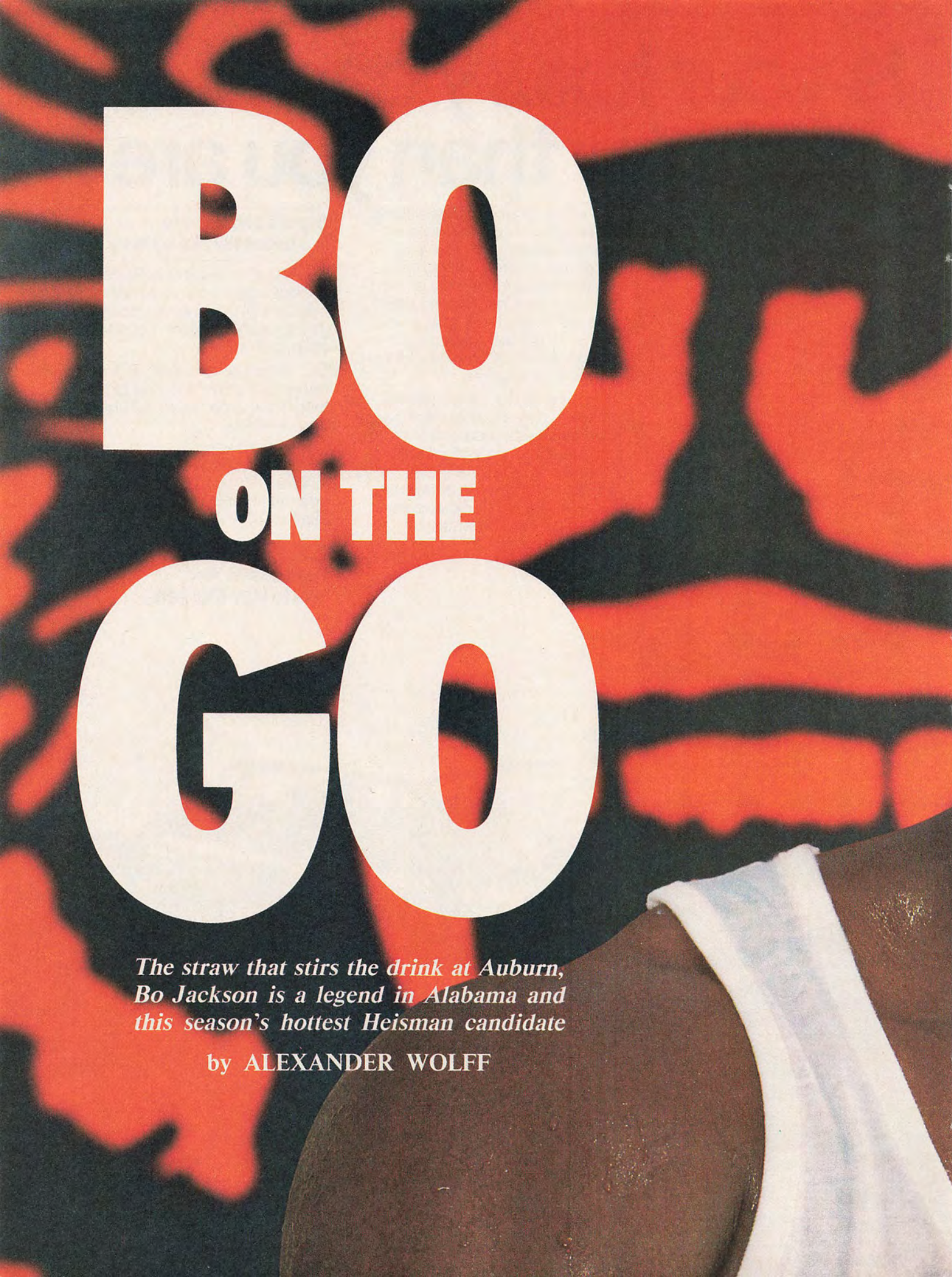
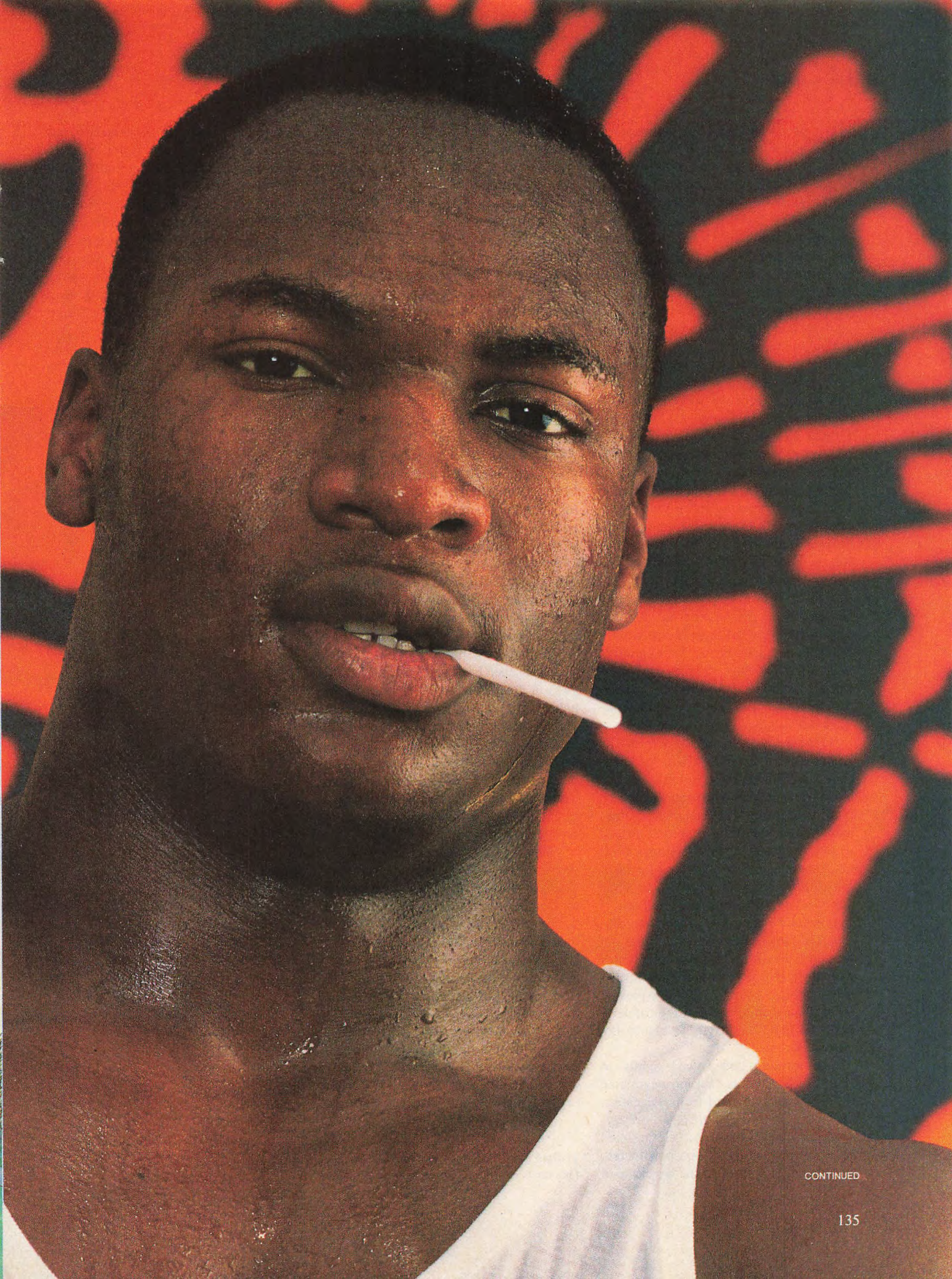
Seatbelts save lives.

# BO ON THE GO

*The straw that stirs the drink at Auburn, Bo Jackson is a legend in Alabama and this season's hottest Heisman candidate*

by ALEXANDER WOLFF





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The cyclone of a late spring storm had already caused five deaths in Montgomery, and a twister had just touched down in Talladega, where Vincent (Bo) Jackson was headed. Nonetheless, Jackson had put his fate in the hands of his 1983 Olds Cutlass and the Lord, and he was driving the two hours north from Auburn to the Helen Keller School, on the campus of the Alabama Institute for Deaf and Blind. The students had invited him to speak at their annual sports banquet.

"If I'm not constantly keepin' myself busy, I know I'll get in trouble," Jackson was saying. "Trouble's been haunting me ever since I can remember. Coming up, I'd just do things for the hell of it. So I play sports, work out, do studying, cooking, or visit people like I'm doing now." Not 30 minutes out of Auburn, in Dadeville, Jackson swung the car into the lot of a Crispy Chick, ordered a box of the bird and an iced tea and took three straws. Back in the car, he unwrapped one and stuck it in his mouth.

Jackson is forever gnawing on straws. He says straws are better than "dip," or snuff, which is what most of his Auburn football teammates prefer. "I tried dip in high school," he says. "Makes you sick as a dog. I swallowed some first day of summer practice, and coaches be talking, 'Bo's outta shape.' "

So straws it is—purloined from the Auburn training table, where the dietician, Ann Graves, says, "I don't dare run out." Or taken from his personal cache, a plastic bag from McDonald's that originally held a couple of thousand striped straws but is now down to perhaps 50. It takes about a quarter of an hour for Jackson to do a straw. "Every two or three minutes I fold it over once," he says. "I go quicker if I'm nervous. Like yesterday, I walked into health class and found out we had a test. It had slipped my mind. I went through one in two minutes. Straws help me relax. A few guys tried to pick up on my habit, and people in the cafeteria gave 'em hell. 'Y'all tryin' to be like Bo, chewin' a straw.' "

One tornado had hewed tightly to Highway 21, and as Jackson negotiated the last stretch of road from Sylacauga, the landscape looked more and more ravaged: cracked-back trees, clotheslined street signs, a family of four, bewildered, stooping to pick through the wreckage of their home. "And this wasn't even a bad twister," said Jackson, removing the straw from his mouth. Its tubing had been masticated into something vaguely resembling the head of a spur.

Talladega was without power. Jackson slipped behind the podium at the Keller School and addressed the kids in his even tone, with a trace of a speech impediment—he stammers—that's gradually disappearing. Those who could hear listened above the wheezing of an emergency generator. Those who could only watch focused on a woman named Erminel Love, who interpreted his speech in sign language.

"I can think of only one thing when I look at all of you," said Jackson. "It's a TV show I watch all the time, *That's Incredible.*" He paused and went on. "I'd like to share my past with you. Coming up, I was known as the little nappy-headed kid on the corner. In third grade I was so bad, I'd bully the sixth-graders."

And on Jackson went. To be sure, he didn't go into everything—how he'd take lunch money off schoolmates in Bessemer, Ala. and lend it back to them, with interest; how he'd pay one kid to beat up on another; how he hit a cousin, a girl, with a baseball bat when she tried to take away a Ping-Pong paddle; or how he helped stone to death a local minister's pig. But he told them of the windows he'd broken and the candy bars he'd stolen, and how removed all that is from what he is now, an All-America halfback, near world-class sprinter, baseball prodigy and, though just a junior, this season's favorite to win the Heisman Trophy.

"That's what I'm gonna say to you," said Jackson. "Don't run life too fast. You only have one. You'll either be somewhere serving time or pushing up daisies. Obey your parents. In my life there've been three roads: a high road, a low road and, in between, a just road. Right now I'm on that just road. With God's help, I'm just about to get to the top, to the high road."

Jackson is so obsessed with trouble that he's warning off a roomful of youngsters who wouldn't know trouble if they saw or heard it, kids who couldn't begin to cross their parents if they wanted to. But trouble is Jackson's bugaboo, his Beelzebub. He's always aware of it, always sizing it up. Sometimes he'll deal it a lick. And sometimes he'll steer clear.

Take women. He knows he could have more than he could ever handle—black or white—on the Auburn campus. But he's not sure it's worth it. "There are good women around here," he says. "And some that won't stop at nothing to get you, just for your name or your popularity. I don't fool with 'em."

Take Lionel (Little Train) James, Jackson's former roommate and running

***Though bothered by a virus, Jackson got 196 yards in this '83 game against Florida.***

mate who was drafted in the fifth round by the San Diego Chargers. Jackson still calls James his best buddy, and he'd just as soon tell of a block he threw for James—like how he took out a Georgia cornerback last fall to spring James for Auburn's only touchdown in a 13–7 win—as describe a scoring run of his own. But James tempted him, says Jackson. He tried to get him to party. And Jackson so prized his Al Green and Mahalia Jackson gospel albums that he kept them in the sanctity of his bedroom. "I didn't leave 'em out by the stereo, with Lionel's Gap Band and Prince," he says.

Take drugs. Jackson was 15 when he found a joint in a paper bag at school. He brought it home, locked himself in the bathroom with the window open and smoked it. "After that I ate out the whole refrigerator, fell asleep and got sick," he recalls. "Now I get high off of nature, sports and being around kids."

Take, even, parking tickets. Not long ago Jackson visited the video arcade on College Street in Auburn to work the Galaga game, an exercise in kill-or-be-killed in which, he says, "you're dodging bullets all the time." When Jackson emerged to find a ticket on his windshield, he drove straight to the police department. Fifty cents, paid-in-full. "If you don't pay within 24 hours, it goes up to a dollar," says Jackson.

Imagine an athlete so gifted that the very abundance of his gifts worked to obscure his greatness. That's a tough concept to latch on to, but consider Jackson's case. "We knew the body was a great talent, but we didn't know he was that great a back in high school," says Auburn coach

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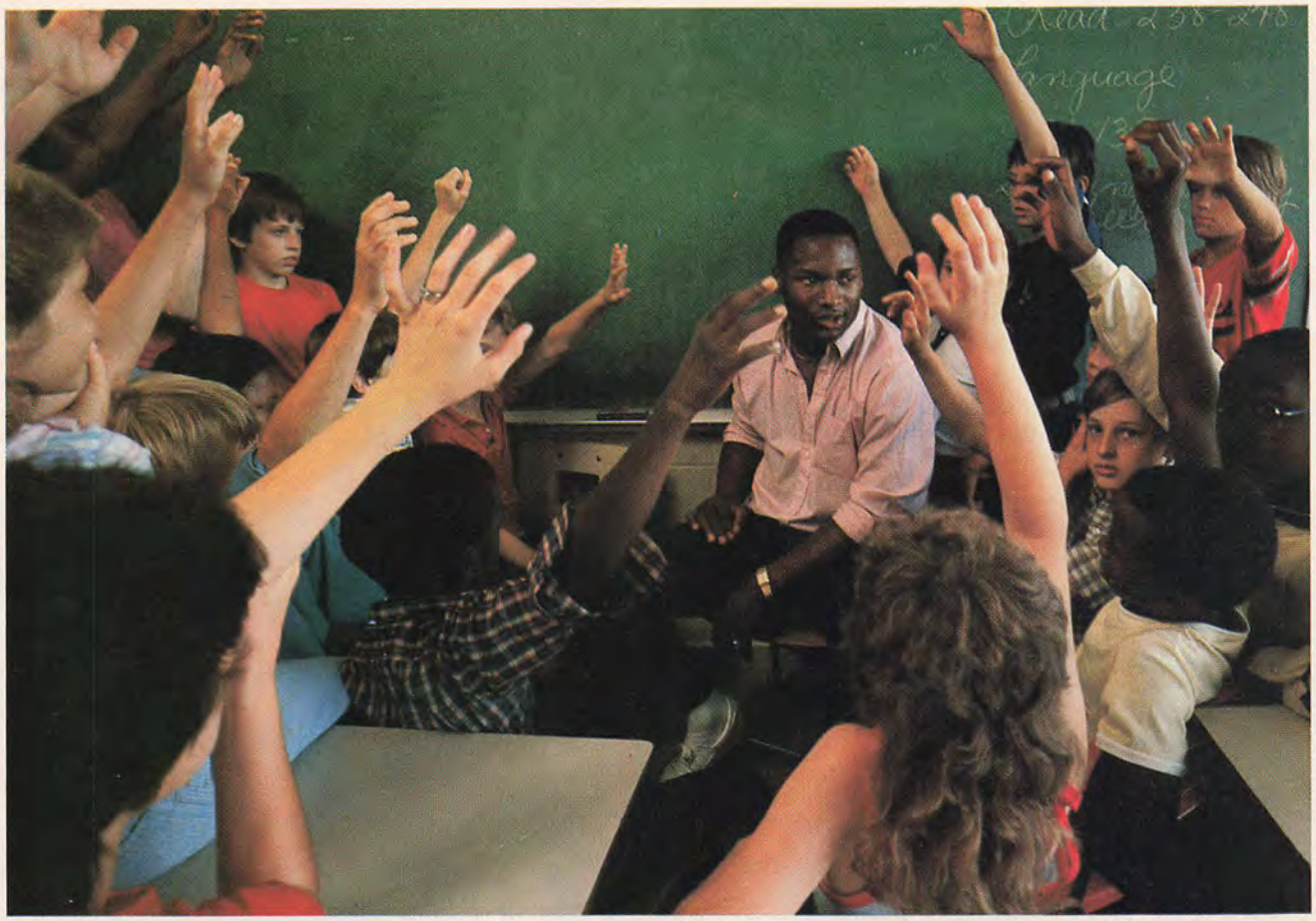

***Last spring, Jackson, Mr. Popularity with school kids, warned these fourth-graders at Pepperell School in Opelika, Ala. about drugs.***

Pat Dye. And who could tell? At McAdory High in McCalla, Ala., he'd only carry the ball 11 times a game because he was so busy playing every down on defense, returning kicks, kicking off, punting and kicking PATs and field goals. "He didn't pile up the great stats," says McAdory coach Dick Atchison, "because he never came off the field."

Jackson says that's not true. "I'd leave the field to put on the kicking shoe," he says. "And I'd leave it to take it off."

In high school Jackson did things like twist his ankle while winning the state title in the triple jump (48′ 8¼″) and then come back the same day to set a state record (9.54) in the 100-yard dash; like throw a discus 149 feet without spinning his body, because he'd never been taught the proper form; like win the state decathlon crown his junior and senior years without running the mile, the final event, because "distance is the only thing I hate about track." He'd fallen for the sprints in the third grade at Raimond Elementary in Bessemer, where he sneaked out of class to run with a team limited to fourth-, fifth- and sixth-graders. "I outran everybody," he says. "The principal was the track coach, and he waived the rule."

As a high school senior, Jackson hit .493 with 20 home runs and was drafted by the Yankees, who offered him a $250,000 contract. He played centerfield and shortstop for the most part, but pitched on occasion, too, showing a 92 mph fastball and throwing two no-hitters during his final season. "I hated it," he says. "There's no action on the mound. You just sit there and throw the ball. But that's all I did when I was little. Throw. Started out with rocks."

Jackson is the Southeastern Conference's first three-sport letterman in 20 years. He has the fastest time in the 40 (4.12) ever turned in by a football player, college or pro, and bench-presses 400 pounds. "Every so often in practice he does things—balance and awareness things—that we've never seen before," says Jack Crowe, Dye's offensive coordinator. "The fact that he wasn't a polished runner in high school has him learning his style as he goes. He started last year trying to knock folks down. By the second half of the season he was giving them the fast track instead of the hard road. And he didn't fumble but once last year, when he took his eye off a pitchout. Then he threw all of his athletic ability into trying to get that ball back."

Major league scouts love his arm, strength and speed, but wonder about his bat. As a freshman centerfielder at Auburn, Jackson struck out 21 straight times before cracking his first hit. Last spring he gave up baseball to concentrate on track, but quit at midseason, partly because his best time in the 100 meters, a 10.39 at the Florida Relays in March, wasn't good enough to qualify him for the Olympic trials, and partly because the demands of being a Heisman hopeful—interviews, addressing school kids and the like—took up too much time. "He didn't come to Auburn to run track," says Dye, who doubles as athletic director. "He came to play football. And

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***Before giving up track and baseball, Jackson, the SEC's first three-sport letterman in 20 years, ran a 10:39 100 at the Florida Relays in March and batted .279 in 1983.***

## BO *continued*

he's just beginning to realize the impact he can have on a game."

So is his coach. Jackson didn't have a great day against Texas in the Tigers' only loss of 1983, mainly because Dye had his quarterback get the ball to Jackson only seven times—"a drastic mistake," the coach admits. In fact, Jackson has a knack for playing well in big games. In a 28–21 defeat of Florida, a game in which he played while suffering from a virus, he went 55 yards on his second run from scrimmage, then 80 on another, to score twice. And, for reasons we'll soon see, he has a showman's way of beating up on 'Bama.

But a legend, even in Alabama, is made from more than regularly rolling the Tide. It comes from refusing the 1984 Sugar Bowl MVP trophy, insisting it go to a teammate, James. Or routinely getting yawny and falling asleep on the locker room floor before games. Or throwing a football that hit the Louisiana Superdome's ceiling replay screen, a first; before Jackson, only punters had reached it. Someone had bet Jackson he couldn't do it. "I like to make 'em look the fool," he says. The stories about Jackson are assuming a mythic texture:

• *Bo in the Bus Station.* A lonely, homesick freshman, down on himself because of a poor showing against Georgia—"Bo made a ton of mistakes," Crowe remembers—borrows a friend's car in midafternoon, drives to the Auburn Greyhound station and sits. He can't bring himself to board a bus. Finally, close to midnight, an agent chases him out. For missing curfew, the coaches arrange what Jackson calls "a date with the stadium steps."

• *Bo and the Tightwad Owner.* Unwilling to meet the contract demands of running back Curtis Dickey last December, Colts owner Robert Irsay invokes Jackson's name, claiming the sophomore would go pro right away for a fraction of Dickey's price. Jackson doesn't rule out turning pro early. Even today he says, "I don't need a degree in child psychology [his expected major]. Why should I sit in class and learn from a professor what comes naturally for me?" Further, Jackson's prepared to play major league baseball, the NFL and the USFL off one another to get what he wants: a pro contract in a warm-weather city. But was Jackson going with the Colts? No. "You know Herschel [Walker] lied and you probably think I'm lying," he told the press, referring to the former Georgia tailback who first denied he was jumping to the USFL's New Jersey Generals, and then did it. "Nobody knows the real truth but me, and I'm telling it. If you don't believe me, tough."

• *Bo and the Traffic Accident.* On his way to a 1983 summer job as a teller at the Colonial Bank in Birmingham, Jackson clips the back of a woman's car. She rips into him, demanding to know his name. He tells her. Suddenly solicitous, she asks, "Are you the Bo Jackson who plays for Auburn? Oh, are you all right?" Before the Texas game, Bo gets a Mailgram that reads: SMASH TEXAS LIKE YOU SMASHED MY CAR.

• *Bo and the Rednecks.* Jackson is in Tuscaloosa with the baseball team his freshman year. The crew of a beer truck is loitering beyond the outfield fence, sampling the cargo and calling Bo "boy." Next time up he sends a home run clattering off the side of the truck.

• *Bo and the Kids.* Two days before Auburn's annual spring game, Bo strolls into

*continued*

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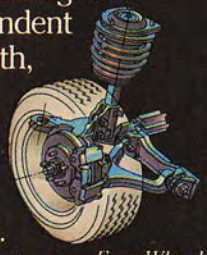

*Four-Wheel Independent Suspension*

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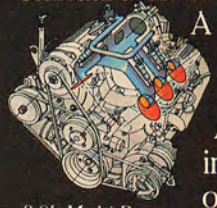

*3.8L Multi-Port Fuel Injected Engine*

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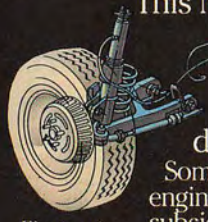
*Electronic Instrument Panel*



*Electronic Load Leveler*

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the office of David Housel, the school's sports information director. "I got an idea for A-Day," says Jackson, who has missed spring practice because of track and thus isn't playing in the game. He explains how much he loves kids and how he wants to run against a bunch of them before the scrimmage. He offers to buy supper for anyone who can beat him from goal line to goal line. Housel hastily makes the arrangements, and several hundred youngsters turn out. Jackson spots them 15 yards, outruns them and vaults the restraining fence into the end-zone stands, where he signs autographs for the balance of the evening.

Bo's incipient sense of p.r. could serve him well in his run for the Heisman. Housel is determined not to pander to the moment. He won't be sending prospective Heisman voters blue-and-orange-striped straws with FLO THRU, BO or BO SUCKS IT UP FOR THE HEISMAN imprinted on them. "If Bo's going to win it, he's going to earn it," says Housel. "On the field."

The Heisman that quarterback Pat Sullivan won in 1971 sits in a glass case in the lobby of Auburn's Memorial Coliseum, its figurine a stiff-arm signpost to Housel's office. Jackson sees the trophy practically every day. "I don't pay it no mind," he says.

***Neighbor Kelly Garrett shows Bo how not to fumble the ball.***

It isn't hard to get "Bo" from "boar hog." Once, Nipsey Russell was on *Password*, and the password was "deer." His partner gave him "doe" as a clue, and Russell guessed "knob." No, Bo came quite naturally from "boar hog," which is what Jackson's eldest brother decided was the only thing as tough as Bo when Bo was only six. Jackson has four brothers and five sisters. His mother, Florence Bond, is a custodian in a Ramada Inn in Hoover, Ala. His father, A.D. Adams, lives in Birmingham. "I was tough like a wild boar," says Jackson. "I had one of the toughest stomachs you could imagine. My brothers and cousins would draw all the way back to Mississippi and hit me and I wouldn't feel nothing."

With all its echoic terseness, "Bo" suits a body-popping running back just fine. It's in a regal enough tradition, too: behind Derek, the decafox; Buchanan, the soapstud; Peep, the little one; Lamar, the erstwhile basketball superstar; Diaz, the catcher (who's really Beaudilio); Belinsky, the pitcher; Gray, Mary Cunningham's ex; and Diddley, the bluesman. And a lot of dogs. People with hounds named Bo are always mailing Jackson their dogs' papers.

Then there's Bo Schembechler, the Michigan coach, whose defense, according to Jackson, "hit like yellow jackets" in last season's Sugar Bowl. Nonetheless, Jackson gained 130 yards and MVP honors as the Tigers won 9–7. And there's Beau Brown, the former Auburn linebacker who in 1982, while the Tigers were in Orlando preparing for the Tangerine Bowl, got involved in a tiff in a topless bar. No matter how you spell it, not a Bo to emulate. "When my mom heard someone named Bo'd been sent home," says Jackson, "she nearly had a heart attack."

But the namesake with whom Jackson is most frequently compared is Walker, whose family calls *him* Bo. Both Bo's have a small-town Southern upbringing, and both have sprinter's speed and claim to prefer track to football. Neither sleeps more than a few hours a night. Jackson's insomnia is a vestige of the punitive reveilles of his childhood, when his mother would punish him for some mischief by rousing him before dawn to take out the garbage or mow the grass by floodlight. Jackson's and Walker's dimensions are uncannily similar (6′ 1″, about 220 pounds), they wear the same number (34) and both had startling freshman debuts.

Still, the question remains: Who's better? Says Dye, "I don't think Bo's any stronger or faster, but I do think he has a little better ability to make you miss, and a little better balance." Jackson is conceded to be a better blocker than Walker, and the better athlete, and to be more willing to turn upfield, if for no other reason than that Jackson has fewer carries per game and doesn't have to worry about pacing himself by heading out of bounds to avoid constant punishment.

Then again, as the deep back in the Georgia I, Walker was called upon more frequently and predictably than Jackson is in Auburn's wishbone, in which he's just one of several options. Thus the discrepancy between Walker's career average yards per carry (5.3) and Jackson's (7.2). "Every time you run the wishbone you're dividing the defense into four parts," Dye says. "But with the I, you've got 11 guys chasing one ballcarrier." Adds Crowe, "We call them quality runs. We're giving Bo fewer chances, but better ones to break the big play."

Dye figures on providing Jackson with perhaps 10 more carries a game this season than last, when he averaged 15. If Jackson can somehow maintain the same yards per crack average, he ought to turn in 175 yards a game. "When I came here I was a vertical runner," he says. "Now I run tilted at the shoulders, with authority. My freshman year I was running scared. But after I got hit in the 'Bama game and fumbled I said, 'No more. I'm not gonna take no more licks.' You can't be a good back if guys dog you out every time you got the ball. And that's what happened. Guys dogged me out."

*continued*

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Jackson tried dismissing the Walker parallels his freshman season, as soon as they were drawn. "Nobody can be Herschel Walker but Herschel Walker," he said. "And I can't be nobody but myself. So it stands at that."

If Jackson really were a Walker clone, he'd have effortlessly captivated the state the way Walker held all Georgia in his thrall. Athletes from Auburn, the perennial stepchild, don't just "take" the state of Alabama. A Spartan would have an easier time ascending the steps of the Parthenon. That's what best distinguishes Jackson from Walker. Herschel cast his spell by galvanizing ready partisanship. For the most part, Jackson has generated sober respect.

"I grew up 'Roll Tide,' " he says. "I had my mind set on going to Alabama. Two weeks before the signing date Auburn wasn't in the picture, but it wasn't out of the picture, either. I wanted to stay in state. And an Alabama coach said, 'There's no place else to go. We want you, but I don't think you'll see any playing time till the last of your sophomore or the beginning of your junior year.' I said I wasn't gonna waste two years of my life. When I told the recruiter, he tried to change his story vice versa. I said, 'No, you're out of the picture.' "

Some schools that wanted Bo—Florida, Southern Cal, Tennessee, Hawaii—never really entered his picture. "Hawaii wanted me to visit," says Jackson. "I didn't. Dumb me. But those are party schools. At Hawaii you're chasing those grass-skirted women. If I'd gone to Florida, I'da flunked out my first term." And while the Alabama recruiter told him that going to Auburn would mean losing to 'Bama for four years, Jackson's mother was more worried about some of the things—drugs, guns—a few players had gotten into in Tuscaloosa. "Me also," he says. "If I'da gone there, they'da put so much pressure on me, I'd be smoking, too." Besides, Auburn needed backs.

On the second series of the 1982 season opener against Wake Forest, Jackson went into the game. "Don't be nervous," James told him. "When we pitch you the ball, haul ass." Before the day was over, Bo would go 43 yards up the sideline for a touchdown. Against Alabama, later in Bo's freshman year, Auburn faced fourth-and-goal on the Tide one-yard line with 2:30 left and the Tide ahead 22–17. The Tigers called Play 43 for Jackson. He took the handoff up over the line, found himself stopped, but wriggled forward the requisite extra smidgin. With the 23–22 victory, Auburn had beaten 'Bama for the first time since 1972, and the balance of power, which is to say the balance of football, in the state found itself reversed. "Whatever that recruiter said got Bo to go just *one inch more*," says Housel, holding his thumb and forefinger in front of his face. "And that inch has made all the difference."

Last fall, with tornadoes baying at the outskirts of Birmingham and 'Bama having just taken a 20–16 lead, Jackson dashed 71 yards to score as the Tigers won again, 23–20. Earlier in the game he'd run 69 yards for a TD, reversing his field on an abortive sweep left when holes twice closed up on him.

And now, for the first time in recent memory, people in Birmingham are talking more frequently about the Tigers than about the Tide. Defeatist red-and-white GO PRO BO bumper stickers answer Auburn fans' GO BO GO ones. In his inauguration speech last spring, Auburn president James Martin, apparently meaning to use the word "preeminent," called Auburn "the preemptive university in the state." We're talking sea change here.

"The week of the Alabama game it's like I'm in mourning," says Jackson. "Like I have to pay that coach back what he said. He told me, 'Auburn will *never* beat Alabama,' simply because Alabama beat 'em the last 10 years. That gives me incentive to play till I can't no more."

Auburn doesn't have to beat the Tide to get people out to Toomer's Corner downtown. All the Tigers have to do is win, and students and townspeople will festoon the corner of College and Magnolia with toilet paper. "It'll be up to your car tires," says Jackson. "And it better not be raining, 'cause otherwise maintenance workers'll be up there for three weeks. When we beat 'Bama in '82 they rolled the corner for two days. People bought up all the paper in town. Cops be out rolling, too."

And if they're rolling Toomer's Corner when Jackson wants to reach the arcade on College, several storefronts down, to dodge video bullets? Bo'll just swing his Cutlass onto Tiger, hang a right on Glenn and another one, at the Amoco station, drive up College, park and fill the meter. Remember the meter. **END**

*Jackson's mother, Florence (third from the left), surrounded by six of Bo's nine brothers and sisters: Clarence, 15, Janet, 28, Anthony, 32, Jerry, 26, Penny, 19, and Louella, 24.*

# YOU WIND UP WISHING IT WERE MORE THAN ONE WEEKEND A MONTH.

You might find yourself in a chopper, cruising the treetops at 90 miles per hour.

Or doing something more down to earth, like repairing an electronic circuit.

What you won't find yourself doing is getting bored. Because this isn't ordinary part-time work. It's the Army Reserve.

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See your local Army Reserve recruiter about serving near your home. Or call toll free 1-800-USA-ARMY.

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# Inside Slant On The

### IF YOU WANT YOUR OFFICIAL TIGER PAWS, AND TWO SEATS ON THE 45, GIVE US YOUR GOLD CARD

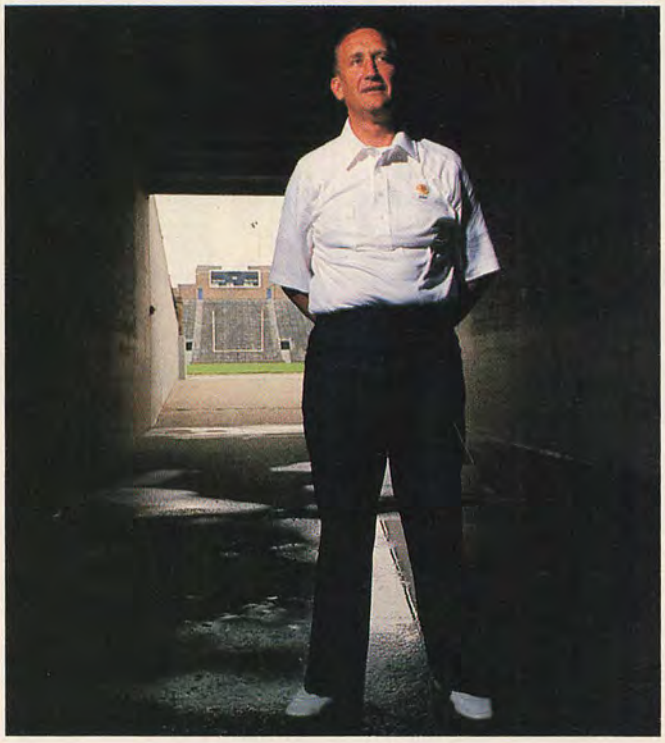
Wealthy and not so wealthy alums fuel college football programs through booster clubs. For their contributions, boosters can get such things as choice seats for home games, invites to the coach's weekly breakfast, trips to road games. Each club swears, of course, that it spends its money legally, but it's not so sure about the other guys. Because everybody counts differently, nobody really knows how much booster money is collected each year. Best guesses for the top three:

1) Clemson: $5 million-plus from 16,000 people. 2) North Carolina: $5 million from 7,000. 3) Texas A&M: $3.05 million from 3,250.

### SORRY GUYS

*Del Rio of USC.*

Three players who deserve the Heisman at least as much as Bo Jackson but have no chance of getting it because they're not offensive backs: 1)Pitt tackle Bill Fralic. The best pure player in college this year; 2) Texas safety Jerry Gray. Puts on a clinic *every* Saturday afternoon; 3) Southern Cal linebacker Jack Del Rio. A big, big hitter with a big-city personality and an All-Pro by 1986.



*Faust needs a fast turnaround.*

### TALKING ABOUT COACHES

Best coaches: 1) Don James, Washington. 2) Don James, Washington. 3) Don James, Washington.

Coaches who had better win *now*: 1) Gerry Faust, Notre Dame. He knows his time has come but believes he can see the light at the end of the tunnel. 2) Barry Switzer, Oklahoma. May be the winningest active coach in the nation (106-21-3), but he hasn't done anything for the Sooners lately except get his name in the papers for questionable business practices and being charged with DWI. 3) Earle Bruce, Ohio State. His cold personality ticks off Buckeye followers, but, luckily for him, he'll have big talent on the field this fall.

Most underrated coaches: 1) Jim Walden, Washington State. Somehow gets average players or worse to play far above their heads. 2) John Cooper, Tulsa. Works miracles (18-4 over

# Colleges

*Douglas S. Looney gives the skinny on everything from booster clubs to coaches who are in trouble to the 28 first-round picks in the 1985 NFL draft*

## TALKING ABOUT FANS

Rowdiest: LSU's. All-day warmup with booze and smoke has its effect. By 7 p.m. kickoff, delirium is full-throat. Will boo the invocation. Dirtiest: Florida's. Should wash out fans' mouths with soap at stadium entrances. Classiest: Nebraska's. They love football, travel anywhere, and lose with grace.

## CRUMMIEST GAME OF THE YEAR

UCLA vs. Long Beach State on Sept. 15. Will whoever scheduled this turkey please stand up and accept the ridicule you deserve?

the last two years) and nobody cares.

Coaches who'll be head coaches in the pros by 1990: USC's Ted Tollner, Illinois's Mike White, Pitt's Foge Fazio, Texas A&M's Jackie Sherrill, South Carolina's Joe Morrison.

Most significant coaching change: Jimmy Johnson from Oklahoma State to Miami. Hurricane fans will find a national title is a fleeting thing and blame the demise on Johnson.

Most insignificant coaching change: Lou Holtz from Arkansas to Minnesota. No coach will win again, ever, at Minnesota, where losing is a tradition (1-10 in 1983) carved in ice.

Best coaching jobs: 1) Notre Dame. The money isn't great ($50,000 plus $20,000 for a TV show, and the usual perks, like a car), but you have the advantage of having an entire nation help coach your team. 2) USC ($80,000-plus). There's a talent overload every year, but the fans usually OD on sunshine and seldom get vicious. They will, however, write snide letters to the *Los Angeles Times*.

## BEST AND WORST

Best town: Austin, Texas—and not only because you can good-time it at the Scholz Garten. If you don't like Austin, you're a sad case.

Worst towns: 1) Pullman, Wash., home of Washington State. To party, students must drive 10 miles to Moscow, Idaho. 2) Moscow, Idaho.

Best band: the Longhorns'. Best town, best band? Of course. The band must be sensational or else the folks in charge wouldn't have spent $70,000 last season to airlift its 325 members to Auburn for five minutes of halftime tootin'.

Worst band: (Tie) Rice's, Stan-

*Stanford's horns; A&M's cheerleaders.*

ford's, Harvard's. Shame on you all.

Best cheerleaders: Missouri's. Oh, my.

Worst cheerleaders: Texas A&M's. All guys.

Prettiest campus: West Point. Being

*continued*

alongside the Hudson on a sunny fall afternoon with the leaves turning and the Cadets on parade tops all.

Ugliest campus: Texas Tech's. Looks as if they should cancel classes and convert the school into a prison.

Worst idea ever thought of by a coach: When Ted Tollner took over at

*The Bruins' home blue.*

USC in 1983, he said he wanted to get the Trojans out of their black shoes and put them in—yes, Sweetie—red ones. The idea died of silence.

Best-looking uniforms: UCLA's home attire. Its elegant blue and gold bespeaks Southern California tastefulness, often a contradiction in terms.

Worst-looking uniforms: Penn State's all-white road togs. They look like practice outfits.

## BIG BUCKS

Last season the 16 bowls for the big schools shelled out $33.5 million to the competing teams, $6.2 million more than the previous season. These eight paid the most:

Rose—$5.6 million per team
Cotton—$1.85 million
Orange—$1.84 million
Sugar—$1.8 million
Fiesta—$817,000
Gator—$679,000
Liberty—$574,000
Citrus—$500,000

## FIVE HIGH SCHOOL SENIORS WHO CAN TAKE THE COLLEGE CHEERLEADER OF THEIR CHOICE TO THE HIGH SCHOOL PROM

Joe Terranova, 43, of Dearborn, Mich., a car-company exec by day and football fanatic by night, knows better than anyone the names of the best high school football players. That's why the best college coaches know Terranova's phone number by heart. Here are the five hottest schoolboy seniors, according to Terranova.

1) Quarterback Dave Schnell, Elkhart, Ind., 6′ 3″, 204 pounds, 4.8 for the 40. Pure drop-back passer, a Mark Herrmann reincarnate.

2) Running back Brian Davis, Washington, Pa., 5′ 11″, 198, 4.5. Better than Tony Dorsett at same stage.

3) Running back D'Juan Francisco, Moeller High, Cincinnati, 5′ 11″, 185, 4.4. Tough, fast and ornery.

4) Running back Sammie Smith, Apopka, Fla., 6′ 2″, 205, 4.5. Premier runner in Florida, where great high school backs are commonplace.

5) Offensive lineman Ed Monaghan, Drexel Hill, Pa., 6′ 3″, 260, 4.9. No doubts. A college All-America.

## DEAR NFL SCOUTS: READ THIS LIST OF '85 FIRST-ROUND DRAFT PICKS AND YOU WON'T HAVE TO GO TO THE BLUE-GRAY GAME

George Adams, RB, Kentucky
Greg Allen, RB, Florida State
Mark Behning, OT, Nebraska
Lomas Brown, OT, Florida
Ray Childress, DT, Texas A&M
Jack Del Rio, LB, USC
Bill Fralic, OT, Pitt
Owen Gill, RB, Iowa
Jerry Gray, DB, Texas
Danny Greene, WR, Washington
Ron Holmes, DT, Washington
Ethan Horton, RB, N. Carolina
Dwayne Jiles, LB, Texas Tech
Richard Johnson, DB, Wisconsin
Mike Kelley, C, Notre Dame
Emanuel King, LB, Alabama

*Terranova and Schnell.*

## WHEN THESE GUYS TALK, E.F. HUTTON LISTENS

The best recruiters:

1) Jerry Pettibone, Texas A&M. Has developed schmoozing with players and parents into an art.

2) Artie Gigantino, USC. His warmth is contagious.

3) Barry Gallup, Boston College. Has the fastest growing rep.

4) Bill Rees, UCLA. Knows how to hustle stars, a talent that should be in great evidence this fall.

Chuck Long, QB, Iowa
Mark MacDonald, OT, BC
Keli McGregor, TE, Colorado State
Micah Moon, LB, N. Carolina
Ricky Moore, FB, Alabama
Kevin Murphy, DE, Oklahoma
Greg Naron, OG, N. Carolina
Jerry Rice, WR, Mississippi Valley State
Bruce Smith, DT, Virginia Tech
Alvin Toles, LB, Tennessee
Al Toon, WR, Wisconsin
Luis Zendejas, K, Arizona State

On balance, not a great group. Especially slim pickings at quarterback and running back. "But," says Tony Razzano, director of college scouting for the San Francisco 49ers, "at the least, you could win the USFL with 'em."

## THE LEAST THEY SHOULD DO IS NAME A BUILDING AFTER HIM

Certainly no undergrad has generated more cold cash for his school than Boston College's Money Machine, senior quarterback Doug Flutie. Get out your calculators.

In the three years before Flutie, BC won only 13 of 36 games and had an average home attendance of 23,542. With Flutie, the Eagles have gone 21-10-1 (he didn't play the first three games of his freshman year) and averaged 32,080 fans per home game. At $13 a ticket, Flutie has meant an extra $1.89 million at the box office.

The school's only TV appearances in the three years before Flutie were two regional telecasts, against Massachusetts in 1979 and Pitt in 1980. Net profit: $380,000. With Flutie, BC has appeared on regional, national cable or national network TV 10 times. In 1983 TV paid BC a whopping $1,585,000 for four games, putting BC fourth in the nation in TV take.

As for bowls, pre-Flutie BC hadn't played a postseason game in 40 years. With Flutie, BC went to the Tangerine in 1982 and to the Liberty in '83. The Eagles' total take from those two games was $1.05 million.

This fall? Because of Flutie, BC will be on national TV at least three times and regional TV three or four times. Total haul: an estimated $1.35 million. Also, season-ticket sales are up 24%, and home attendance is expected to average better than 42,000. Further, BC should again be bowl-bound at the end of the season.

The bottom line: By his graduation, Flutie will have put somewhere between $6.53 million and $8.18 million into Boston College's coffers. And you thought one person couldn't make a difference.

*Flutie Towers?*

# A Supremely Unsettling Smorgasbord

*Thanks to the high court we'll get a rich menu of games, but most schools will get less bread*

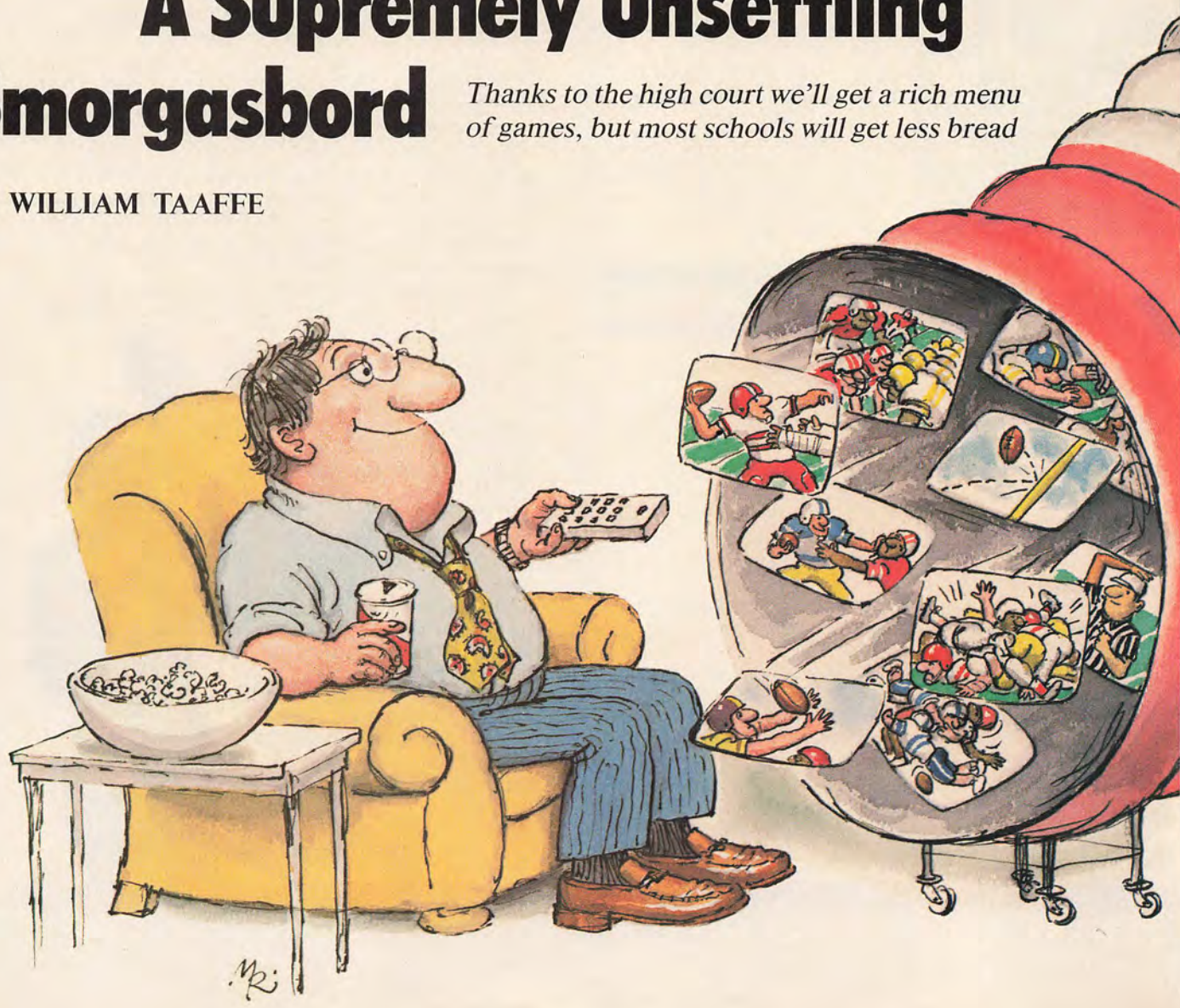
by WILLIAM TAAFFE

For a vivid glimpse of the new college football world that the Georgia Bulldogs, Oklahoma Sooners and U.S. Supreme Courterbacks have wrought, we take you to, of all places, the Hub. That's right, Boston. Not the most storied of college football cities. However, thanks to the Supreme Court decision that ended the NCAA's control over college football telecasts, it's now a typical all-American viewing center.

In Boston this fall, Harvard physicists will be able to watch Crimson games on PBS; subway alumni in the bars of Southie will be able to choose from among at least seven games between noon and midnight; and Notre Dame grads will be able to second-guess almost every Gerry Faust decision live and in color. In Boston, as elsewhere, this is going to be a dream season for college football fans. Not everyone is going to watch every game, of course, but let's imagine a possible Saturday for a Bostonian.

Say you've just driven out to the in-laws' in Marblehead. No need for small talk. Get right to that tube. At noon, when most schools and conferences have agreed to air their regional packages, you've got your pick of the Ivy League on PBS, a Boston College, Pitt or Syracuse game on another channel and Notre Dame or Penn State on yet a third. In-laws feed you at 2:45. At three, it's the big national games on the networks. Here comes Keith Jackson on ABC with a game from the CFA, the umbrella group that represents all 105 Division 1-A schools except those in the Big Ten and Pac-10. CBS has those two conferences, and sure enough, Gary Bender is on right now with a Pac-10 game. Whew, 6:30! Hungry! In-laws left dinner for you in the oven. Forget washing the dishes because the big cable game will be on at seven. You have your choice of either another CFA game on ESPN or an SEC matchup on WTBS, the Ted Turner superstation. In-laws in the sack by 10, so leave quietly. Patriots on tomorrow.

One Bostonian who's happier than a clam is Tom Mulvey, president of the Notre Dame Alumni Club of Greater Boston. To see each week's Irish game in



the past, he and his 500 dues-paying members had to a) have access to cable and b) hunt through ESPN's rerun listings to learn which day a tape would be rolled. Mulvey now hopes to stage live-TV viewing parties almost every Saturday, complete with hats, T shirts and other shamrocky paraphernalia. "Yes, you could say I'm happy," he says.

Seems like a perfect world, doesn't it?

*This fall's cornucopia includes the CFA on ABC and ESPN, the Pac-10 and Big Ten on CBS, the SEC on WTBS and the Ivies on PBS.*

The only problem is that one school in Boston with everything going for it will make far less money from TV this season than last. That school is Boston College, a.k.a. Doug Flutie U. Like the great majority of the Division 1-A schools, BC has abruptly discovered that the Supreme Court decision is no blessing.

BC offers a striking illustration of how a college can be worse off under the new math precisely when it should be wallowing in riches. Flutie, who in three years has brought the Eagles out of the dark ages in football, is a front-runner for the Heisman Trophy. Boston College will be on national TV at least three times—Sept. 8 against Alabama (ABC), Sept. 22 against North Carolina (ESPN) and Nov. 23 against Miami (CBS). BC has a good team, a refurbished stadium and fans who are yell-aholics. If the bloom is suddenly off the BC rose *with* Flutie, what's going to happen once he graduates? "It's a little scary," says athletic director Bill Flynn.

Last season, four regular-season TV appearances earned BC $1,585,000. Only Alabama, Texas and UCLA took in more television bucks. This year Boston College expected to clean up again, but then the Supreme Court acted in response to the action filed by Georgia and Oklahoma, and the game changed. With Big Ten and Pac-10 schools parting ways with the CFA, the TV seller's market became a buyer's market, and the networks held the trump cards. Why should they pay top dollar when they no longer were the exclusive carriers of college football? An anticipated $800,000 payment to BC from CBS for the Miami game became $400,000. An expected $700,000 from ABC for the Alabama game became $250,000. Boston College will receive about $100,000 per game for the three or four games its regional syndicator, Katz Sports, will send around the East. The bottom line? The Eagles will be on television about 50% more often than in 1983 for about 50% less money.

NCAA president John Toner, admittedly not an impartial observer, points out that the Supreme Court decision may lead to a self-perpetuating "superconference" of TV schools that corners the market on money, athletes and national exposure. According to Eagle coach Jack Bicknell, because BC's a new kid on the TV block it will never be one of those

***Boston TV will be loaded with the Irish.***

schools. "Yes, we have an outstanding quarterback and, yes, there's a lot of interest in us this year, but down the road I just don't know," he says. "I'm more concerned with how many people are in the stands. Yes, we're going to be on TV more, but that to me is not good for the long haul."

So much for the brave new world as seen from Boston. The picture is much the same elsewhere. The regional/network/cable TV dance will go on every Saturday in every corner of the country. It has become abundantly clear that only a handful of schools—most notably a few in the Pac-10 plus Penn State—will take home more TV money this season than last. ABC and CBS, which last year paid a total of $62.5 million for college football and this year are paying $20 million, have won the money game. Oklahoma may have to rent out its stadium to the USFL next spring to raise revenue. But Oklahoma and Georgia won't get any sympathy from their NCAA brethren. Says Washington State coach Jim Walden, who like most college officials believes Georgia and Oklahoma should have left well enough alone, "I can understand glut and greed, but I don't understand stupidity. I think this [lawsuit] will go down in history as one of the stupidest things ever done."

For the viewer, however, it may go down as the biggest bonanza since Congress exempted the NFL from antitrust. Have a nice time at the in-laws'. **END**

# SCOUTING REPORTS

## THE TOP 20

### 1. UCLA

According to coach Terry Donahue, "about three or four years" after taking over from Dick Vermeil in 1976, he decided to take stock. "We were having success," says Donahue, who was 31 when he assumed control in Westwood, "but we were being criticized in the local community, and I couldn't understand why. Our records were good. But we weren't winning against our archrival [USC]. And being conservative, run-oriented and good wasn't enough in L.A. We had to compete more effectively for the entertainment dollar."

So, in 1980 Donahue hired Homer Smith as offensive coordinator and cast his lot with a wide-open pro-style attack. Result: In 1982 the Bruins were 10–1–1 and completed 62% of their passes, and last year they connected on a remarkable 69%, beat the Trojans for the third time in four years and routed fourth-ranked Illinois 45–9 in the Rose Bowl.

This year the Bruins should be the best team in the nation. Back are three wide receivers who combined for 96 catches and 1,534 yards in 1983. The best is second-team All-America Mike Sherrard, a walk-on who caught 48 passes for 709 yards. His mother was a U.S. hurdler at the 1964 Olympics. No medal, though. "I was born in '63," Cherrie Sherrard's son says. "She didn't have much recovery time."

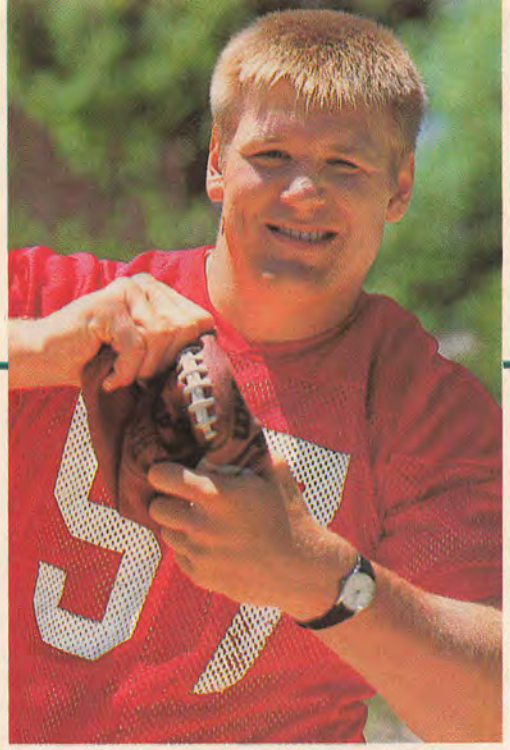
Though not a returning starter, quarterback Steve Bono's the next best thing. He'd clinched first string in last year's BYU game when he completed 25 of 34 throws for three TDs and a school record 399 yards, only to suffer a shoulder separation the next week. But Bono is healthy and, at 6′ 4″ and 210 pounds, is bigger and more mobile than Rick Neuheisel, whom he replaces.

The special teams are talented. John Lee has hit 31 of 39 field-goal attempts over two seasons, and Kevin Buenafe averaged 42.1 yards per punt in '83. To return kickoffs, Donahue will dispatch two guys nicknamed Flipper and Paco—Anderson and Craig, respectively.

Donahue has only a few concerns. One is running back, though senior tailback Danny Andrews had a fine spring. The other is tight end. The defense will be led by senior linebackers Neal Dellocono and Lee Knowles and helped by two senior linemen, noseguard Chris Block and tackle David Randle. But two No. 1 draft picks, Don Rogers, by the Browns, and Lupe Sanchez, by the USFL Wranglers, are gone from the secondary.

Those are quibbles, however. Of UCLA's 22 projected starters, 19 have substantial experience, and the team has a sane schedule. Nebraska is the only repeater from last fall's brutal non-conference lineup, and the Bruins have seven games in the Rose Bowl. Donahue has given UCLA fans a reason to take the clogged freeways to Pasadena. For the third year in a row, they should make an extra trip. —ALEXANDER WOLFF

*Getting Mike started in 1963 may have hampered Cherrie's finish in Tokyo in 1964.*



## 2. NEBRASKA

When a team produces about $11 million worth of talent for the pros, including the Heisman and Outland Trophy winners, it's obviously destined for a year of rebuilding. That is, unless that team is Nebraska. Yes, the Cornhuskers will miss the speed of quarterback Turner Gill and wingback Irving Fryar, but, believe it or not, they can almost compensate for the loss of Heisman winner Mike Rozier with the tandem of Jeff Smith and Paul Miles. Yes, Nebraska will miss right guard Dean Steinkuhler, last year's Outland winner, and 290-pound right tackle Scott Raridon. But this fall Husker fans can look to the left, where Smith, who gained 99 yards and scored two touchdowns in the Orange Bowl after Rozier got hurt in the second half, and Miles, who averaged almost 10 yards per carry as a part-timer last season, can run over 300-pound tackle Mark Behning, guard Harry Grimminger and center Mark Traynowicz, this season's designated Outland candidate.

The line's toughest task will be to protect quarterback Craig Sundberg, a caretaker type who won't be Gill but won't be a fish, either. Sundberg, a typical up-through-the-Nebraska-system guy, threw only 12 passes last season, completing nine of them, as he waited for Gill to graduate.

On defense, everyone of note returns except linebacker Mike Knox, who underwent surgery on his left knee last spring. The D played ugly sister to last year's glittering offense, but in 1984 it may be Cinderella. "The offense set the tone last year," says defensive end Bill Weber. "This year it's us." The defense will have a different look, too. No more sitting and waiting for the run and playing straight zone coverage. "Last year we did some things that a freshman quarterback could read," says Weber. "This year," says middle guard Ken Graeber, "we're going to be flying around."

"The main question for us," says coach Tom Osborne, "is how much better on defense will we be versus how much of a drop-off on offense will we have." Don't expect the 84–13 and 72–29 wins that peppered the Husker record last year, but look for a few 28–0s.

The schedule is one that could beget a national championship, too. Among Big Eight opponents, only Missouri (four victories) and Oklahoma (eight) have given Osborne serious trouble since he took over in Lincoln in 1973, and Nebraska plays both of them at home this fall. Oklahoma State also is a home game. That leaves only a showdown with UCLA in the Rose Bowl on Sept. 22. Should the Huskers win that game, they'll likely ride into the Orange Bowl undefeated, just as they did last year. —JACK MCCALLUM

*continued*

*With Smith following Traynowicz (right), the Husker attack may again be crushing.*

# 3. PITTSBURGH

Quarterback John Congemi heads a group of eight returning starters on offense, and the only real need on defense is a free safety. But the most exciting news from Pitt is that some number-cruncher has finally come up with a statistic for offensive linemen—a crunching number, so to speak—that promises to rescue football's faceless heroes from anonymity. It's called a "pancake" and is roughly equivalent to the prestigious quarterback sack: An offensive lineman gets a pancake every time he knocks a defender on his ——.

An —— is really what the new stat should be called, but they wouldn't print that in the newspaper, and publicity is the whole idea.

The demand for such a statistic is a consequence of offensive line coach Joe Moore's four years of success in the Pitt pit. Over that span every lineman who has started for Moore has gone on to start in the pros, which is why Dallas Cowboy player personnel development director Gil Brandt says, "Joe Moore is as good a line coach as there is in pro football." The Panthers have had a first-team All-America offensive lineman every year since 1980, and will again this season in tackle Bill Fralic, so the pancake stat comes not a minute too soon.

The line play has been so outstanding, in fact, that third-year coach Foge Fazio keeps heaping titles on Moore. In addition to his line duties, Moore is assistant head coach and offensive coordinator, and if Pittsburgh improves upon last season's 8–3–1 record, he may get the marching band to direct at halftime. "Joe Moore could make a ballplayer out of my grandmother," says another Panther assistant.

When asked his secret for building lines, Moore claims to have none. "We have a philosophy," he says with an impish grin. "No secrets." The keystone of Moore's philosophy is think *small*. No, not in size—the runt of Pitt's line is junior guard Mike Dorundo, who's 6′ 3″, 252 pounds—but in numbers. Like the beer that gets by on one-third less calories, Moore makes more with less, rejecting the common practice of redshirting sophomores and hoarding 20 to 25 linemen. "We try to keep it down to fifteen," he says. "The kids don't get caught up in the numbers game with us. They don't have to wait until they're juniors and seniors to play, so they're highly motivated."

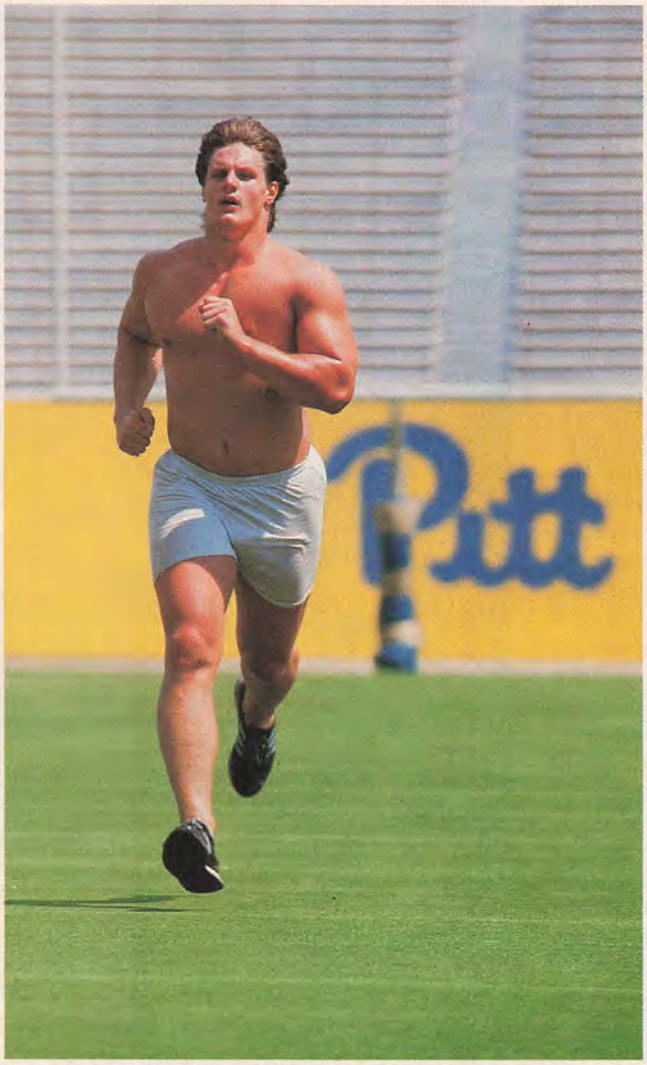
The rest of the Pitt philosophy seems to rest on the assumption that a lineman should be strong enough to roll back the stone slabs that are forever trapping Indiana Jones in crypts. The Panther weight-training coordinator is 26-year-old Buddy Morris, a 5′ 8″, 210-pound minihulk who has said, "I want to be a house." Morris believes in free weights, rather than Nautilus machines, and preaches the virtues of squats to players obsessed with developing big arms and chests. "The legs are the most important part of the body to develop," says Morris. "You can be built like Tarzan from the waist up, but if you're built like Jane from the waist down, you aren't going to move anybody off the line."

The leader of Pitt's offensive line is Fralic, the 6′ 5″, 275-pound senior who looks like Tarzan from any angle, although he makes so many pancakes he ought to work for IHOP. The Panthers are campaigning to make Fralic the first interior lineman ever to win the Heisman Trophy, which skeptics say is like entering a really great dump truck in the Indianapolis 500. Pittsburgh fans retort, "Hey, this is a really, *really* great dump truck." Fralic's physical gifts may be considerable, but his work habits are what inspire awe in his teammates and coaches. "His intensity is unbelievable," says Moore. "He won't go anywhere unless he has a place to work out."

Morris points out that the other Panthers feed off Fralic's intensity in the weight room: "Bill's the kind of guy who's going to grunt and groan, spit, scream, yell . . . and his eyes! During a set they get the size of golf balls." Sound crazy? Morris says, "You've got to be a little sick and a little crazy to get strong."

Pitt's opponents can reflect on that when they line up against the Panthers this fall. Those who aren't ready may wind up on their . . . pancakes.

—JOHN GARRITY




*Though he's a lineman, Fralic may make a run at the Heisman.*

*continued*

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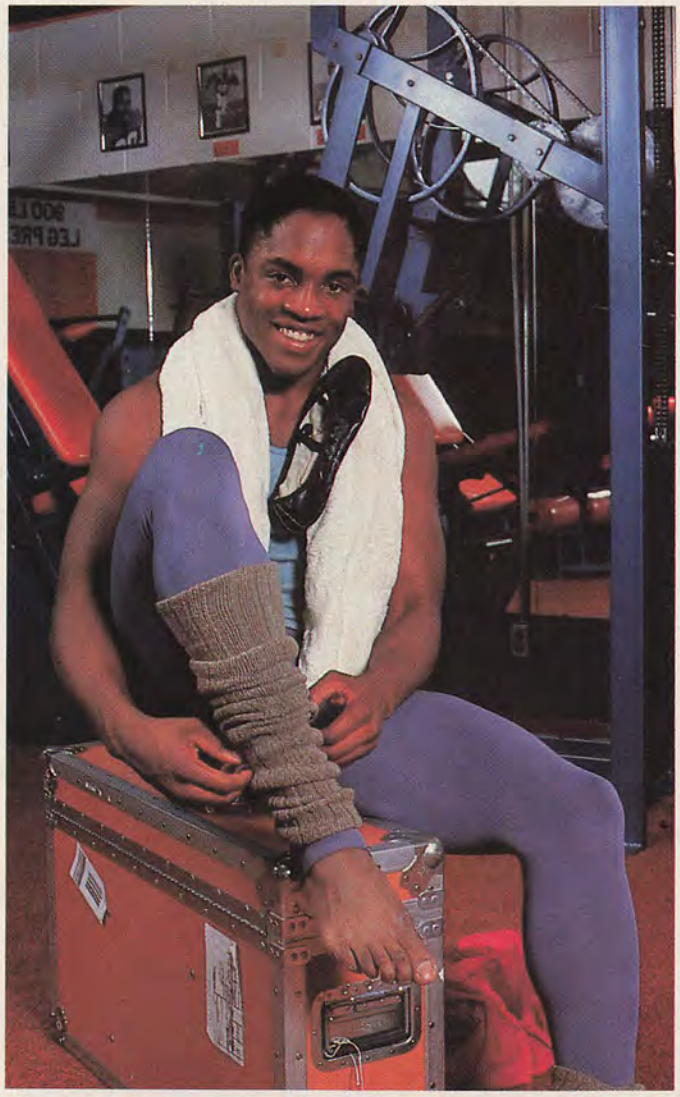
# 4. AUBURN

At first glance, Auburn coach Pat Dye's list of concerns for spring practice seemed normal enough: 1) Find a quarterback to run his read-and-react wishbone attack; 2) Replace placekicker Al Del Greco; 3) Hope that consensus All-America halfback Bo Jackson (*page 134*), who had skipped spring football to take a run at making the Olympic track team, didn't catch terminal tetanus from a cinder burn. The bottom line was that Dye really had to "find a personality on offense." The success of his endeavor will largely determine how good Auburn becomes in '84.

Dye had his team on the couch because, despite an 11–1 record, an SEC championship and a 9–7 defeat of Michigan in the Sugar Bowl, the 1983 offense had about as much personality as *The New York Times* computer that picked the Tigers as No. 1 in the nation at season's end. Last year Auburn had a way of letting drives stall inside the opponents' 30-yard line. The Tigers would grind yards out but rarely got large chunks in a single blow. Auburn's only loss, 20–7 to Texas, was foregone when the Tigers fell behind early and couldn't come back. Why, in beating Georgia, Auburn outgained the Dawgs 356 yards to 168, yet won only 13–7.

"We started developing a personality, but we didn't finish it," Dye says. The other items on Dye's spring list, however, seem to have been resolved: Redshirt freshman walk-ons Chris Knapp and Robert McGinty kicked adequately in the A-Day game, and three quarterback candidates showed they're capable of replacing Randy Campbell, who graduated. Junior Pat Washington had a clear edge until the spring game, when senior Mike Mann and freshman redshirt Jeff Burger led their team to a 41–14 romp over Washington's unit and threw matters open again. "They're very similar," Dye says. "They all have strong arms and are better-than-average runners. We'll be able to throw more this year, but that's partly because we have a strong running game."



*King is the premier performer in Auburn's seasoned secondary troupe.*

Jackson dominates the ground game, and Tommie Agee returns at fullback. Tim Jessie and Alan Evans should both see time in the halfback spot vacated by Lionel James. But before season's end, watch out for Brent Fullwood, a sophomore who had 114 yards in the A-Day game. Fullwood returned 13 of the 15 kickoffs and punts he fielded as a high school senior for TDs.

The Tiger defense is ornery. The standouts include Gregg Carr, who has averaged a team-leading 11 tackles a game over the past two seasons, and All-SEC cornerback David King, a member of the university's Dance Troupe. Three other starters return to the defensive backfield, a.k.a. the King and His Court. The line lost three All-SEC choices, but nine lettermen are back.

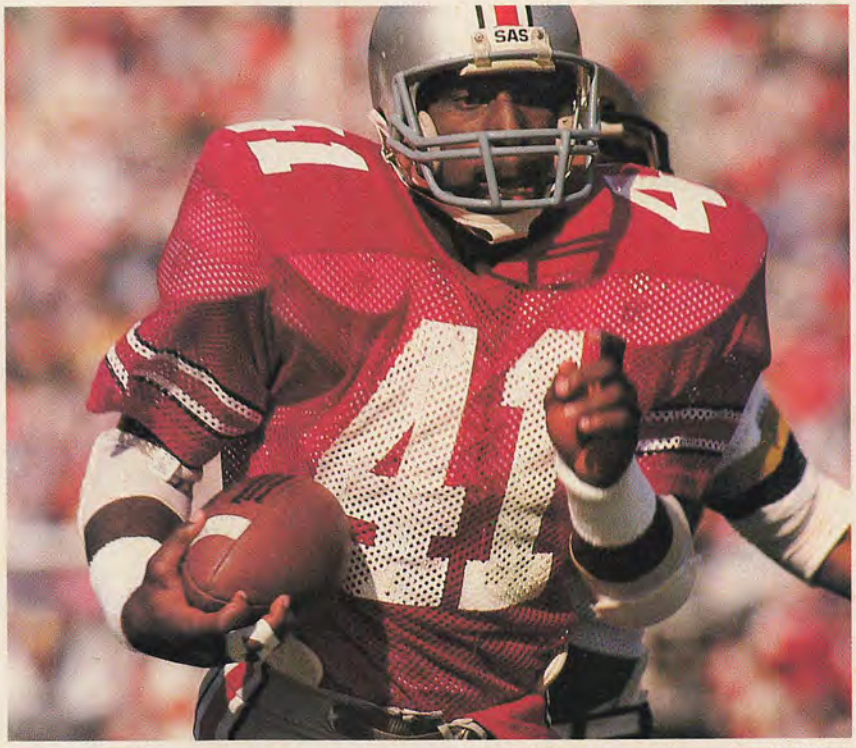
The addition of 20 freshman redshirts will help Auburn get through a nasty schedule that features an Aug. 27 opener against Miami in the Meadowlands and then seven other bowl teams. "And Southern Mississippi would have gone to a bowl if they hadn't been on probation," says Dye.

Whatever personality Dye's team develops, it'll be colored by a persecution complex based on the Tigers' ranking third in most of last season's final polls. "Put yourself in our shoes," says Jackson. "You're the No. 3 team, and the No. 1 and No. 2 teams lose. You should with no question move up to No. 1. But there comes a time in everyone's life when you're going to get screwed over. And that was our time."

Whether a team that can't score a touchdown in its bowl game deserves to be national champion is another question. Even this season, with a more engaging attack, the Tigers may not be the best team in the nation. But they should at least have an offense with personality. As for an offensive personality—that'll be left to the defense.

—ALEX WOLFF

# 5. OHIO STATE

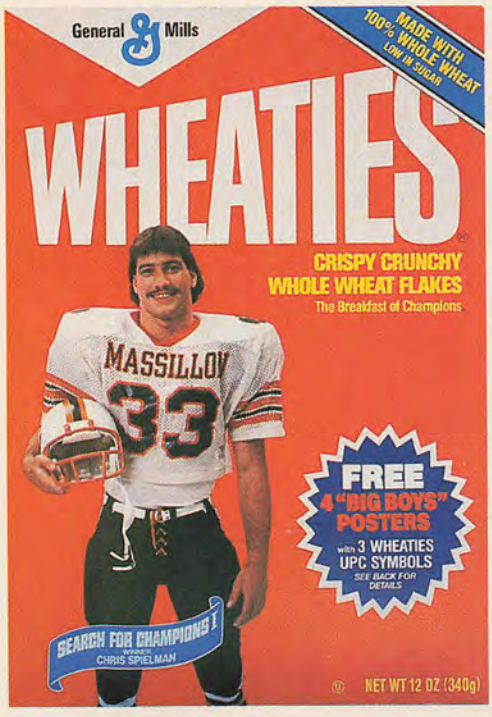


*Last season "Brampbell" led the Big Ten in rushing (1,199 yards) and in scoring (22 TDs).*

How quickly they forget. Last year Nebraska looked unstoppable. Then the Huskers lost to Miami in the Orange Bowl, and 4½ months later the USFL made Hurricane coach Howard Schnellenberger a rich goose. This season Ohio State may look just as unstoppable come bowl time. So take heart all you Pac-10 coaches: A Rose Bowl win could be your ticket to USFL fortunes. The wheels are humming. The Buckeyes are coming.

Or the wheels *were* humming, until senior quarterback Mike Tomczak broke his right leg in the final spring scrimmage. "It was an option play," says Tomczak. "I got flipped, with my leg pinned. Lucky it wasn't a knee or ankle." But it was the tibia and the fibula, a double break, both bad for Ohio State.

A two-year starter, Tomczak is an exceptional passer, runner and ballhandler. Last season he completed 131 of 237 passes (55%) for 1,942 yards and 13 touchdowns. As long as he's available to provide what he calls "the Turner Gill effect," the Buckeyes will score in bunches. "I just hope Coach [Earle Bruce] doesn't think I won't be able to handle the legwork," says Tomczak. He should be ready for the Buckeyes' Sept. 8 opener against Oregon State.




*With Spielman this may be the breakfast of national champions.*

Part 2 of the Ohio State attack is 6′ 2″, 230-pound junior tailback Keith Byars, who rushed for 1,199 yards and scored 22 touchdowns in 1983. Both totals led the Big Ten. According to Tomczak, Byars is also "the best receiver we have. He's a franchise." Byars's pals call him Brampbell, as in Jim Brown and Earl Campbell. Says Bruce, "He's the kind of guy who'll carry a lot."

Ohio State has its usual armada of superb offensive linemen. The top performer in '83 was 6′ 4″, 278-pound right tackle Mark Krerowicz, but he may relinquish that distinction to left guard Jim Lachey (6′ 6″, 264, 4.8 40), who was fast enough to run several 100-yard dashes for St. Henry (Ohio) High. The Buckeye offense may be comparable, in final point production, with that classic Lincoln (Neb.) limited edition of 1983. The Ohio State receiving corps doesn't feature an Irving Fryar, but it has some small fryars, including 5′ 11″ Jay Holland and 6-foot Mike Lanese.

On defense, "the inexperience in our secondary is overwhelming," says Bruce. "But we've got the bodies," insists Tomczak. On Bruce's desk sits a Wheaties box and the football player depicted on it—already!—is freshman linebacker Chris Spielman, dressed out in his Massillon (Ohio) High togs. "He'll be something," says Bruce of his prize recruit. "I've never seen a player with his intensity."

Compared with the death marches of Miami and Penn State, the Buckeyes have a hayride for a schedule. The three teams that beat Ohio State in '83—Iowa, Illinois and Michigan—must come to Columbus. The non-league opponents are Oregon State and Washington State, both at home. "We'll be young," says Tomczak, "but we can be like a Nebraska." Yes, the Buckeyes could be, as long as their trigger man remains an upright and mobile citizen. —RALPH WILEY

*continued*

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# 6. IOWA

Nobody needs one of linebacker Larry Station's beloved computers to collate the cold facts about the 1984 Hawkeyes. Input: one of the best quarterbacks in the country; the best running tandem in the Big Ten; all 11 starters back from a defense that allowed only two TDs (one to Michigan, one to Florida in the Gator Bowl) over the final six games of last season. Output: The Hawkeyes will challenge for the Big Ten crown and should be every bit as good as they were in '83, when they reached as high as No. 3 in the national rankings and finished 9–3 after a 14–6 loss in the Gator Bowl.

Put into quarterback's terms, "We won't have to score as much this year to be good," says Chuck Long, who last season wound up second nationally in passing efficiency. He was the only quarterback in the country to average more than 10 yards per passing attempt. Put into coach's terms, "I think our defense may just be the best in the nation this year," says coach Hayden Fry.

There's much preseason anticipation in Iowa City about the offense, too. Long, a 6′ 4″, 202-pound senior, has many weapons at his disposal. At tailback there's Owen Gill, the 6′ 1″, 226-pound baby bull who gained 798 yards in '83 despite injuries and sharing the job with the now departed Eddie Phillips. Also, there's Ronnie Harmon, who was dragged kicking and screaming from his beloved tailback position to wide receiver two years ago. All Harmon has done as a pass catcher is gain an average of 19 yards for his 54 catches as a two-year starter. Then there's Jonathan Hayes, who at 6′ 5″ and 245 pounds is such a specimen that one pro scouting service rates him as the nation's third-best tight end.

The defense is simply outstanding, and not just at Station's station. Two other headliners are tackle Paul Hufford and safety Mike Stoops. Station, a 6′ 1″, 233-pound second team All-America, is already being compared with Dick Butkus, the Big Ten's best linebacker ever. It's a little early for that but not too early to note that Station probably won't be doing any beer commercials. For Butkus, a byte might be something to do in the middle of a pileup, but to Station, a computer science major, bytes were a regular part of his summer job with IBM in Cedar Rapids. "I'm the type of linebacker who likes to play it straight rather than do a lot of reckless things like blitzing," says Station, reflecting his computer mentality.

Both Station and Hufford missed spring practice to protect old knee injuries. Hufford tore his up while wrestling in high school, and having made a remarkable recovery, he says he "wasn't about to risk 20 straight days practicing on artificial turf." Says linebacker coach Barry Alvarez, "We didn't worry about Larry and Paul. There's only so much we could've taught them anyway."

The same can't be said of the offensive line. What it may lack in experience it makes up for in beef. The Hawkeyes could go 280, 270, 277, 272 and 270 from tackle to tackle. That should provide an adequate wall for Long to throw over as well as open plenty of holes for Harmon and Gill. Harmon is a sneaky sort. During practice he would sometimes deliberately drop passes in an attempt to persuade Fry to return him to his old tailback position. "But Coach Fry always smiled at me 'cause he knew what I was doing," says Harmon.

Fry will know what's doing this season, too. He'll use Gill and Harmon in the same backfield, though he would prefer that Gill not know, because Gill doesn't want to move to fullback fulltime. Fry's dilemma is a pleasant one, and he'll find a way around it. In light of his 25–11 record over three years, Fry's devoted followers in Iowa City don't need a computer to tell them that he has been a miracle worker. —JACK MCCALLUM

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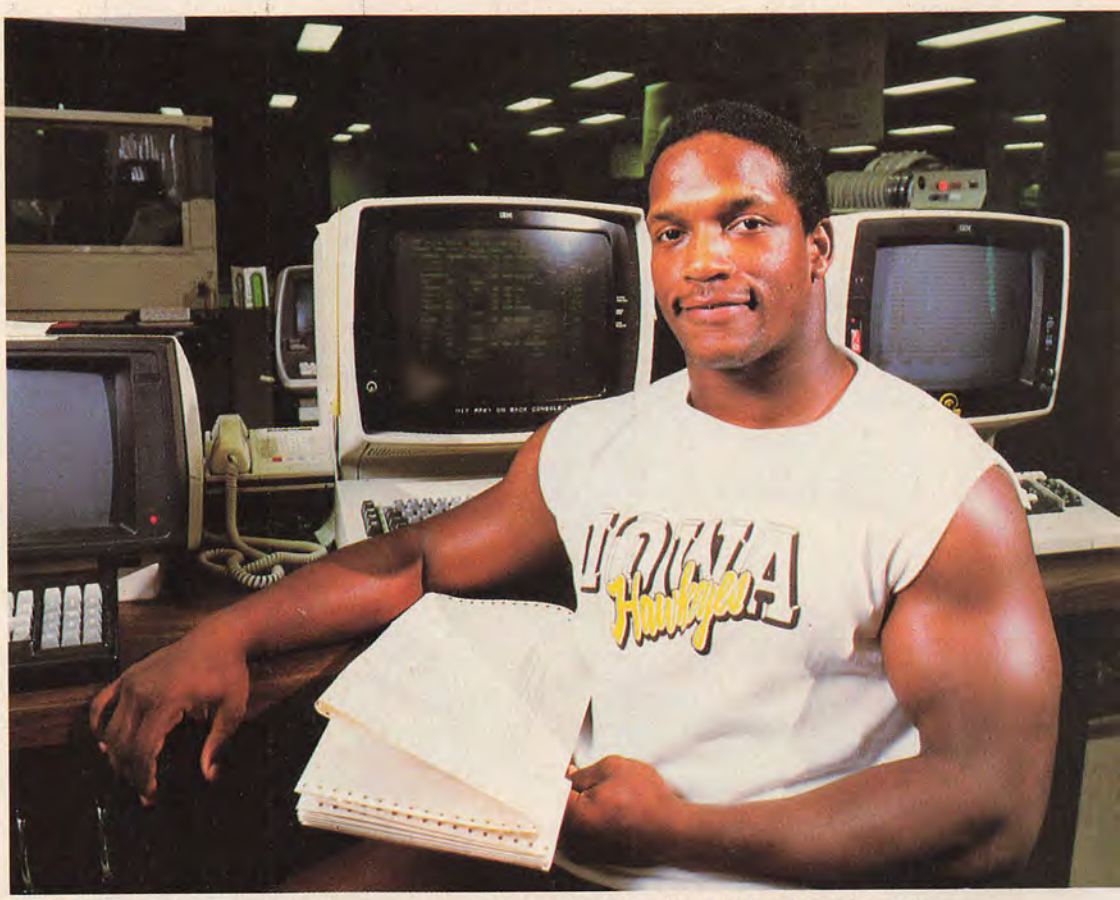


*Station's football style reflects his computer mentality: Play it straight and forgo reckless stunts.*

# 7. CLEMSON

A grudging "one more time" will have to suffice as the 1984 theme at Clemson. On probation for the third season in a row for recruiting violations, the Tigers enter this year knowing they won't have a shot at a bowl game or, in all likelihood, the national championship. Clemson had hoped to have a chance at a bowl because its two-year NCAA probation ends Nov. 21. But a separate ACC sanction continues through postseason play, and in June the conference turned down the school's appeal to reduce the sentence.

Coach Danny Ford admits it might take more salesmanship than even he can muster to get the Tigers to improve upon last year's 9–1–1 record. But Ford is the main reason Clemson has excelled despite the probation. A lean, 36-year-old tobacco-chewing Alabaman, he was a 210-pound tight end and offensive tackle and later a coach under Bear Bryant. Like his late mentor, Ford has an understated way of getting the most from his players and a calm demeanor that bespeaks longevity. "I try to be the same fella at the end as I started out," he says. Adds senior offensive tackle Jeff Cruce, "Coach is country, but he knows how to get us inspired." To wit: Since 1981, the year the Tigers won the national championship, Clemson has put together the best record—30–2–2—in college football and hasn't lost in the ACC.

That same "winner" tag can be applied to senior quarterback Mike Eppley, the third most efficient passer in the nation in '83. At 6′ 2″ and 185 pounds, Eppley started at point guard on the Clemson basketball team last season. Although the Tigers have lined up in the I formation 75% of the time the last three years, Eppley may be given more freedom to throw to a skilled group of young receivers. "I can't think of anything Mike has ever done wrong, to tell you the truth," says Ford.

The offensive line is experienced and rarely fooled by shifting defenses. Flying through the holes will be tailbacks Stacey Driver, a junior who averaged 5.3 yards per carry last year, and sophomore Terrence Flagler, who had gained 202 yards before suffering a season-ending knee injury in the second game. Sophomore Kenny Flowers, who runs a 4.45 40, has been switched from tailback to fullback.

Leading the defense is senior consensus All-America William (the Refrigerator) Perry, the 6′ 3″, 320-pound middle guard who's also known, for obvious reasons, as G.E. Perry. He can run a 5.05 40 and—get this—dunk a basketball. Perry beats opposing linemen with quickness as often as strength. In '83 he split time with William Devane, but with Devane and four other defensive linemen having moved on, Perry will now play nearly every down. He hopes to slim down to 295. "I'm best at 320," he says, "but the pro scouts will be impressed if I'm lighter."

Joining Perry on the line will be his brother, Michael, an '83 redshirt who's a mere babe at 265 pounds. "Michael is just like me," says William. "Totally awesome." The Tigers themselves might be, too, but unfortunately this probably won't be the best year to prove it.

—JAIME DIAZ

*continued*

***The Refrigerator is cool to the idea of playing below 320, but he'll do it for the scouts.***

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*Atkins (above) and Dupard may turn out to be as dynamic a duo as Dickerson and James.*

# 8. SMU

"We'll be a good team if we don't get our stinger bent early," says SMU coach Bobby Collins, clearly worrying about having to replace 15 starters (eight on defense) from the 1983 squad, which ended up 10–2 and No. 10 in the nation. But the Mustangs, who have put together a 31–3–1 record over the past three seasons, will be 5–0 before they play anybody. SMU opens with Louisville, North Texas State, TCU, Baylor and Houston. Stingees all.

The season doesn't get interesting, and perhaps ugly, until the Mustangs play at Texas on Oct. 27 in a game that should decide the SWC title. SMU won it in 1981 and '82, Texas (over SMU) in '83. Many Mustang boosters blame Texas for the tip-offs that launched the ongoing NCAA investigation of the SMU football program. THE LIES OF TEXAS ARE UPON YOU read SMU bumper stickers. Meanwhile, Longhorn fans add to the atmosphere of the Vitriol Bowl with bumper stickers that read SUPPORT PRO FOOTBALL: WATCH THE SMU MUSTANGS.

A more immediate problem for Collins is coping with the loss of All-America safety Russell Carter, a first-round pick of the Jets. "We don't have anyone who can control the game sideline to sideline the way Russell could," says Collins. But what Collins does have is all-conference and potential All-America outside linebacker Anthony Beverly, the leading tackler on a defense that ranked second in the nation in '83. "We're going to turn Anthony loose," says Collins. "We'll be sending our linebackers as often as we can."

Collins's penchant for sending his linebackers came to international attention last year when Japanese baseball legend Shigeo Nagashima came to SMU with a Japanese film crew to publicize the Mustangs' game with Houston in the 1983 Mirage Bowl in Tokyo. When Nagashima insisted on playing quarterback for one play, Collins showed him how to work a sprint-out pass. Collins then told the Mustang defense to go easy on the visiting star. But as Nagashima ran right, linebacker Tony Shelman—"There's always someone who doesn't get the word," says Collins—made a crunching tackle that carried Nagashima out of bounds and up against a fence. "Aw, I think Nagashima enjoyed a real football experience," says Collins. But not as much as Collins enjoys telling the story.

Collins has replaced his entire defensive line with smaller players. "We'll stunt 'em, slant 'em and shift 'em," he says of his plans to make up in finesse what the '84 line lacks in beef. The lynchpin will be sophomore noseguard Jerry Ball, who, at 6 feet and 258 pounds, is aptly nicknamed Ice Box.

The outlook brightens on offense. SMU has a pair of tailbacks who could make Pony fans forget Eric Dickerson and Craig James. Junior Reggie Dupard and sophomore Jeff Atkins combined for 2,186 yards and 16 TDs in '83. Among backs with at least 150 carries, only Heisman winner Mike Rozier and Auburn's Bo Jackson averaged more yards per carry than Dupard's 6.3, and Super Dupe's 1,249 yards rushing ranked him first in the SWC and seventh nationally. Atkins, more of a power runner, broke Earl Campbell's SWC freshman rushing mark with 937 yards. The problem is that SMU lacks a blocker to complement this duo. Fullbacks Gary Hashaway (5′ 11″, 195 pounds) and Cobbie Morrison (6 feet, 185) are runners, not blockers.

SMU's recent success has been founded on the run, but this year's team will pass more. Junior Don King replaces four-year starter Lance McIlhenny at quarterback. He throws better than McIlhenny but lacks experience pitching the ball on the Mustangs' bread-and-butter option play. King, who'll get ample protection from an offensive line anchored by two All-SWC selections, center Chris Jackson and guard Andrew Campbell, will throw often to wide receiver Ron Morris, a potential game-breaker who had 41 catches for 688 yards last fall.

In all, if their defense matures fast enough, the Mustangs may not get their stinger bent early *or* late. —JACK FALLA

*continued*

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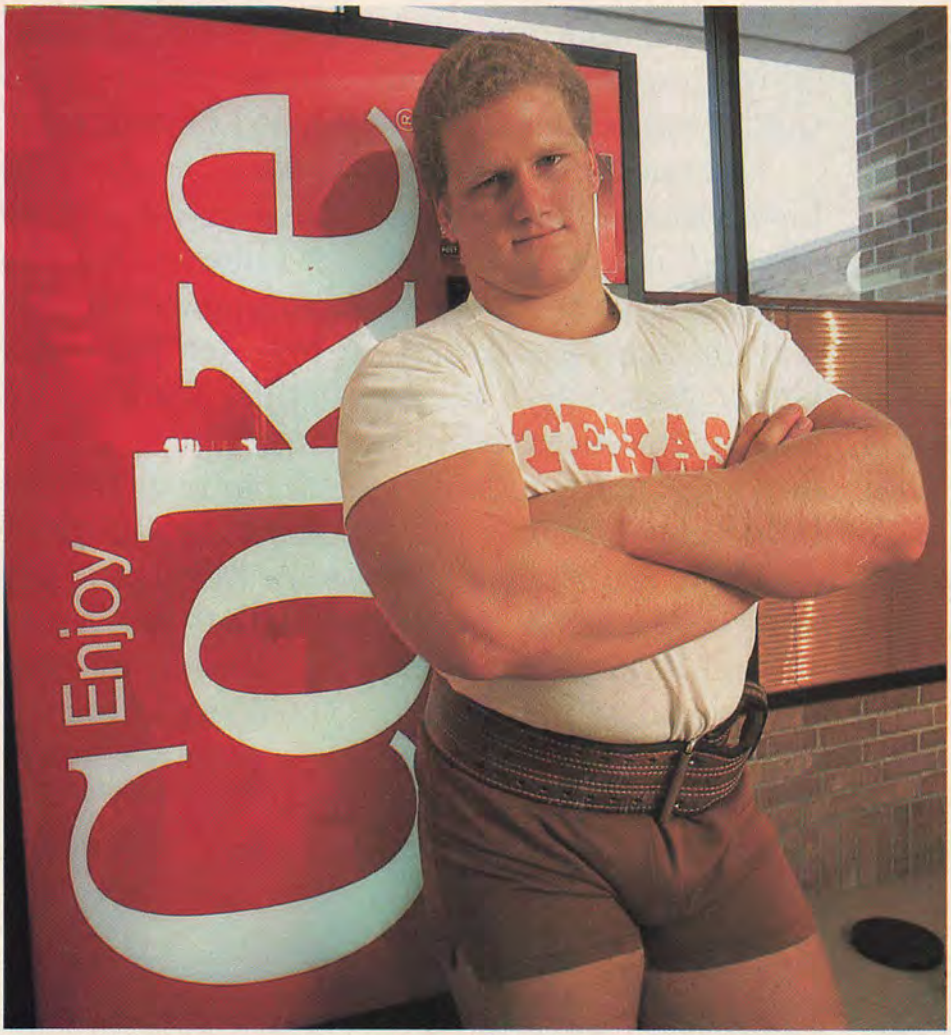
# 9. TEXAS

When ABC-TV's Bill Flemming told Texas coach Fred Akers that he had heard the Longhorns would be ranked as high as third in some preseason polls, Akers was incredulous. "We lose 28 players from a fifth-ranked team and they jump us to third?" said Akers. "Either some people think a whole lot of our coaching or very little of those players."

While Texas's losses are severe—three of the non-returners were All-Americas, eight started on defense, 18 were drafted by the pros and four were signed as free agents—Akers restates his old Texas-doesn't-rebuild-it-reloads theme when he says, "Rebuilding years here are different than rebuilding years at most schools. We tend not to slip too far."

Still, Akers will have to surmount more than personnel losses if the Horns are to match their achievements of '83, when they finished the regular season 11–0 before losing 10–9 to Georgia in the Cotton Bowl. Texas faces a brutal non-conference schedule—Book 'em Horns—doesn't have a quarterback and has five key players hoping to recover from injury in time to play. Akers has four quarterback candidates: seniors Todd Dodge, who can pass but can't run; Rob Moerschell, a so-so thrower who lacks the speed to be a threat on the run-pass option; and Danny Akers, the coach's son, who does most things well but none superbly; and redshirt freshman Bret Stafford, who can run, pass and scramble but lacks experience. Whoever wins the job—the smart money's on Dodge—will have two premium receivers in Brent Duhon (13 receptions, 344 yards, five touchdowns in '83) and Bill Boy Bryant (14, 259, three).

The Longhorns also have a herd of first-rate fullbacks, led by Ronnie Robinson, who averaged 5.2 yards per carry in '83. Finding a tailback, however, could be difficult. Sophomore Edwin Simmons is potentially Texas's best impact runner since Earl Campbell. "He can run through, over, around or by people," says center Gene Chilton. But Simmons had surgery on both knees in the off-season. "He has a chance to play," says Akers, "but it will be a major rehab job." Backup tailback Anthony Byerly is also questionable after pulling a hamstring in spring drills.




*Texas fans are likely to go for the change in the Coke Machine, who switches from tackle to center.*

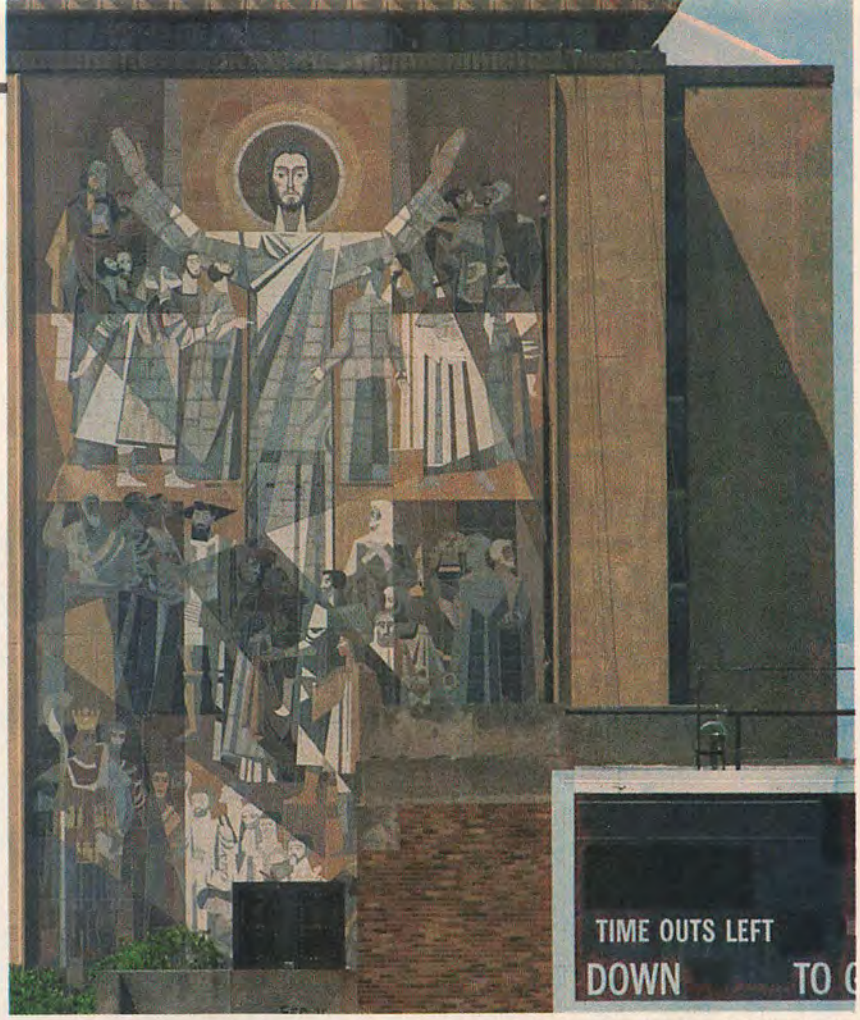
Gene, Gene the Coke Machine (that's Coke as in soda pop) is the team's moniker for the 6′ 3″, 280-pound Chilton, who's being switched from tackle to center, where he'll anchor an offensive line that lost four of five starters, not counting both tight ends. Chilton, who has bench-pressed 502½ pounds, a team record for offensive linemen, says he's adjusting well to the change in position: "A center always has a man right there in front of him, so I don't have to go hunting all over for someone to hit."

The D is led by senior All-America safety Jerry Gray, the Longhorns' leading tackler in 1983 with 121. Gray's roommate, 6′ 4″, 280-pound tackle Tony Degrate, will key the defensive front. The punting and the field-goal kicking are in the good feet of junior John Teltschik (43.9-yard average last fall) and sophomore Jeff Ward (a perfect 31 PATs and 18 of 19 field-goal attempts).

Akers's expectation of his inexperienced squad: "We'll be a typical Texas team. We'll scramble, bite and second-effort you all over the field. We'll find a way to win, we just may not always look right doing it."

—JACK FALLA

# 10. NOTRE DAME




*Since Faust's arrival, the Irish have gone 9–7 while playing beneath Touchdown Jesus.*

Can there be a worse place to be a mediocre football coach than at Notre Dame? Legends lurk everywhere. Games are broadcast around the world. Subway alumni think they own the place. Orphans and missionaries weep with every TD given up.

Then there are the students. A bright, athletic bunch of wise guys (and, yes, wise women), they revel in needling their losing teams. Take last spring's Bookstore Basketball Tournament, the annual all-campus free-for-all in which coach Gerry Faust (5–6, 6–4–1, 6–5 in three regular seasons) and four of his assistants entered as a team called The Old Men on the Block. Their first opponent was The Esophagus Constrictors, a quintet of engineering students who wore street shoes and black socks and played with slide rules hanging from their shorts. Just before the tip-off the students pulled off their sweat shirts to reveal green T shirts, a parody of Faust's ploy when he had the Irish don green jerseys before last season's USC game.

It was sort of funny, and Faust smiled. The Old Men won and moved on to play Your Freudian Slip Is Showing, led by senior engineering and theology major Mike Kitz. The Slips warmed up in Notre Dame sweat shirts and then took them off to reveal football jerseys, one each from Michigan State, Miami, Pitt, Penn State and Air Force, the five teams that beat the Irish in '83. This wasn't funny.

"The coaches were a little mad," recalls Kitz. "They threw a lot more elbows than in their other game."

Kitz, whose team lost to the coaches 21–19 (baskets counted one point), admits that most students like Faust personally but aren't optimistic about his coaching ability. "We see how big and skilled the athletes are, and then we see them lose," he says. "A lot of students—I'm not one—think Faust should become the head recruiter and step down as coach."

To be sure, Faust can sell Notre Dame. It's generally conceded that he has brought more talent to South Bend in the last four years than any other college has acquired over that span. Faust has had everything but a quarterback, but he has one now in sophomore Steve Beuerlein, who took over early last October and threw for 1,061 yards. The Irish have all but five starters back from last season, losing only guard Neil Maune on offense. Everyone is strong, huge and fast, except for 5′ 9″, 183-pound junior tailback Allen Pinkett, who is only strong and fast. Pinkett, who bench-presses 390 pounds, ran for 1,394 yards last year. If Notre Dame can't win big this fall—and big means going 10–1 or 9–2—Faust will have done less with more than anyone since Jayne Mansfield.

One thing Faust must overcome is November. Under his guidance the Irish are 3–8 in turkey month. Another problem is the team's performance at Notre Dame Stadium. Under Faust the Irish are only 9–7 beneath the watchful eye of Touchdown Jesus, the fresco that overlooks the field. "I don't know what the problem is at home," says Faust, "but I don't like it." Nor do the students, and they're ready to punt. —RICK TELANDER

*continued*

*In the Bookstore Basketball Tournament the students wore harsh reminders for Faust.*

# 11. PENN STATE

Joe Paterno is involved in a salad and his thoughts at the Nittany Lion Inn on the Penn State campus. This is one of those days when all considerations seem fine. The spring tomatoes are ripe and flavorful, and Paterno has just had one of the better recruiting years in his 18 seasons at Penn State. It certainly was his best ever in Georgia, Alabama and South Carolina. Indeed, Paterno wooed three superb Southerners who he thinks could help him win another national championship. Not this year, but maybe in '85. Paterno's mood is convivial—until last season's 0–3 start comes up. Then his eyes and voice drop noticeably. "We were broken," he says. "Broken."

After those defeats, the Lions were 8–1–1, with the only loss being to Boston College. "When I took over in 1966, we went five and five," Paterno says. "Then the next year we lost the opener to Navy. Then a win, then a loss to UCLA. Then we didn't lose for a while." A while was 2½ seasons, during which the Nittany Lions went 30–0–1. But critics scoffed at the patsies on the Penn State schedule and said to the Lions: Go south or west, if you dare. Paterno broadened the schedule, and in 1982 Penn State won the national championship.

As Paterno's teams took to the road, they attracted the interest of high school players south and west. Penn State's home-and-home series with Alabama the last two years influenced running back Kevin Woods of Fultondale High in Birmingham to go to University Park. "You'd figure we couldn't get a road map down there," says Paterno with a smile. From Athens, Ga., right out from under Georgia coach Vince Dooley's nose, comes center George Mrvos. "Incredible player," says Paterno. However, the most talented freshman may be Raymond Roundtree, a wide receiver from Aiken, S.C. Sorry about that, Clemson.

"Roundtree is an honors graduate, a very exceptional student," Paterno says. "That had to do with his decision." Roundtree's smarts and 4.4 40s take the sting out of Penn State's losing such pass catchers as Kevin Baugh and All-America Kenny Jackson. Sophomore wide receiver Sid Lewis, who has a 10.3 100 meters to his credit, should fill in nicely, too.

*It's not stretching it to say that Dozier may be the best sophomore runner in the country.*

At quarterback is senior Doug Strang, who looked so awful he was benched in a 44–6 loss to Nebraska in the '83 Kickoff Classic. "I felt badly about the way I handled that," says Paterno. "But we straightened it out. He's the man." For the season Strang ended up completing 134 of 259 passes (51.7%) for 1,944 yards and 19 touchdowns, and threw only seven interceptions.

Last fall D.J. Dozier became the first freshman in Penn State history to rush for 1,000 yards (1,035), and he eased the loss of Curt Warner to the NFL. Paterno tried to downplay Dozier's feats, but that may be more difficult in '84. "You've got to give Dozier a chance to do something first," Paterno says, trying to keep the Dozier hype down. "He doesn't have to be Superman, but he does have to play well." In fact, the 6′ 1″, 201-pound Dozier may well be the best sophomore runner in the country.

Paterno redshirted 29 players last season—the first time he played that game—and now those redshirts will form the nucleus of the defense. Of the team's 61 returnees, 41 are sophomores, and inexperience could hurt Paterno at times. "We have to look at losing some games," says Paterno. O.K., say, three. "This is the youngest team and the toughest schedule we've ever had," says Paterno, who has consecutive games with Iowa, Texas, Maryland and Alabama. There's no more talk, though, of being broken. —RALPH WILEY

*continued*

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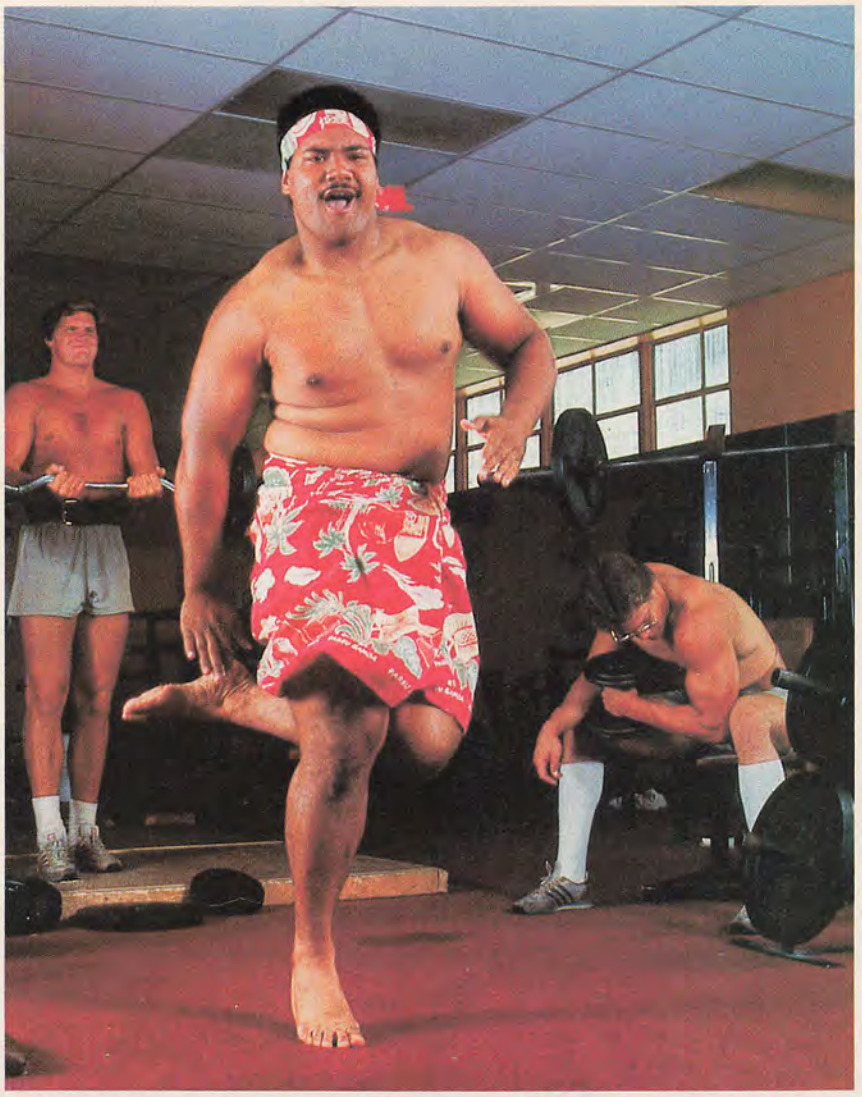
# 12. ARIZONA STATE



*One of seven Samoans on the squad, Saleaumua boogies while his teammates pump iron.*

Arizona State placekicker Luis Zendejas, that noted bilingual auto mechanic, is called Automatic, which has nothing to do with the transmission in his 1968 Camaro. Zendejas, unlike his Chevy, never needs to have his timing adjusted. "We've done a great job of leaving him alone," says Sun Devil coach Darryl Rogers. Zendejas was a first-team All-America selection last season, when he equaled an NCAA record with 28 field goals. He should eclipse Tony Dorsett's career scoring record of 356 points by midseason.

Zendejas was a featured speaker at as many as five athletic banquets a week last spring. Handsome, intelligent and personable, he is a fan favorite. And he speaks Spanish in a state with a large Hispanic community. "He's Number One on the hit parade," Rogers says.

But Zendejas is hardly the whole game plan. Ten of 11 starters return from a defense that last fall was both stingy—it yielded just 294.5 yards per game, the fewest in the Pac-10—and woefully green. The Devils lost three games in the final minute, two in the last 10 seconds. "What it got down to was inexperienced kids," says Rogers. "When more pressure was put on, we didn't hold up as well."

The defensive line was also too light. This year the front three have beefed up 20 to 25 pounds a man. End Taleni Wright and noseguard Danny Saleaumua are two of seven Samoans on the team. Wright, who's 6′ 3″, 250 pounds, was a three-time MVP of his high school volleyball team in Samoa and can dunk a ball over the crossbar. Saleaumua is 6 feet, 285 pounds and has happy feet. He belongs to a Samoan dance company in San Diego and has outstanding lateral movement.

Linebacker Jimmy Williams is small—6 feet, 220—but tough. He was a two-time state wrestling champ at Tempe High and used to go by Sun Devil Stadium on his way to school. He has led the Sun Devils in tackles the last two years. Safety David Fulcher, a 6′ 3″, 220-pound blitzer, had 110 tackles in '83, including five sacks, and four interceptions.

Rogers canceled the final three days of spring practice, satisfied that he'd found a quarterback in Jeff Van Raaphorst, who played only two minutes in 1983. Van Raaphorst has a terrific arm: In his senior year in high school, he passed for 2,975 yards and 25 TDs. He also has gridiron genes: His father, Dick, placekicked for Ohio State, the Dallas Cowboys and the San Diego Chargers. What he obviously doesn't have is experience. As for the dangers of a neophyte signal-caller, Rogers says, "He'll be excellent in every phase you'd ever want until 7:30 Saturday night. The defense may do something he's not prepared for. Will he adjust? Will he *see* it? When 70,000 fans are there, will he perform?"

Rogers has no such anxieties about junior tailback Darryl Clack, who last season led the Pac-10 in rushing with a 93.2-yards-per-game average. In high school Clack was known as Mr. Click, and during his freshman year at Arizona State, stadium vendors sold maroon-and-gold metal noisemakers known as Darryl Clackers (three for $1).

The inexperienced offensive line calls itself The Hogs, but it may just be Deviled ham. A bigger problem for the offense will be to resist easing-up inside the 30—"Automatic" territory. "With Luis, anytime you're inside the 35 you have a great chance to come away with points," says Rogers, "but it also hurts you because you become a three-down team."

As far as problems go, Zendejas is a nice one to have. —BRUCE ANDERSON

# 13. MIAMI

"Dear ———:

"As I am sure you are aware, several weeks ago I made a choice to join the new Miami franchise of the United States Football League. When you learned of this, I know you were confused, disappointed and, perhaps, even angry. I certainly understand all of those feelings."

He sure ought to, old Howard Schnellenberger, the ambitious, pipe-smoking wizard coach who in five seasons led the Hurricanes from torpor to the 1983 national championship and then jumped ship. In June he sent the above letter (which went on for a few more paragraphs) to each of his Miami players in an effort to soothe feelings and smooth the path for new coach Jimmy Johnson.

But when a coach leaves *after* spring practice and *after* he has already signed recruits and *after* he has said he isn't going anywhere—well, it takes more than a letter to clear the air. "When he came across the country to visit me, he said that if I went to Miami he would be my surrogate father, confessor and uncle," says freshman recruit Bill Cichoke of Portland, Ore. "I guess I just lost a whole family in Miami."

The veterans have tried to be diplomatic. "I wanted to be angry," says senior tackle Dave Heffernan, the leader of Miami's "Melting Pot" offensive line, which returns intact. "But then I heard about the deal he's getting, and I can't fault him."

Heffernan and his buddies—guards Alvin Ward and Juan Comendeiro, tackle Paul Bertucelli and center Ian Sinclair—are the unlikely keys to the Hurricanes' chances this year. Resembling an elevator crowd at the U.N. more than a football unit, the group thrives on its disparateness almost as much as on its skill. "We've got an Irishman, an Italian, a black from Chicago, a Canadian and a Cuban," says Heffernan. "The immigration people could wipe us out."

But from diversity comes strength, and the Pot allowed only 21 sacks last year on a team that threw 33 times a game. This season the line not only must give quarterback Bernie Kosar time to work his stuff—to throw those little out patterns to the tight end and backs, to hit star senior wide receiver Ed Brown over the middle—but it also needs to give Johnson, 40, late of Oklahoma State, time to learn who and what he's coaching. Johnson is dazed by Miami's sadistic schedule. "We start with Auburn, Florida and Michigan, all on the road," he says. "How you like them apples?" In all, Miami faces eight bowl teams.

Johnson plans to tinker some with the defensive sets, but on offense he'll pretty much stick to what Schnellenberger did. "It's like they say," says Johnson. "If it ain't broke, don't fix it." Especially if you have eight starters back from the nation's best passing attack. Just four defensive first-stringers return.

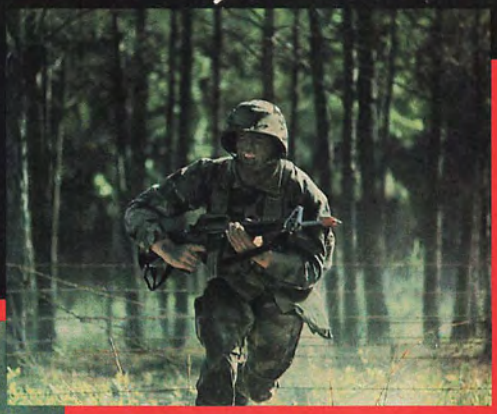
"There was a lot of talk about national champ-itis," says Heffernan. "But losing your coach and getting a schedule like ours is a helluva cure." —RICK TELANDER

*continued*

***Miami's Melting Pot: from left, Heffernan, Ward, Sinclair, Comendeiro and Bertucelli.***

# 3 months ago he was just a face in the crowd.

Now you can see his confidence and determination in his face. They were developed through tough Marine Corps training. It's where we start. We take young men, good men, and make them better. Our DIs work with them, lead them and instill in them pride, confidence and respect—for both themselves and others. If you're tired of being just another face in the crowd...



***We're looking for a few good men.***

# Marines

# 14. OKLAHOMA

Ah, those lovable Sooners: a 90-yard touchdown one minute, a fumble the next; a problem with grades one week, a minor crime wave the next. Well, the word is out in Norman that after last year's carnival, enough is enough. Besides the ballyhooed departure of Marcus Dupree, 1983 brought the usual plethora of fumbles (39), dropped passes and penalties (95, breaking a Big Eight record that had stood since 1952). Result: The '83 Sooners had the distinction of being the first eligible Oklahoma team since 1969 to stay home at bowl time.

Local newspapers called for coach Barry Switzer's resignation, and the school's board of regents didn't uphold its eight-year tradition of adding a year to his rolling five-year contract. The board expressed its concern about the players' slipshod academic image, their lack of discipline on and off the field and Switzer's business ventures. This spring he was cleared of insider trading charges in a suit brought by the Securities and Exchange Commission. At press time, though, he is appealing a Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation request that he and two partners cough up $1.5 million in loans they owe to Penn Square Bank in Oklahoma City, which folded.

Switzer laid down the law with his players at a meeting in January. "I'd never heard a speech like that," says running back Spencer Tillman, "There were tears in his eyes." Switzer railed about the 12 losses in three years, about rededication and new rules of conduct. There would be classroom attendance checks, no more tardiness at team meetings and more offseason conditioning. And he added, "Don't test me. I love you, but I'll kick off the team anyone who breaks the rules." Another crackdown: The university has announced that in the fall it will begin testing varsity athletes for drugs.

Along with all that, Switzer has junked the I formation, which the Sooners never really learned to run anyway, and reverted to the wishbone. It's a modified 'bone, updated for the passing age by new offensive coordinator Mack Brown, formerly the head coach at Appalachian State. Switzer calls the alignment a "scramblebone," because the backs "scatter like a covey of quail" before the snap. "The idea is to look complicated and be simple," says Brown, "to shift into passing formations without altering the simplified blocking patterns of the wishbone."

The Mack attack will be run by Danny Bradley, who, with his 4.41 40 speed, is a natural wishbone quarterback. Eight other offensive starters return, including Tillman, who ran for 1,047 yards in '83. Part-timer Earl Johnson, who had 945 yards, is also back. The defense, seventh nationally last year, lost five players in the first 36 picks of the NFL draft, and two others who started in the USFL. But that still leaves preseason All-America end Kevin Murphy, noseman Tony Casillas ("Feet like a sewing machine," says Switzer) and Keith Stanberry, the best strong safety in the Big Eight. A fourth straight four-loss season would surely cost Switzer his job, but he's safe for now.

—N. BROOKS CLARK

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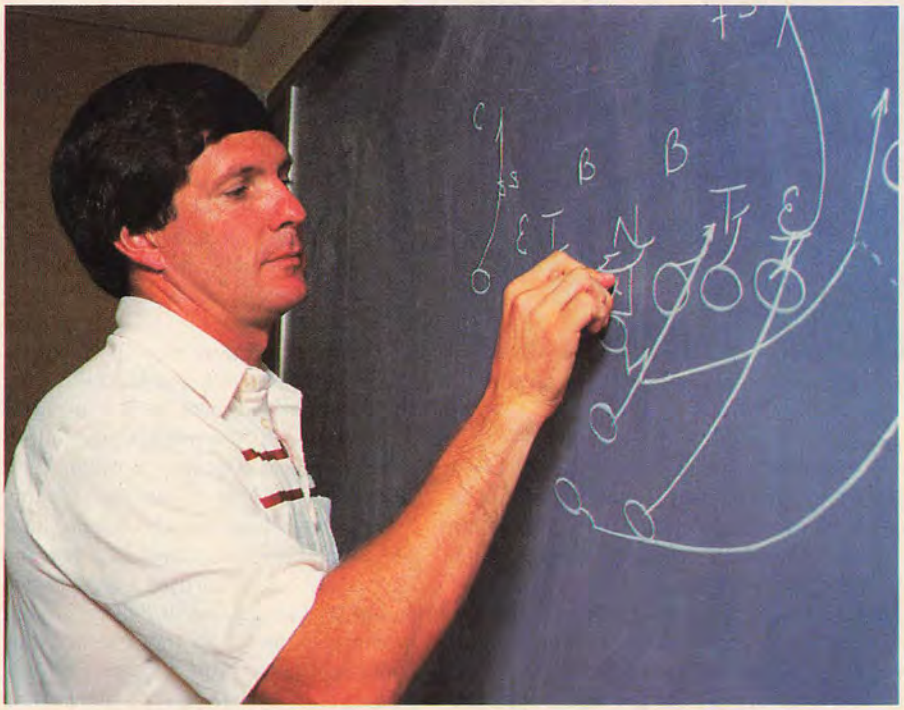

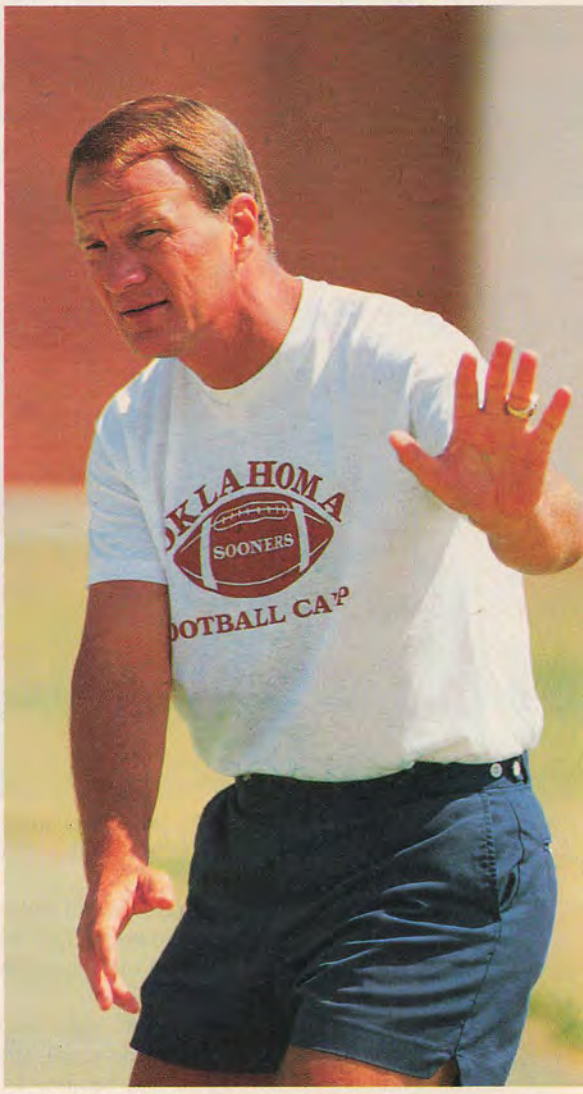


*While Brown reinstates the wishbone, Switzer hopes to halt Sooner shenanigans.*

# 15. FLORIDA

It could get scary in Gainesville this fall. Florida fans have waited 78 years for the Gators to win their first SEC championship, and the fateful day is drawing closer. Everyone wants to be a part of it: Twenty-five daily newspapers cover Gator home games, and the names of 54 businesses in the Gainesville telephone directory include the word Gator. "I'm not sure we want to fool with the hype," says coach Charley Pell. "It's a motivator." But Pell knows hype is a two-edged sword and answers accordingly when asked if, at last, this might be the Year of the Gator: "We expect to be a contender."

*Raymond and Perkins, Mr. Short and Mr. Long, are half the reason Gator kicking is tops.*

Florida has become more and more of a contender since rising from the 0–10–1 ruins of 1979, Pell's first season. Last year's 9–2–1 team was the best in Gator history. Florida began 1983 by handing eventual national champion Miami its only loss and wound up by beating Iowa in the Gator Bowl to finish in the Top 10 for the first time.

However, for Florida to continue to improve, Pell must find a quarterback to replace Wayne Peace, who started the Gators' last 43 games. Says senior Roger Sibbald, one of the eight candidates, "If you could put all of our talents together, you'd have an All-America. Of course, none of us is perfect." Pell will settle for something less. "By midseason I see strong quarterback play," he says.

Florida's attack should get a boost from new offensive coordinator Galen Hall, who held the same job at Oklahoma for 11 seasons. Hall won't tinker much with the Gator pro set, but he will make sure that junior tailback Neal Anderson has ample opportunity to improve his nine-touchdown, second-team All-SEC performance of '83. "I'm looking forward to being relied upon," says Anderson, a public relations major with a B average. "I enjoy persuading others to my way of thinking."

Bolstering the offense are versatile tailback Lorenzo Hampton and powerful fullback John L. Williams. They'll run behind a huge, experienced line, which is led by all-conference center Phil Bromley and 6′ 5″, 277-pound tackle Lomas Brown. Says Pell, who was a 180-pound tackle for Bear Bryant at Alabama, "The good Lord is good to teams with good tackles."

When drives stall, Florida can turn to the country's best kicking game. Ray Criswell averaged 47.4 yards on long-range punts, while coffin-corner specialist Dave Nardone had six of his flares downed inside the 10-yard line. The platoon system worked for field goals as well, with Bobby Raymond converting 20 of 23 attempts inside the 50, and Chris Perkins, who also kicks off, making all three of his long-distance boots—from 47, 48 and 53 yards.

On defense, the Gators lost two-time All-America linebacker Wilber Marshall as well as their entire secondary. But middle guard Tim Newton thinks the '84 unit will be even better than the '83 bunch. "The guys are more mature," he says. "We're being grown up about it." Newton should know; he has grown from a 6-foot, 220-pound freshman linebacker to a 280-pound senior, and he still runs a 4.85 40. Florida's new defensive backs will have to grow up quickly to contend with Miami's Bernie Kosar in the season opener.

Except for an NCAA inquiry into possible recruiting violations that was pending at press time, the Gators' sternest test will again come in the eighth and ninth games of the season, against Auburn and Georgia. In 28 years of such scheduling, Florida has consecutively beaten both SEC rivals only three times. Last year the Gators lost to Auburn by seven points and to Georgia by one. If Pell develops a quarterback and wins those games, this could be the year the waiting ends for Florida fans.

—JAIME DIAZ

*continued*

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2. This contest is only open to adults of legal drinking age. Each entry must be mailed separately to: J&B Scotch Super Sweepstakes, P.O. Box 3693, Syosset, N.Y. 11775
Entries must be received by October 31st, 1984.
**3. Three Grand Prize Winners and 1,000 second prize Stadium Seat Cushion Winners will be selected. Each Grand Prize Winner will receive a trip for 2 to Super Bowl XIX including round trip airfare for two, hotel accommodations for 3 days/2 nights including breakfast and dinner, rental car and 2 tickets to Super Bowl XIX.**
**4. Winners will be selected at random by National Judging Institute, Inc., an independent judging organization whose decisions are final on all matters relating to this sweepstakes. All prizes will be awarded and winners notified by mail. Only one prize to an individual or family. Prizes are nontransferable and no substitutions or cash equivalents are allowed. Taxes, if any, are the responsibility of the individual winners. Winners may be asked to execute an affidavit of eligibility and release.**
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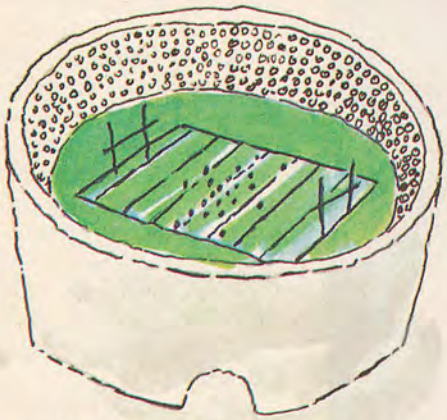

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Mail to: J&B Scotch Super Sweepstakes
P.O. Box 3693, Syosset, N.Y. 11775
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# 16. ALABAMA

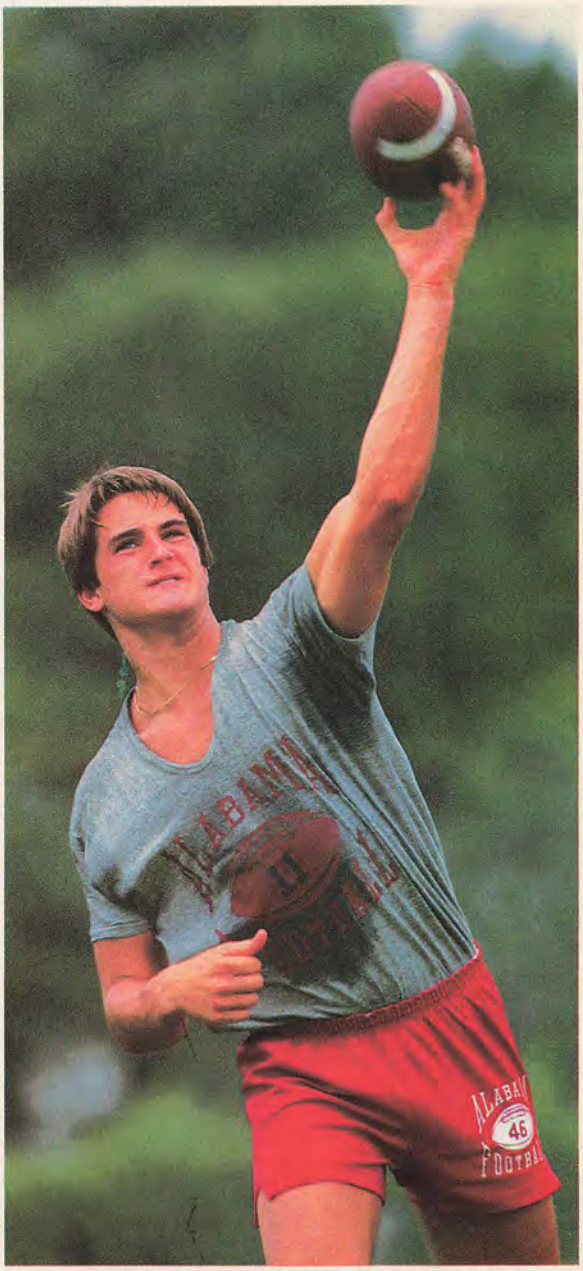
Ray Perkins spent most of last year, his rookie season as Alabama's coach, trying to convince people that he didn't feel any pressure after stepping into the territory that for 25 years had been Bear Bryant's domain. Everywhere he turned, though, Perkins saw paw prints. He had Bryant's famous tower hauled away from the practice field, and the fans erupted. He instituted a multiple, pro-style offense, and many Alabamans, who couldn't bear to think of a Tide team that didn't play the wishbone, became skeptical.

However, Perkins kept right on fighting the legend. He immersed himself in 18-hour workdays, arriving at his office at 5:30 a.m. and often not leaving before midnight. He scheduled brainstorming sessions every few days with his staff. He pitched his program to the Red Elephant and Touchdown booster clubs.

Perkins silenced some of the critics by turning the Alabama offense into the most productive (424.1 yards a game) and highest scoring (30.7 points a game) in the conference, and gave Crimson Tide fans an 8–4 season that ended with a 28–7 upset of fifth-ranked SMU in the Sun Bowl. "I had a lot of fun last year," says Perkins. Really? "Well," he continues slowly, "this is home. This is my alma mater. I'm happy, and that makes everything else easier."

But the pressure isn't off yet, even with the return of 15 first-stringers—six on offense, eight on defense—plus placekicker Van Tiffin. Perkins must replace quarterback Walter Lewis, a two-year starter who finished ninth in the Heisman voting last year and left for the USFL Memphis Showboats as 'Bama's alltime leader in total offense (5,690 yards). Furthermore, Perkins must play ghostbuster in his receiving corps. Gone are 'Bama legends Joey Jones (15.3 yards per catch in '83) and Jesse Bendross (15.7).

Enter sophomore Mike Shula, the youngest son of Miami Dolphin coach Don. A southpaw, Mike needs to see some action. He played in only one game last season—17 fourth-quarter plays in a 40–0 blowout of Ole Miss—and his stint as the No. 1 quarterback in spring practice ended after 12 days, when a helmet smashed into his right leg. Result: hairline fractures of both the tibia and fibula. But Shula's fully recovered and stronger than ever, thanks to having had full run of the Dolphins' training facilities over the summer.



*Years of playing catch with Dolphins may pay off for Shula.*

Shula, who grew up idolizing Bob Griese and playing catch with Dolphin receivers, knows Perkins's complex system inside and out; it's very similar to the offense his father uses. Better yet, he understands how to cope with the perils of living in a legend's shadow. "I came to Alabama to play as Mike Shula," he says, "not to be Don Shula's son." Should Shula not live up to his promise, the job will likely fall to senior Paul Fields or highly touted freshman Vince Sutton. Last year at LaGrange (Ga.) High, Sutton threw for 2,532 yards and 30 TDs, with only four interceptions.

The running game is strong with sophomore halfback Kerry Goode and All-SEC fullback Ricky Moore, a senior who last year rushed for 947 yards, the most a 'Bama back has gained since Johnny Musso got 1,088 in 1971. Sophomore Greg Richardson, a speedster who also returns punts, will fill one wide receiver hole.

Pssst. Don't tell the defense, but it's so young and so talented—by mid-'83, five freshmen were starting—that it has a chance to become storied. Senior Emanuel King, an all-conference selection, and sophomore Cornelius Bennett are the nation's best outside linebacking tandem. Perkins thinks Bennett will turn out to be better than Lawrence Taylor, whom he coached when he was with the New York Giants. Look for freshmen Rory Turner and Johnny Norwood to crack the starting lineup in the green secondary.

"You may not believe this," says Perkins, "but I'm still in awe. I enjoy what I'm doing. Everyday, I'm reminded of the Bear. Gee, his picture hangs opposite my desk. Now, if only I can convince the fans to get on with it." —JILL LIEBER

# 17. BOSTON COLLEGE

*In his final season Flutie (left) will be tossing passes to freshman brother Darren.*

Almost three years have passed since a tiny freshman quarterback named Doug Flutie took the field for Boston College in the fourth quarter of a trouncing by Penn State. No one suspected then that the kid from Natick (Mass.) High, the local boy, would end 40 years of frustration by leading New England's only Division I-A school to two bowl games, a spot in the Top 20 and the 1983 Lambert Trophy as the East's No. 1 team. Too soon, the end: The 5′ 9″, 175-pound Flutie is a senior, the last golden autumn beckons. BC fans can be forgiven a parting tear or two. They won't see his like again.

The Flutie years: the 11-car train to New Haven for the Yale game; the 10,000 BC fans who flew to the Tangerine Bowl in what one Eagle follower calls "the largest airlift from Boston to a single destination since World War II"; beating Alabama at Foxboro; tying national champion Clemson at Clemson and then *beating* Clemson at home the next year. Even the disappointments: Flutie on his back on a frozen field in Memphis, his last pass gone awry, the Notre Dame players hoisting coach Gerry Faust on their shoulders to celebrate their 19–18 victory in the Liberty Bowl—in which Flutie is the MVP. Little wonder that in Memphis, as the BC squad scampered down a hotel fire escape during a false alarm one afternoon before the game, wide receiver Gerard Phelan yelled, "Women, children and Doug Flutie first!"

These have also been the Bicknell years: the easygoing, articulate coach, Cowboy Jack Bicknell, and his son, All–New England center Jack Bicknell Jr. "People ask, 'What will BC do after Flutie?' " says Bicknell, the coach. "Well, we won't have another Flutie. But fortunately, while Doug has been here we've gotten better around him." The cream of Flutie's supporting cast includes tailback Troy Stradford, tight end Scott Gieselman, Phelan, tackle Mark MacDonald and noseguard Mike Ruth, the strongest player (530-pound bench press) in Eagle history. The Flutie era even has a promising epilogue: Doug's brother, Darren, will be a freshman receiver this fall.

Flutie finished third in last year's Heisman Trophy balloting, less for his statistical achievements—which include 7,125 passing yards for 40 touchdowns in 2½ seasons—than for his leadership and his knack for improvising under pressure. If Flutie stays healthy, he can break the NCAA career passing mark of 9,614 yards set by Duke's Ben Bennett last year. BC fans wish Flutie would add placekicking to his repertoire. Bicknell's kickers made only 10 of 23 field goals and 29 of 40 extra points in 1983.

But the story here is Flutie's last stand. "There's a lot of nostalgia surrounding it," says Rev. Leonard Mahoney, S.J., the team's unofficial chaplain. "It could be the end of an era. I hope not."

Flutie himself wishes he could stop the clock. "I'm not looking forward to finishing up," he says. "I'd love to play college football the rest of my life."

Camelot? One brief, shining moment? "We've had some golden periods, but this is one of the brightest in my 27 years as athletic director," says Bill Flynn. "Let's just hope and pray that the little guy stays in one piece." —JOHN GARRITY

*continued*

# 18. MICHIGAN

After 15 seasons at Michigan, coach Bo Schembechler doesn't like to admit that he's changing his ways. But he has no choice but to get his 1984 Wolverines off the ground. Schembechler is as embarrassed about his upcoming *affaire d'air* as Lee Iacocca might be if you were to catch him in a Toyota. "I hate to say this, but we're going to throw more," says Bo. "Not 40 times a game, mind you, but maybe 25."

Everything is topsy-turvy in Ann Arbor these days. The defense, the Wolverines' perennial strong suit, was gutted by graduation. The offense, which heretofore all but eschewed the forward pass, has an abundance of promising receivers. Furthermore, the team has no superstars. Schembechler has no problems with hardworking no-names. What he doesn't like is the way spring practice went. "The offense moved the ball too well," says Schembechler, who prefers that the defense excel in the spring. "I'm worried about the linebackers and then the punting." Nonetheless, Schembechler has maintained the demeanor of a Good Humor man with lots of new flavors. "Things are just going to be different around here," he says.

Take quarterback. Michigan is the only Big Ten contender without a returning starter at the position. The job belongs to junior Jim Harbaugh, who spent his formative years scrambling right under Bo's nose. His father, Jack, was a Wolverine assistant until he took a job at Stanford in 1980. Schembechler says the 6′ 3″, 202-pound Harbaugh can do most anything: "Don't worry about my quarterback. He won't be the runner Steve Smith [the starter the past three seasons] was, but, boy, can he throw."

Michigan has at least six solid pass catchers, but tailback is wide open, and, after losing All-Americas Stefan Humphries and Tom Dixon, the offensive line will be merely adequate. Bolstering the iffy defense will be Al Sincich, an All–Big Ten middle guard, tackle Kevin Brooks, linebacker Mike Mallory (119 tackles in '83), and cornerback Brad Cochran (64 tackles).

The Wolverines' unlikely celebrity is walk-on Bob Bergeron, a placekicker who, Schembechler says, "weighs 135 pounds soaking wet." Bergeron led the team in scoring last year, making 15 of 17 field-goal attempts. His 45-yarder beat Iowa in the final eight seconds. "That happens to a kicker maybe once in a lifetime and never at Michigan," says Bergeron. "We're not exactly known for our kickers." Next year at this time, however, Michigan may be known for the pass.

—SANDY KEENAN

*continued*

*A walk-on who weighs all of 135 pounds soaking wet, the pizza-powered Bergeron hit 15 of 17 field-goal attempts and 31 PATS.*

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# 19. WASHINGTON

Senior Ron Holmes, Washington's left defensive tackle, is a little worried. "I gave the Rose Bowl watch we won three years ago to my father," he says. "My reasoning was that I'd have another one by now." That was most everyone else's reasoning as well. In each of the past two seasons the Huskies needed only to beat Washington State in the final game to smell the Roses, and on both occasions they failed. If Washington can adequately replace all-conference quarterback Steve Pelluer, the Huskies once again could be in position to win the Pac-10 championship and gain the Rose Bowl berth by beating their personal gremlins from Pullman on Nov. 17.

*If the Cookie doesn't crumble, Holmes may once again smell—and tell time by—the Roses.*

The defense will be better, starting with Holmes, a big teddy bear of a fellow who was all-conference as a junior and is a possible NFL first-round draft pick. He's the latest in a line of outstanding Washington defensive tackles, which includes Doug Martin of the Minnesota Vikings. Coach Don James says, "Ron could be as good as any of them, including Doug." At 6′ 4″ and 240 pounds, Holmes has come a long way from the days when "they used to put a private eye on me to make sure I got to the weight room." These days opposing teams put two blockers on him because of his quickness.

The linebacking and secondary are experienced and deep. The most versatile linebacker is junior Reggie Rogers, a 6′ 7″, 235-pounder who's the brother of Don Rogers, a UCLA All-America defensive back last year. Reggie played for Washington's basketball team the last two years and reported late for spring practice. However, he made an immediate impression with his ferocious hitting. "He'd have fouled out of three games by now," said basketball coach Marv Harshman as he watched Rogers play football last spring. Rogers will either start at outside linebacker or join Holmes on the defensive line.

Two of the Huskies' other top athletes are pass catchers. They're senior Danny Greene and sophomore Lonzell Hill, the son of former pro wide receiver J.D. Hill. Greene had seven plays of 37 yards or longer (six for TDs) in Washington's last six 1983 games—four on passes and three on punt returns of 71, 53 and 57 yards. Yet Hill may turn out to be a bigger threat.

And who'll get the ball to Greene and Hill, as well as to senior Mark Pattison and tight end Tony Wroten, two other fine receivers? James staged a three-man derby during the spring, and the job is now Hugh Millen's to lose. A walk-on who spent last season quarterbacking the scout team, Millen doesn't have the experience or savvy of Paul Sicuro, Pelluer's backup last year and a premed student, or the reputation of redshirt freshman Chris Chandler, a schoolboy All-America, but he has the physical skills. Millen prepared for the task ahead by hiking around such football hotbeds as the Greek island of Corfu over the summer with his father, an Army computer programmer stationed in West Germany. "Don't worry," says Millen, "I took a football."

Such an exotic summer vacation for tailback Jacque Robinson might have been disastrous. Last season he reported to practice at 213 pounds, 13 overweight, after having summered with Marcus Dupree in Philadelphia, Miss., where Robinson has relatives. "I think he adopted Marcus's training regimen," says James. "Don't run a lot and eat well." Robinson was out of shape, frequently injured and of little use all season. He ended up with only 48 carries.

Until Robinson regains the form that enabled him to lead the Pac-10 in rushing as a sophomore in 1982, the job belongs to Ron (Cookie) Jackson. However, if Cookie crumbles, Robinson says he's ready. If he is, and if center Dan Eernissee and tackle Dennis Maher get some help on the offensive line, Holmes just may be able to tell time by the Roses.

—JACK MCCALLUM

*continued*

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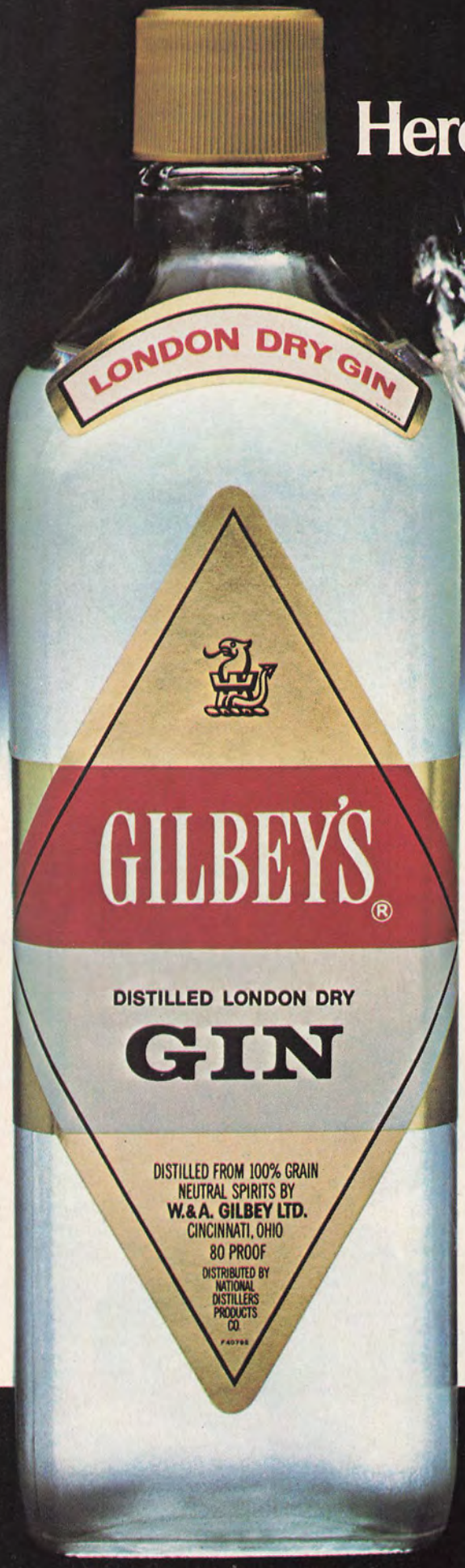


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# 20. OKLAHOMA STATE

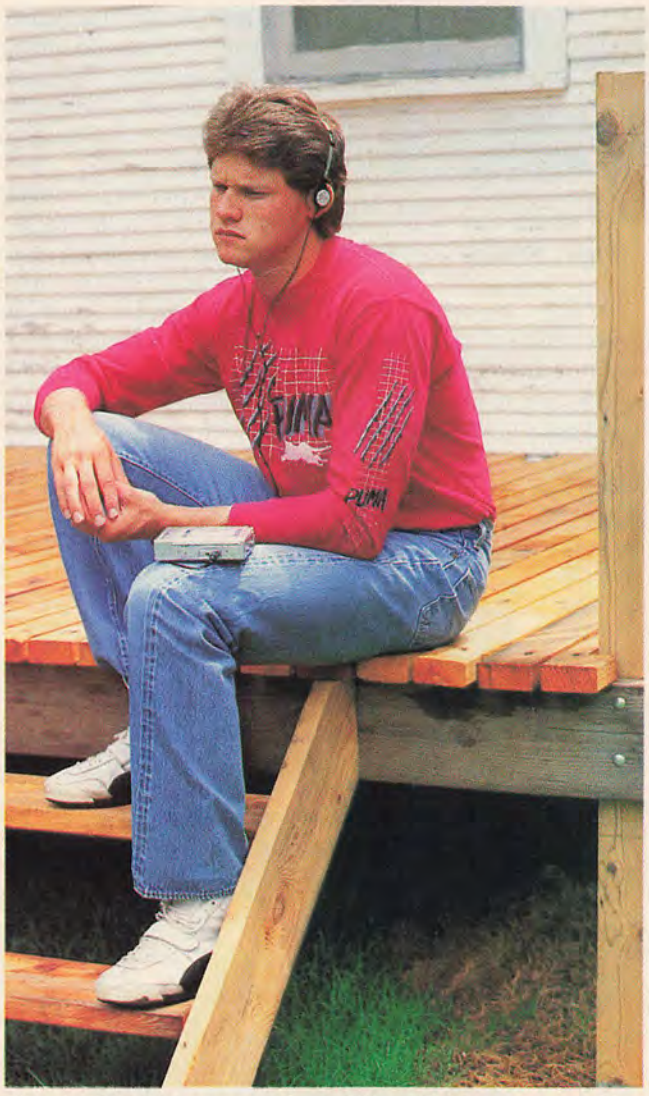
It's easy to forget that Oklahoma State had an excellent chance to be undefeated in '83. Against Nebraska, a team it hasn't beaten in 23 years, the Cowboys led 10–7 at the half and lost only 14–10. The next week State was leading Oklahoma 20–3 with nine minutes to go, but then all hell broke loose as the Sooners rallied to win 21–20. Toss in losses of 21–20 to Kansas State and 16–10 to Missouri, and Oklahoma State was only 16 points away from a perfect season.

The Cowboys haven't lost many players—just six first-stringers—but they did lose their coach, Jimmy Johnson, to Miami on June 5. His departure wasn't the trauma it might have been. In December, Johnson had expressed an interest in vacancies at Arkansas and Rice, thus serving notice that he wasn't long for Stillwater. When Johnson left, Oklahoma State quickly promoted assistant head coach and defensive coordinator Pat Jones to the top job.

Last season Oklahoma State led the nation in fumble recoveries (27) and interceptions (26). These turnovers were the result of various stunts, blitzes—State blitzed at least 25% of the time—and blazing speed. The slowest Cowboy, noseguard John Washington, runs a 4.7 40. Tackle Rodney Harding is a converted outside linebacker. One end, Harry Roberts, returns kickoffs; he took one 90 yards for a TD against Missouri. The other, James Ham, went 69 yards with an interception for a TD against Texas A&M. The D also has smarts—leading tackler Matt Monger was an academic all-conference middle linebacker—and spirit. "Like a pack of dogs," says Jones, "they run together all the time." The pick of the pack is tackle Leslie O'Neal, who had 22 tackles, including a sack, against Nebraska last year.

Although Ernest Anderson, who beat out Herschel Walker for the NCAA rushing title in 1982, has departed, he won't be missed a great deal. Anderson was injured much of last season, and Shawn Jones, who took his place, ran for 924 yards, earning all-conference honors. Jones will share time with Kenny Zachary, who runs the 40 in 4.32 and had a 10.36 100 meters at the Kansas relays this spring; Charlie Crawford, who looks slow at 4.6; and freshman Thurman Thomas, one of the most heavily recruited running backs in Texas.

The quarterback is senior Rusty Hilger. Oklahoma State was the only school to offer him a scholarship, and his was the last of the Cowboys' 29 grants in 1980. Injured most of 1982, Hilger completed 94 of 171 passes (55%) for 1,247 yards last season. Before the Cowboys' 24–14 defeat of Baylor in the Bluebonnet Bowl, Hilger was introduced to New Age Thinking, an audio cassette series dealing with self-esteem, self-confidence and potential. Against the Bears, Hilger had completed 12 of 17 passes for 137 yards and two touchdowns when he got knocked silly shortly before the half. "I was more relaxed," he says, "more confident. I knew there was nothing I couldn't do. Everything I did was the result of using the information on the tapes."




*New Age Thinking tapes have made Hilger think he can do anything.*

Of Oklahoma State's near-misses in '83, Hilger says, "Last season we got in a stress situation, and we folded. It was all mental. We've been told for 20 years that we can't beat Oklahoma, so we did everything in our power to beat ourselves. It's that doubt in the back of somebody's mind—when he says, 'Hey, this is Nebraska, we're not *supposed* to win'—that makes it come true. I'm a Columbus, and I need to get my people to follow. If we can believe that we're going to beat these guys, we're going to be trouble . . . *a lot* of trouble."

The Cowboys open at Arizona State, whose defense also features endless blitzes and stunts. Says Hilger, the positive thinker, "I personally like a team that blitzes. If they want to blitz, fine. We have something for them." The grudge games are at Nebraska and Oklahoma. Kicker Larry Roach was all-conference as a freshman and sophomore, but in '83, he missed a few field goals that were automatic in previous years. A return to form by Roach may help Oklahoma State win the close ones that slipped away last year.

—N. BROOKS CLARK

*continued*

*Yes, Bill, you can clarify your ramblin' wreckless allegations.*

**ACC** Frank Reich, a fifth-year senior working on his MBA, replaces Boomer Esiason at quarterback for Maryland. Reich performed well when Boomer was hurt last year [36 for 60, 433 yards] and has improved, but the defense has so many holes that coach Bobby Ross moved running back Donald Brown to cornerback. North Carolina is rebuilding, too. The best returners are tailback Ethan Horton (1,107 yards in '83) and linebacker Micah Moon, who made 21 tackles in the Heels' loss to Florida State in the Peach Bowl. Unlike last year's, the schedule is respectable, with Boston College and Kansas replacing Miami of Ohio and William and Mary.

Virginia has a solid defense—nine '83 starters led by all-ACC safety Lester Lyles—but no quarterback. After going 2–9 in his first season, coach George Welsh improved to 6–5 last year. He isn't the type to regress.

On May 10, Georgia Tech coach Bill Curry told his booster club that Tech's opponents are "vicious, they're dishonest, and they . . . sacrifice young minds with drugs [he later specified steroids] or whatever it takes to win." Curry also said, "We will win it [the ACC] this year." For that to happen, Robert Lavette, who ran for 803 yards in '83 after gaining 1,208 in '82, will have to have a remarkable season.

North Carolina State has an excellent runner, Joe McIntosh (3,051 yards in three seasons), and passer, Tim Esposito (2,096 yards in '83). The offensive line averages 264 pounds, with the best of the bunch 6′ 5″, 285-pound tackle Joe Milinichik. Wake Forest lost quarterback Gary Schofield, but little else. Last year the Demon Deacons allowed 411 yards a game, which put them a notch above Duke, which yielded 436. The problem, decided Blue Devil coach Steve Sloan, was a paucity of behemoths. So Sloan scrapped Duke's 5-3 defense and switched to a 4-4-3 with two down linemen and the two ends playing up like linebackers.

| ACC PROJECTION | '83 RECORD |
|---|---|
| 1. CLEMSON | (9–1–1) |
| 2. MARYLAND | (8–4) |
| 3. NORTH CAROLINA | (8–4) |
| 4. VIRGINIA | (6–5) |
| 5. GEORGIA TECH | (3–8) |
| 6. NORTH CAROLINA ST. | (3–8) |
| 7. WAKE FOREST | (4–7) |
| 8. DUKE | (3–8) |

| BIG EIGHT PROJECTION | '83 RECORD |
|---|---|
| 1. NEBRASKA | (12–1) |
| 2. OKLAHOMA | (8–4) |
| 3. OKLAHOMA STATE | (8–4) |
| 4. MISSOURI | (7–5) |
| 5. COLORADO | (4–7) |
| 6. KANSAS STATE | (3–8) |
| 7. IOWA STATE | (4–7) |
| 8. KANSAS | (4–6–1) |

**BIG EIGHT** Missouri should be strong at quarterback with Marlon Adler, No. 2 in conference passing efficiency a year ago, feeling heat from Warren Seitz, who was unstoppable in spring practice after learning how to read defenses. Although Missouri beat Illinois, Oklahoma and Oklahoma State at home in '83, this season it has to face all three, along with Nebraska, on the road. The Tigers have a slew of tailbacks, perhaps the best interior line in the Big Eight and a solid defense, but they have a history of not fulfilling their promise.

Split end Loy Alexander, quarterback Steve Vogel and wingback Ron Brown give Colorado a formidable passing attack. Unfortunately, the defense that ranked 100th in the nation in '83 returns almost intact.

Before junior Stan Weber got his first start at quarterback in the eighth game of '83, Kansas State was scoring only 13.1 points per game. With Weber directing the offense for the balance of the season, the Wildcats averaged 23.5 points. But the pass defense isn't so hot. State gave up 186.7 yards per game in the air last year.

Iowa State coach Jim Criner didn't know what he was getting into when he moved from Boise State last season. Opposing linemen ran down his backs from behind, and his defense yielded 35 points a game. One bright asset, however, is flanker Tracy Henderson, who caught 81 passes. Still, it'll be another painful year for the Cyclones.

Kansas won four games in '83 only because it had the conference's second most prolific offense, behind Nebraska's. This year's attack will be led by Mike Norseth, who threw for 3,010 yards at Utah's Snow J.C. last season, and flanker Skip Peete, a transfer from Arizona. The Jayhawks are on NCAA probation for recruiting violations, and the defense—despite the efforts of linebacker Willie Pless, who made 190 tackles in '83—will again be among the worst anywhere.

The following reports were written by N. Brooks Clark

| BIG TEN PROJECTION | '83 RECORD |
|---|---|
| 1. OHIO STATE | (9–3) |
| 2. IOWA | (9–3) |
| 3. MICHIGAN | (9–3) |
| 4. ILLINOIS | (10–2) |
| 5. MICHIGAN STATE | (4–6–1) |
| 6. WISCONSIN | (7–4) |
| 7. PURDUE | (3–7–1) |
| 8. INDIANA | (3–8) |
| 9. NORTHWESTERN | (2–9) |
| 10. MINNESOTA | (1–10) |

| MAC PROJECTION | '83 RECORD |
|---|---|
| 1. CENTRAL MICHIGAN | (8–3) |
| 2. BOWLING GREEN | (8–3) |
| 3. NORTHERN ILLINOIS | (10–2) |
| 4. TOLEDO | (9–2) |
| 5. BALL STATE | (6–5) |
| 6. WESTERN MICHIGAN | (6–5) |
| 7. OHIO U. | (4–7) |
| 8. MIAMI OF OHIO | (4–7) |
| 9. KENT STATE | (1–10) |
| 10. EASTERN MICHIGAN | (1–10) |

**BIG TEN** Nineteen eighty-four has not been kind to Illinois. First came the 45–9 Rose Bowl loss to UCLA. Then, in June, all-conference safety Craig Swoope was arrested for trafficking in cocaine (the trial was scheduled for Aug. 20) and cornerback Keith Taylor suffered back and neck injuries in an auto accident that will put him out for the season. Finally, on July 27, the NCAA put Illinois on two-year probation for recruiting violations. In the plus column, the Illini still have Jack Trudeau, who passed for 2,446 yards in '83; All-Big Ten offensive linemen Chris Babyar and Jim Juriga; Thomas Rooks, who averaged 5.4 yards a carry as a fullback; and coach Mike White's son, Chris, a walk-on kicker who led the team in scoring [78 points] last year.

Purdue had some offseason high jinks, too. Five players allegedly took part in campus thefts, and coach Leon Burtnett gave them the boot. Burtnett was looking to the future anyway. He will be breaking in 20 freshmen he redshirted last season. Michigan State began '83 with victories over Colorado and Notre Dame and then lost half the team to injuries against Illinois. Coach George Perles could get seven wins in his second year in East Lansing. One key is All-Big Ten safety Phil Parker.

On offense, ever rebuilding Wisconsin has two 300-pound tackles, Jeff Dellenbach and Kevin Belcher, and split end Al Toon, who averaged 20.7 yards per catch in '83. The defense will get a boost from tackle Darryl Sims, who made All-Big Ten in '82 but sat out last season because of lousy grades. Indiana has its third coach in three years. "I don't go on gimmicks," says Bill Mallory, who steered Northern Illinois to the MAC title in '82. "I go on a lot of hard work." Mallory's first mission will be to cut down last year's conference-high 279.3 rushing yards allowed per game.

Northwestern's offense can ignite behind Sandy Schwab, who has passed for 4,573 yards over the last two years while running for his life. Last year Minnesota suffered its worst season ever. Nebraska beat the Gophers 84–13. In all, six opponents scored at least 50 points. "When your football team gives up more points than your basketball team, you're in trouble," says new coach Lou Holtz.

**MID-AMERICAN** Central Michigan will win the MAC behind tailback Curtis Adams, the No. 4 rusher in the nation last year with 1,431 yards. The other contender is Bowling Green, led by Brian McClure, whose 3,264 passing yards in '83 are a I-A record for a sophomore, and Mark Dowdell, whose 70 catches are the most ever by a tight end.

Defending champion Northern Illinois is rebuilding in its first season under coach Lee Corso, while Toledo has an experienced squad that features tailback Steve Morgan. Ball State has an excellent tight end in 6′4″, 250-pound Mike Leuck, who had 67 receptions last season. However, the Cardinals have to cut down on the conference-high 302 points they allowed in '83.

Western Michigan lost three games by a total of 11 points in '83, but its margins of defeat will probably be greater this season. Without linebacker John Offerdahl, the Broncos would have no D. Ohio coach Brian Burke has an inoffensive offense but an experienced defense, which was No. 1 nationally against the pass in '83. The heart of the unit is linebackers Brian Mays and Mike Mangen, who combined for 275 tackles last year.

In its spring game, the Miami of Ohio varsity lost 18–14 to a ragtag team of alumni. Coach Tim Rose was livid, comparing his squad's performance to a "major league baseball team losing 30–0 to a minor league team." Rose will become the first Miami coach since 1942 to suffer two losing seasons in a row. Kent State snapped its 21-game losing streak by beating Eastern Michigan in the ninth game of last year. The toe of Tony DeLeone, who handles the punting as well as the placekicking, could give the Golden Flashes two victories in '84.

*continued*

***White, the coach's son, walked on and led the Illini in scoring.***

**MISSOURI VALLEY** "We've had better teams at Tulsa than 90% of the nation realizes," says coach John Cooper. "I think the last two or three years we've had a Top 20 team." Well, maybe. The only losses in '83 were to Arkansas, Oklahoma and Oklahoma State, but then again Tulsa didn't play the conference's two best Division I-AA teams, Southern Illinois, which won the national title, and Indiana State. Steve Gage was a pleasant surprise, passing for 876 yards and running for 642 last fall as a freshman. So was classmate Tim Gordon, who was the No. 2 punt returner in the nation. A 1,000-yard rusher, Michael Gunter, is gone, but the Golden Hurricane has a defense averaging 264 pounds across the front. "Every one of them bench-presses more than 400 pounds," says Cooper, "and they can all move."

In 1983 freshman Paul Politi of Illinois State hit 17 of 19 field-goal attempts and booted 60% of his kickoffs into the end zone. The Redbirds also have an experienced backfield—tailbacks Kevin Jones and Virgil Winters combined for 1,672 yards a year ago—and a two-time I-AA All-America in free safety Mike Prior.

Wichita State, still on NCAA probation for recruiting violations, has a new coach, Ron Chismar, formerly an assistant at Arizona State. The Shockers will depend heavily on Eric Denson, who ran for 1,017 yards last year, but Chismar says his lack of offensive linemen is "spooky." During spring drills he dressed only two guards and three tackles.

After leading I-AA in total offense in '82, Drake finished next to last in the conference in '83. Similarly, West Texas State led I-AA in passing in 1981 and '82, but then crashed to earth in '83. The Buffalos suffered 28 interceptions and 44 sacks, and quarterback Tom Cortez completed only 34% of his passes. West Texas State has a pair of identical twins, David and Don Wood. David is the conference's best punter (40.2-yard average in '83), and Don stole six passes as a safety.

| MVC PROJECTION | '83 RECORD |
|---|---|
| 1. TULSA | (8–3) |
| 2. INDIANA STATE | *(8–4) |
| 3. ILLINOIS STATE | *(6–4–1) |
| 4. SOUTHERN ILLINOIS | *(13–1) |
| 5. WICHITA STATE | (3–8) |
| 6. DRAKE | *(1–10) |
| 7. WEST TEXAS STATE | *(0–10–1) |

*Division I-AA

| PAC-10 PROJECTION | '83 RECORD |
|---|---|
| 1. UCLA | (7–4–1) |
| 2. ARIZONA STATE | (6–4–1) |
| 3. WASHINGTON | (8–4) |
| 4. USC | (4–6–1) |
| 5. WASHINGTON STATE | (7–4) |
| 6. ARIZONA | (7–3–1) |
| 7. CAL | (5–5–1) |
| 8. OREGON | (4–6–1) |
| 9. STANFORD | (1–10) |
| 10. OREGON STATE | (2–8–1) |

*Knight may be the answer to USC's recent tailback dilemma.*

Ted Tollner's first season as coach at USC was a nightmare. His players were young, they dropped like flies, and the Trojans had their worst record since 1960. Junior Fred Crutcher is slated to play tailback, a weak point since Marcus Allen's departure, but Ryan Knight, a freshman, will start by the third game. Senior quarterback Sean Salisbury hasn't been the star many thought he'd be, but he's not bad. Nor is the defense, led by linebackers Jack Del Rio and Duane Bickett.

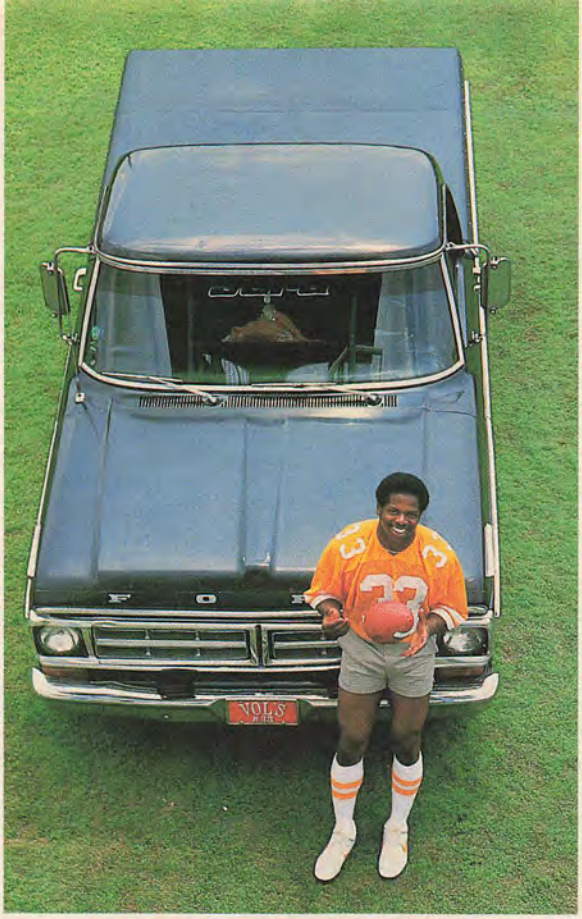
Washington State ended its season with five straight wins. No one in the conference had more yards than running back Kerry Porter's 1,000. The Cougars are a dark-horse contender. Arizona's most potent individual is Max Zendejas. He hit 20 of 25 field-goal attempts in '83, never missing inside the 40. The defense, though depleted, still has linebacker Lamonte Hunley and noseguard Joe Drake, who weighed in at 324 during spring practice but, says the press guide, is "expected to play in the 280–290 range." Let's call it the Tucson Diet.

The key player at Cal is long-ball artist Gale Gilbert, and his favorite target is Rance McDougald, who caught 46 passes in '83. The defense is built around linebacker John Haina, who comes from Honolulu, wears No. 50 and answers to Hawaii Five-O. Be there.

Gifted sophomore John Paye is Stanford's thrower; Emile Harry (18.8 yards per catch last fall) is the top receiver; and Jack Elway, late of San Jose State, is the coach. Says alumnus John Elway, "My father always turns a program upward." Maybe, but don't look for Stanford to do better than break even.

Oregon and Oregon State ended 1983 with a memorable 0–0 tie. The Ducks lost their best defender, linebacker Jerry Mikels, to academics, but they're better off than the Beavers. State's top three quarterbacks in the spring game were: one for three; four for 10 (sacked twice); one for four, with one interception. And that's against the conference's worst pass defense.

**PCAA** Two years ago the Nevada, Las Vegas Board of Regents was on the verge of dropping the school's debt-ridden football program, but a last-ditch appeal led by athletic director Brad Rothermel changed the board's mind. This year the Rebels should win the PCAA on the arm of Randall (brother of Sam Bam) Cunningham, the No. 6 passer and No. 8 punter in the nation in 1983. Damon (brother of Marcus) Allen passed for four TDs and ran for five in leading Fullerton to the 1983 conference crown. Allen, who missed part of spring practice because he was pitching for the Titans' NCAA championship baseball team—the Tigers drafted him in the seventh round—is one of 16 returning starters.



*Like his truck, Jones, who had 1,116 yards in '83, can fly.*

Last year Fresno State coach Jim Sweeney worried about starting his son, Kevin, a freshman, at quarterback. Kevin came through with 2,359 yards and 16 TDs. His receivers are Dave Williams, who averaged 20 yards on 21 catches, and Larry Willis, who led the PCAA with 63 grabs.

At San Jose State, former defensive coordinator Claude Gilbert is the new coach, replacing Jack Elway, who has moved to Stanford. The Spartans will continue to put the ball in the air, but their leading stars are the 21-sack combination of end Terry McDonald and noseman Armahn Williams.

Last year's loss is this year's gain for Pacific. In '83 tight end Tony Camp and quarterback Paul Berner went down early with injuries. Both are back with an extra year of eligibility. New Mexico State coach Fred Zechman is planning for the future. He started 12 freshmen last season and has signed the state's top schoolboy quarterback, Jim Miller.

Mike Sheppard, offensive coordinator at Kansas last year, takes over at Long Beach State, where in 1982 he coached quarterback Todd Dillon to the national total offense title. Dillon's gone, and Sheppard must start from scratch. Utah State, next to last in the PCAA in total offense and total defense in '83, has two outstanding defenders—linebacker Hal Garner and tackle Mike Hamby—but little else.

| PROJECTED PCAA FINISH | '83 RECORD |
|---|---|
| 1. NEVADA, LAS VEGAS | (7-4) |
| 2. CAL STATE-FULLERTON | (7-5) |
| 3. FRESNO STATE | (6-5) |
| 4. SAN JOSE STATE | (5-6) |
| 5. PACIFIC | (3-9) |
| 6. NEW MEXICO STATE | (5-6) |
| 7. CAL STATE-LONG BEACH | (8-4) |
| 8. UTAH STATE | (5-6) |

| PROJECTED SEC FINISH | '83 RECORD |
|---|---|
| 1. AUBURN | (11-1) |
| 2. FLORIDA | (9-2-1) |
| 3. ALABAMA | (8-4) |
| 4. GEORGIA | (10-1-1) |
| 5. TENNESSEE | (9-3) |
| 6. KENTUCKY | (6-5-1) |
| 7. LSU | (4-7) |
| 8. OLE MISS | (6-6) |
| 9. MISS STATE | (3-8) |
| 10. VANDERBILT | (2-9) |

**SEC** Over the past four years Georgia has gone 43–4–1, but the Bulldogs are headed for tougher times. All-Americas Terry Hoage and Freddie Gilbert are gone. The leading rusher, Keith Montgomery, flunked out. And Alabama is back on the schedule. Tennessee seemed primed for a splendid '84. But in spring practice fullback Sam Henderson badly injured his left knee, and in June quarterback Alan Cockrell signed as an outfielder with the San Francisco Giants. Still, the Vols have speed in all-SEC halfback Johnnie Jones (1,116 yards in nine games last year) and a solid defense. Seven wins are possible.

Mississippi State coach Emory Bellard, the inventor of the wishbone, is all but scrapping his brainchild and installing the I. That's partly because he lost his mainstay, quarterback John Bond. The Bulldogs also lost all their linebackers and defensive backs. A rebuilding year for sure.

Hand it to Jerry Claiborne at Kentucky and Billy (Dog) Brewer at Ole Miss. From 0–10–1 in 1982, the Wildcats went 6–5–1, but they'll have a hard time matching that performance, especially without quarterback Randy Jenkins. Ole Miss, 4–7 in '82, was 1–5 before coming on with five straight wins under Brewer. The Rebels need a D, but quarterback Kent Austin should give them an O.

Q: What do LSU and Vanderbilt have in common? A: Neither won an SEC game in '83.

LSU had no excuse, really. Its personnel may be the best in the conference. Bill Arnsparger, the Miami Dolphin defensive coach for 10 of the last 13 years, and the New York Giants' head coach for the other three, now is in charge of getting all the Tigers facing the same way, which is all he really needs to do to start winning.

Vanderbilt always moves the ball: In '83 Kurt Page finished second in the nation in total offense, and Keith Edwards, a fullback, was first in receiving with 97 catches. However, the Commodores are always error-prone: 41 turnovers in '83, 11 more than any other team in the conference.

*continued*

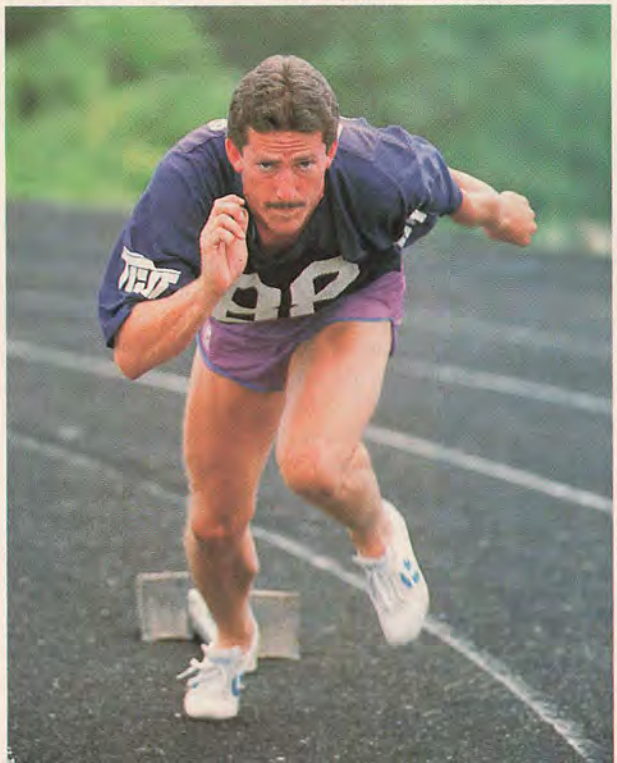
**SWC** Texas A&M, Houston and Baylor all have high hopes for sophomore quarterbacks. Kevin Murray of A&M started the final seven games of '83—the Aggies went 4–2–1—and ended up No. 1 in the conference in total offense. The mainstay of A&M's leaky defense is Ray Childress, a 6′ 6″ 266-pound tackle/end who had 15 sacks. Houston quarterback Gerald Landry became a starter in the eighth game last fall, and in four games he produced 1,203 yards of total offense. The Cougars lost 32 fumbles last season. Fortunately, the backs who did the bobbling are gone. Baylor has two sophomore signal-callers, Cody Carlson and Tom Muecke, and they ended up as the SWC's No. 1 and 2 passers, respectively. The Bears lost a 1,000-yard rusher (Alfred Anderson) and a 1,000-yard receiver (Gerald McNeil), and that hurts. The defense is unchanged, but that's no blessing: Only Rice gave up more yards than the Bears in the SWC in '83.

| PROJECTED SWC FINISH | '83 RECORD |
|---|---|
| 1. SMU | (10–2) |
| 2. TEXAS | (11–1) |
| 3. TEXAS A&M | (5–5–1) |
| 4. HOUSTON | (4–7) |
| 5. BAYLOR | (7–4–1) |
| 6. ARKANSAS | (6–5) |
| 7. TEXAS TECH | (3–7–1) |
| 8. TCU | (1–8–2) |
| 9. RICE | (1–10) |

| PROJECTED WAC FINISH | '83 RECORD |
|---|---|
| 1. NEW MEXICO | (6–6) |
| 2. HAWAII | (5–5–1) |
| 3. BYU | (11–1) |
| 4. WYOMING | (7–5) |
| 5. UTAH | (5–6) |
| 6. AIR FORCE | (10–2) |
| 7. COLORADO STATE | (5–7) |
| 8. SAN DIEGO STATE | (2–9–1) |
| 9. TEXAS-EL PASO | (2–10) |

Fifty-five of Texas Tech's 80 players have spent a year beefing up as redshirts, but heavier doesn't always make it better. The Red Raiders won't be any more formidable than they were last season, when the offense was next-to-last in the conference and the defense third from the bottom. TCU, however, is improving. Four of its losses in '83 were by a touchdown or less. The Horned Frogs' best player is senior split end James Maness, a two-time track All-America as a relay man who averaged 18.6 yards on 37 receptions last year.

*Even with Maness, TCU is still a long way from the fast lane.*



Under Lou Holtz, Arkansas quarterback Brad Taylor ran a veer offense in 1981 and '82 and an I in '83. Now, with Holtz at Minnesota, Taylor must learn the flexbone, which Ken Hatfield has brought with him from Air Force. Rice lured coach Watson Brown from Cincinnati with a reported $1.2 million spread over six years. For the moment he's a passing coach without a passing quarterback. The only real hope is Sean Sterle, a transfer from Moorpark (Calif.) J.C.

**WAC** At last, BYU is in a rebuilding year. Quarterback Steve Young and tight end Gordon Hudson have moved on, along with the rest of the backfield and three all-WAC defenders. New Mexico runs an aggressive, gambling defense. Blitzing 78% of the time in '83, the Lobos led the WAC in total defense, thanks largely to free safety Ray Hornfeck and linebacker Johnny Jackson. Tackle Tim Lopez, the team's best pro prospect, was lost for the year as the result of a bicycle accident this spring, but quarterback Buddy Funck, who ran for 633 yards and passed for 1,521 last fall, will still get solid protection.

Hawaii depends on Raphel Cherry, the conference's '83 leader in passing and total offense, and wideout Walter Murray, who caught seven of Cherry's 18 TD passes. Another weapon is Mike Akiu, who has blocked three punts, four field-goal attempts and an extra point in two years. Wyoming, which won its final three games of '83, was one of the youngest teams in the nation. With 30 players coming off a redshirt year, watch out.

Utah was only nine points from going 8–3 last season, and with quarterback Mark Stevens back the Utes should win eight in '84. But Air Force is beginning a new era. Coach Ken Hatfield went to Arkansas, and most of the offense has taken to the wild blue yonder. The new coach is Fisher DeBerry, who had been the offensive coordinator at Appalachian State. His top players are Mike Brown, who averaged 8.5 yards per carry in '83, and defensive tackle Chris Funk.

Colorado State has most of its '83 first-teamers back, including tight end Keli McGregor, who grabbed 69 passes last year, and fullback Steve Bartalo, who gained 1,113 yards. San Diego State is in the middle of changing its program from one that's made up of 75% J.C. transfers to one composed primarily of players recruited out of high school. This year's squad, mostly redshirt freshmen and sophomores, will grow up fast. Three of the Aztecs' first four games are against Air Force, UCLA and Oklahoma State. Texas-El Paso's idea of improvement is losing with more dignity: The Miners were beaten by an average score of 48–6 in 1981 and 35–15 in '82, but only 28–18 in '83.

*continued*

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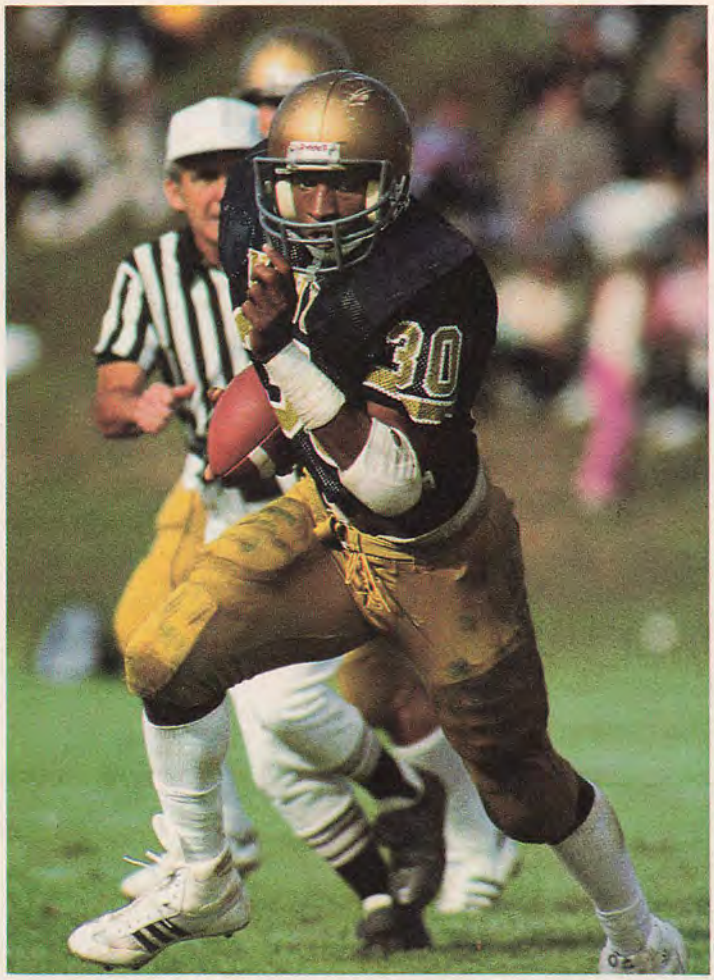
# INDEPENDENTS



*Navy's McCallum finished third in the nation in rushing last fall.*

We're an unsound team trying to get sound," says Florida State coach Bobby Bowden. He was on the right track at the end of last season, when he scrapped his razzle-dazzle, pass-happy attack and installed a land-based one. The 6–5 Seminoles then whipped North Carolina 28–3 in the Peach Bowl. Now Bowden has imported a new defensive coordinator, Mickey Andrews, who had been an assistant with the USFL's Arizona Wranglers, to do something about a unit that last year yielded 81 points and 880 yards in the Seminoles' first two *victories*. On the bright side, Bowden has a pair of aces at tailback—All-America Greg Allen and Roosevelt Snipes. Allen ran for 1,134 yards a year ago, while Snipes averaged 6.6 yards a carry on his way to 629.

The story at Virginia Tech is 6′ 3″, 276-pound defensive tackle Bruce Smith. He had 22 sacks last fall as the Hokies led the nation in rushing and scoring defense, allowing only 69.4 yards and 8.3 points per game. Despite a 9–2 record, Tech wasn't invited to a bowl, but that's the price of scheduling VMI, Richmond and William and Mary. The Hokies have another guaranteed eight wins in '84.

East Carolina, which lost just three times in '83—to Florida State, Florida and Miami, by a total of 13 points—was also shunned by the bowls. Eight Pirates went in the NFL draft, so there are some holes to plug, but tackle Tim Dumas and flanker Henry Williams are solid performers. Dumas, a sophomore, graded at least 98% on assignments in five games last year. Williams, a senior who runs a 4.2 40, led the nation in kickoff returns with a 31.1-yard average.

Even without Jeff Hostetler at quarterback, coach Don Nehlen won't let the Mountaineers slip very far. Three predictions: Paul Woodside will win three games with his toe, West Virginia will go to its fourth bowl in a row, and it will lose to Penn State for the 26th consecutive year.

Napoleon McCallum of Navy finished third in the country in rushing yards (1,587 in '83) and first in all-purpose running (216.8 per game)—all while playing for a 3–8 team. Coach Gary Tranquill says McCallum improved during spring drills. "How?" says Tranquill. "Well, he's stronger. He blocks like hell and he's a better receiver." That's bad news for Army—2–9 in '83 and getting worse.

On Dec. 12, 1983, Memphis State coach Rex Dockery, offensive coordinator Chris Faros and defensive back Charles Greenhill were killed in the crash of a private plane. The new coach is Rey Dempsey, who guided Southern Illinois to the Division I-AA championship in '83. The Tigers, who improved to 6–4–1 last season after going 1–10 in '82, should win at least six games again.

Joe Morrison coached South Carolina to a better-than-expected 5–6 record last fall in his first year in Columbia. But with a schedule that includes Georgia, Pitt, Notre Dame, East Carolina, Florida State and Clemson, nobody expects much more than an upset or two—like the 38–14 jolt delivered to Southern Cal last fall—in '84.

Tulane recruited 21 junior-college players, but the Green Wave faces Florida, Ole Miss, Vanderbilt, Florida State, Virginia Tech, Pitt and LSU—all on the road. Southwestern Louisiana was 4–6 in its second year at the I-A level and needs to rebuild. Southern Mississippi, 7–4 in '83, thought it might have Marcus Dupree in uniform this year. Instead, it has Sam Dejarnette (795 yards in '83) and Vincent Alexander (551). Seven Golden Eagles were drafted by the pros, so coach Jim Carmody can forget any thoughts about beating Georgia or Auburn. Cincinnati's season hinges on quarterback Troy Bodine. The Bearcats were 3–2, including an upset of Penn State, when Bodine fractured his left (nonthrowing) arm, but then went 1–4–1 without him. Cincinnati is better off than Louisville, which was 3–8 in '83 and lost its only asset, quarterback Dean May, to graduation.

After its worst record in 30 years (3–8), Rutgers decided to get serious. Out went coach Frank Burns. In came Dick Anderson, former offensive coordinator at Penn State, and plans to build $3 million worth of new facilities, including practice fields, weight rooms and coaches' offices. "It's an investment in the future . . . an investment in New Jersey pride," says Governor Thomas Kean.

Temple lost a first-rate quarterback, Tim Riordan, but has 40 redshirts on tap. Syracuse ended 1983 by beating Navy, Boston College and West Virginia to finish 6–5. If the Orangemen can replace the two departed members of their tough 4-Wheel Drive defensive line, they'll demand respect from the seven bowl teams on their schedule.

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# DIVISION I-AA

Jeff Gilbert is the finest passer I've ever seen," says Western Carolina coach Bob Waters. That's strong talk from a man who once shared tailback duties in the San Francisco 49er shotgun with John Brodie and Billy Kilmer and who coached at Stanford during the Jim Plunkett era. But allow Waters his enthusiasm. Last season Gilbert threw for 21 TDs and led the Southern Conference Catamounts to the I-AA championship game, which they lost 43–7 to Southern Illinois. Gilbert throws most often to 5′ 8″, 156-pound wideout Eric Rasheed (89 catches in '83). The supporting cast is virtually unchanged.

Without David Charpia, the No. 2 passer in I-AA in '83, and tailback Stanford Jennings, the third-round pick of the Cincinnati Bengals, Furman will lose the No. 2 spot in the Southern Conference to East Tennessee State. With running back Jerry Butler on academic probation last year, the Buccaneers were 3–8. With Butler back, along with 19 starters, the Bucs will be 8–3.

"I canned him because it looked like duck season had opened when he kicked," says Indiana State coach Dennis Raetz of Scott Bridges, who was benched in the fifth game but later won a playoff game over Eastern Illinois with three field goals—one in the fourth quarter, two in overtime. Says Raetz, "The way he came back is a credit to him, not to coaching." With 16 first-teamers coming back, including Jeff Miller, who last season completed 152 of 287 passes with only four interceptions, Indiana State will replace Southern Illinois as the top I-AA team in the Missouri Valley Conference. The Salukis lost their coach, Rey Dempsey, to Memphis State and their quarterback, Rick Johnson, to the USFL. What's left for new coach Ray Dorr? Sophomore kicker Ron Miller, who converted 18 of 22 field goals in '83, tailback Derrick Taylor and the offensive line.

| TOP 10 | '83 RECORD |
|---|---|
| 1. WESTERN CAROLINA | (11–3–1) |
| 2. INDIANA STATE | (9–4) |
| 3. BOISE STATE | (6–5) |
| 4. EASTERN KENTUCKY | (7–3–1) |
| 5. HOLY CROSS | (9–2–1) |
| 6. DELAWARE STATE | (7–3–1) |
| 7. IDAHO STATE | (8–4) |
| 8. MISSISSIPPI VALLEY STATE | (7–2–1) |
| 9. NORTHEAST LOUISIANA | (8–3) |
| 10. NEW HAMPSHIRE | (7–3) |

After going 2–9 in '82, North Texas State finished with an 8–4 record last year. How did the Mean Green do it? Not with size. State's best defender was, and is, 5′ 9″ linebacker Mike Sizelove. The top receiver was, and is 5′ 8″ Tim Wasson. The leading candidate for the empty quarterback spot is 5′ 9″ Scott Toman. Having lost half its '83 starters—including two All-America defenders—the Mean Green will also lose the Southland Conference to Northeast Louisiana. The Indians feature four All-Americas, including defensive back David Outley. His play of the year: taking an onside kick 53 yards for a touchdown.

Nevada-Reno won the Big Sky title with a formidable running attack, but (coach Chris) Ault's Infantry lost two 1,000-yard rushers, a wide receiver who's now with the USFL and a superb kicker, Tony Zendejas. Reno has another Zendejas, Tony's brother Martin, and a solid defense, but the Wolf Pack won't beat Boise State or Idaho State.

Boise State has the next hot Big Sky quarterback, sophomore Hazsen Choates. He took over midway through '83 and passed for 1,108 yards and ran for 309. The Broncos have a sure pro pick in inside linebacker Carl Keever, who has made a total of 266 tackles the last two seasons. Idaho State features punter Jeff Kaiser, who averaged 42.5 yards for his 67 boots in 1983. An engineering student, Kaiser likes to calculate the velocity of the ball (about 85.8 feet per second) as it leaves his foot. The Bengals' toughest games—Montana, Boise State and Reno—are at home in the Minidome (capacity: 12,000). When it's full, the temperature can soar into the 90s, and teams not used to the heat tend to wilt as the game progresses.

Resourcefulness has a long history at Eastern Kentucky. In 1969, when the state denied Eastern Kentucky president Robert (Hogjaws) Martin the funds to build a football stadium, Martin erected a classroom building that happened to seat 16,000 people on its roof, which slants down toward the football field. And don't forget that Eastern Kentucky's most famous graduate, Lee Majors '63, was rebuilt out of spare parts in TV's *The Six Million Dollar Man.* Then there's coach Roy Kidd, who has taken players spurned by the likes of Louisville and Kentucky, and guided the Colonels to the playoffs five years in a row. They won the national title in 1979 and '82. This season Kidd's offense will revolve around two sophomore quarterbacks, Greg Parker and Pat Smith, and All-America center Chris Sullivan. The Colonels will win the Ohio Valley, but not without a fight from Middle

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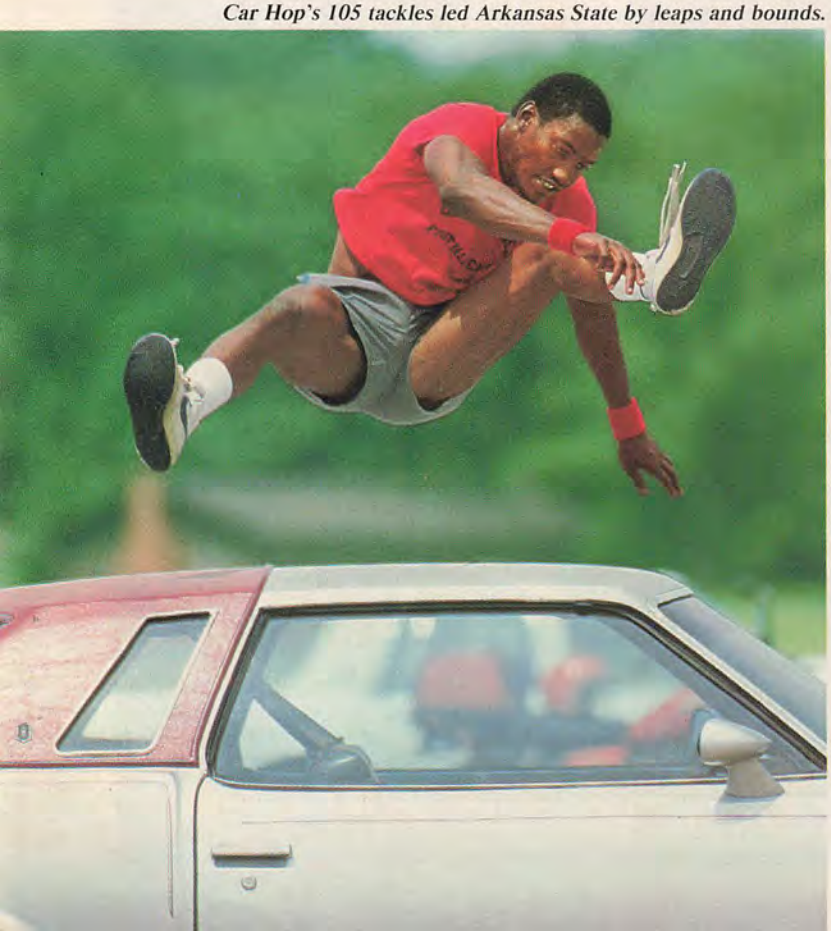
*Car Hop's 105 tackles led Arkansas State by leaps and bounds.*



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Tennessee State, which went 8–2 in '83 with the No. 5 passer in I-AA, Mickey Corwin, and tailback Vince Hall, who ran for 949 yards.

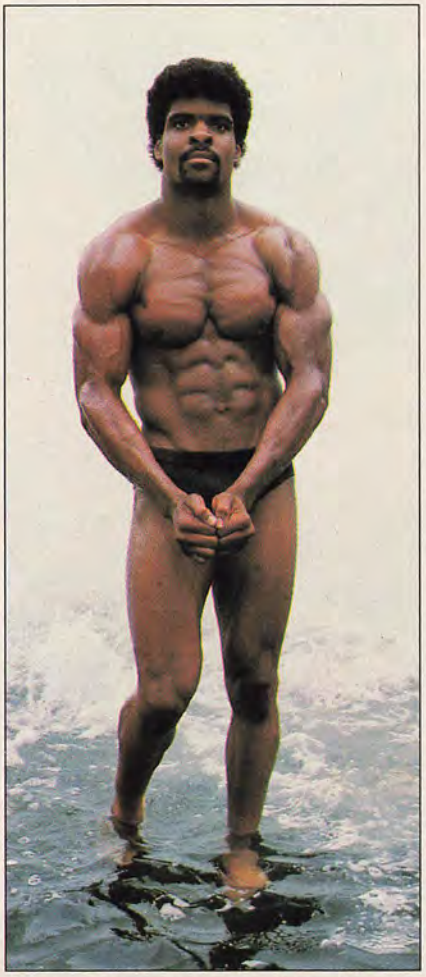
Four years ago Delaware State lost a game 105–0. The man charged with rebuilding the program was Joe Purzycki, who had the distinction of being the first white ever to coach at a historically black school. Last season the Hornets went 7–3–1. DelState was a running team in '83, finishing second in I-AA with 283.4 rushing yards a game. For speed, the Hornets have Gene Lake, who gained 1,069 yards last year. For power, they have 6′ 3″, 280-pound fullback Franz Kappel, who bench-presses 520 pounds and made the Sheridan Black College All-America team even though he's white. Also back is John Taylor, whose 22 catches in '83 produced an average gain of 29.7 yards.

You won't find Grambling or Southern in the I-AA playoffs. This year their Bayou Classic, always played before a full house in the Louisiana Superdome, conflicts with the first round. Another SWAC power might make it. In all likelihood it will be Mississippi Valley State, which is led by both the No. 1 passer, Willie Totten, and No. 1 receiver, Jerry Rice, in the division. Last fall Totten threw 28 touchdown passes and only eight interceptions. Rice finished with 102 catches, including 24 in one *game*. "He could catch a BB in the dark," says coach Archie Cooley.

Colgate's Steve Calabria, a lineman as a schoolboy, was injured during his only year as a high school quarterback in Carle Place, N.Y. His parents, who emigrated from Sicily in 1947, never saw him play; in fact, they thought the football their son was playing actually was soccer. The pros like Calabria's size (6′ 5″, 212 pounds), and Colgate likes the 6,135 yards Calabria has thrown for in leading the Red Raiders to two straight I-AA playoff berths. Unfortunately, Calabria is the whole show for Colgate.

Returning for Holy Cross are hot free safety Bill McGovern, who stole six passes in '83, and hotter tailback Gill Fenerty, the LSU transfer who ran for 1,101 yards. The quarterback is Peter Muldoon, a fine passer (54%) who scored four TDs scrambling. "You never see him take a slide," says fullback Chuck Doyle.

*Twillie's talents just start with the viola.*



*Mr. Physique's hits pose problems for foes.*

Tailbacks Paul Lewis of Boston University and Andre Garron of New Hampshire each ran for more than 1,000 yards and scored 20 and 18 touchdowns, respectively. Though BU was 9–4 and a playoff team a year ago, New Hampshire, with 16 starters back, will win the Yankee Conference. Harvard will play Penn for the Ivy title on Nov. 10, but the wildest action in the Ivies will be provided by a couple of Princeton history majors. As a sophomore last fall, Doug Butler threw for 3,175 yards and 25 TDs. His favorite target: senior split end Derek Graham, who caught 84 passes for 11 touchdowns and a 15.7 average. Other players to watch:

- Murray State's Willie Cannon. The top freshman runner in I-AA in '83 with 179 carries for 776 yards.
- Northern Arizona defensive tackle James Gee. On one series in a 41–38 upset of Nevada-Reno, Gee stopped runners behind the line on three straight plays.
- Southwest Missouri free safety Mike Armentrout. Teams made a point of throwing away from him, and he still led I-AA in interceptions with 10.
- Montana quarterback Marty Mornhinweg. With him, the Grizzlies won the Big Sky in '82. Without him in '83 (he was academically ineligible), they went 4–6.
- Morehead (Ky.) State linebacker Charlie Franklin. Voted "Mr. Physique" in a campus sorority contest, Franklin, who's a fierce hitter, worked during the summer of '83 as a stripper.
- Virginia Military Institute guard David Twillie. Rhodes scholar shoo-in. Voted the outstanding member of his class as a freshman, Twillie, now a senior, is a 3.54 bio major headed for medical school. He's also a former Junior Olympic champion in judo, a viola player with the youth orchestra in Little Rock, a ballet dancer, a singer and an actor who has performed in plays in New York and L.A.
- Arkansas State linebacker Stacy (Car Hop) Price. A former state decathlon champ, he bets people he can jump over cars, does it—and pockets the cash. **END**

*continued*

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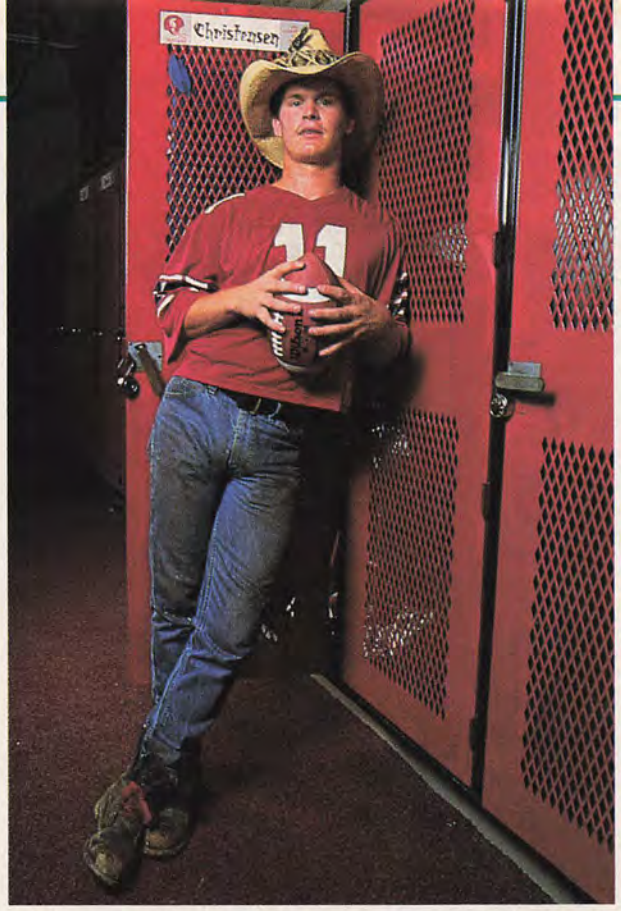


*Christensen rattles defenses by running plays without a huddle.*

# DIVISION II

Troy (Ala.) State quarterback Carey Christensen's favorite hobby is hunting rattlesnakes. "He offered to make me a rattlesnake hatband," says coach Chan Gailey, "but I was trying to discourage it totally, so I said no." The Trojans run the only wishbone in Division II, and they do so without a huddle, Christensen calling the play at the line. That gives him more time to size up the defense, but that's not why Gailey skips the huddle. "The offensive linemen jog seven yards to and from the huddle every play," says Gailey, "and that's 900 yards of running you save during a game. And you save a lot of time in practice."

Mississippi College has two 260-pound guards, tackles weighing in at 270 and 316, and a center, Keith (Hambone) Hammond, who goes 320. Nevertheless, pro scouts are looking at svelte 6′ 5″, 242-pound tight end Harold Stanfield, who's also a 7.50 60-yard high hurdler. Another key Choctaw: Reggie Hawthorne, who made 11 of 11 field goals (one from 42 yards) last season before breaking an ankle on a punt return in the sixth game.

Freshman quarterback Jeff Bentrim took over North Dakota State's veer option in the fifth game of 1983 and, along with freshman running backs James Molstre and Chad Stark, led the Bison to a 12–1 season. State won the national championship with a 41–21 romp over Central (Ohio) State in the Palm Bowl. State's backfield became known as the

# DIVISION III

The key to Hofstra's stunning 10–0 regular season was wardrobe. Not the team's, but that of assistant trainer John Devine. "He wore his wild Hawaiian shirt while taping before each home game, and we took it with us on the road when he didn't come," says coach Mickey Kwiatkowski. "We won each time." When the shirt was inadvertently left behind for the playoffs, the Flying Dutchmen lost 51–19 to Union. Little All-America defensive back Tim Feldman (10 interceptions in '83) will lead a seasoned team back to the playoffs, and this time Hofstra will bring the shirt.

Dayton's offensive line is known as the Moving Company. "After we had some big games rushing [four times the Flyers got more than 350 yards, with a high of 516]," says guard Terry Steele, "some of the guys started calling us the Hogs, after the Redskins. We didn't think that was very original." Steele had Moving Company T shirts printed up, and the Flyers won six of their last seven games. Dayton has the toughest schedule in the division, but not to worry: 10 of 11 starters return from a defense that allowed only 11.3 points per game in '83.

| TOP 10 | '83 RECORD |
|---|---|
| 1. UNION | (10–2) |
| 2. CARNEGIE-MELLON | (9–1) |
| 3. WORCESTER TECH | (8–0) |
| 4. DAYTON | (7–3) |
| 5. WISCONSIN-LaCROSSE | (9–3–1) |
| 6. HOPE | (6–3) |
| 7. HOFSTRA | (10–1) |
| 8. OCCIDENTAL | (8–2) |
| 9. CASE WESTERN RESERVE | (8–1) |
| 10. CANISIUS | (5–4) |

After making 117 tooth-rattling tackles last fall, Canisius senior linebacker Jim Gill, a poli sci major, spent the summer turning out braces, retainers and false teeth at an orthodontics company in Buffalo. He's back, and so is sophomore tailback Michael Panepinto, who wasn't called upon last season until the Golden Griffins were facing their fourth defeat in their first five games. The 5′ 5″, 155-pound Panepinto went on to rush for 554 yards as Canisius won its final four starts.

Wisconsin-LaCrosse's 18 returning first-teamers include a future pro, tight end Don Kindt, and quarterback Bob Krepfle. After recuperating from a shoulder injury that sidelined him for four games in '83, Krepfle threw for 509 yards in one game and 371 in the next. Union quarterback Dan Stewart, beginning his fourth year as a first-teamer, has thrown at least one TD pass in 22 straight games. The Dutchmen, who have 20 returning starters, didn't give up a single rushing touchdown during the '83 regular season.

Worcester Tech was 8–0 in '83 but was shortchanged at playoff time: 8–1 Union received a bid over Tech on the ba-

Kiddie Corps, of course. Three Bison offensive lineman signed with NFL teams, but the team was hardest hit on defense, losing both cornerbacks and the entire line.

The key to Central State's performance last season was sophomore Mark Richardson-Corbin. The fifth-string fullback at the start of summer practice, he ended up running for a division-high 1,701 yards. The quarterback is James Woody, who threw 36 TD passes as the Marauders averaged 439.6 yards and 39.8 points a game. Eighteen first-stringers, including 10 on defense, are back.

The Lone Star Conference is a toss-up. Abilene Christian is led by the prolific Loyal Proffitt, who has passed for 6,245 yards in his three years as a starter. East Texas State lost its quarterback, Kyle Mackey, but everyone else, most notably Rickey Dirks, who ran for 1,299 yards in '83, returns.

UC-Davis will win its 14th consecutive Northern California Conference crown on the arm of Scott Barry, a more accurate passer than his predecessor, Ken O'Brien, who's now with the Jets. Santa Clara won four of its last five games in '83. This year the Broncos have seven home dates and 19 returning starters, including All-America center Alex Vlahos.

| TOP 10 | '83 RECORD |
|---|---|
| 1. CENTRAL STATE (OHIO) | (12–1) |
| 2. TROY (ALA.) STATE | (7–4) |
| 3. CLARION | (9–2) |
| 4. MISSISSIPPI COLLEGE | (8–3) |
| 5. UC-DAVIS | (11–1) |
| 6. ABILENE CHRISTIAN | (7–3) |
| 7. NEBRASKA-OMAHA | (9–2) |
| 8. EAST STROUDSBURG | (7–4) |
| 9. EAST TEXAS STATE | (8–2) |
| 10. SANTA CLARA | (8–3) |

Clarion (Pa.) middle guard Kevin Ewing may be the best defensive player in the division. In 1983 he had four fumble recoveries, 139 tackles and eight sacks. Ewing, end Jon Haslett (17 sacks in '83), All-America tailback Elton Brown (1,214 yards), split end Terry McFetridge, who averaged 18.9 yards on 50 catches, and quarterback Pat Carbol, who threw for 14 touchdowns as a sophomore in '83, will lead the Golden Eagles to their 21st straight winning season.

Meet East Stroudsburg split end Tim (Bye-Bye) Bishop. The nickname isn't hard to figure: Last year he averaged 30.3 yards on 18 catches, including plays of 90, 80, 72 and 62 yards. The quarterbacks are Andy Baranek, who threw for 1,171 yards despite missing four games with an ankle sprain, and Charlie Diskin, who passed for 1,180 in relief.

Nebraska-Omaha was the only team to beat North Dakota State (18–10) last season. The Mavericks still have Randy Naran, who completed 177 of 294 passes for 2,235 yards, wide receiver James Quaites, who averaged 19.4 yards on 47 catches, and solid protection from Ron Peterson (6′ 9″, 280 pounds), a former national teenage trapshooting champion.

sis of its tougher schedule. The Engineers outrushed their opponents 319.1 yards to 64.5 and outscored them 225 to 56. The most important returnee is tailback Mike Carbone, the No. 3 rusher in the country last fall with 1,123 yards. Happily, the division playoffs have been expanded from eight to 16 teams, and Tech's schedule now includes Union.

Once again Carnegie-Mellon will field two offensive units. If the "white" team drives for a score, it stays in the game; if not, the "go" unit gets a chance, with the same reward. Coach Chuck Klausing calls it his "incentive plan." Last year the two units combined for 258.3 rushing yards a game. In all, 17 offensive "regulars" return. Defensively, Carnegie-Mellon allowed fewer points (5.3 per game) than any team in the division, and most of the D is back, too.

In 1982 Jim Chapman took over a Case Western Reserve team that had lost 22 games in a row, and he guided the Spartans to a 5–3 finish. Last year the Spartans went 8–1 as the defense, led by linebacker Fred Manley's 118 tackles, yielded only 11.9 points a game. With an eye toward this season, Chapman's 1983 Christmas card to the players read 9–0 AND NUMBER 1 IN THE NCAC [Ohio's new North Coast Athletic Conference] AND NCAA.

Hope's hopes ride on the arm of Greg Heeres, the No. 6 passer in the division in '83 and No. 2 in '82. Occidental has two threats, tailback Vance Mueller, the No. 2 scorer in the nation who ran for 14 touchdowns and won the division long-jump title with a leap of 24′ 1″, and safety Doug Porter, a two-time Division III decathlon champ.

Coach J.R. Bishop directs a flying circus at Wheaton (Ill.), and his son Keith wings it. Last fall Keith threw for 3,274 yards and 24 TDs. Bishop College in Dallas has David Parker, who has passed for 6,104 yards in three years. However, the most efficient passer in the division is Joe Shield of Trinity (Conn.), who connected on 135 of 238 attempts (56.7%) for 2,185 yards and 19 touchdowns in '83. **END**

*Gill led Canisius last season with 117 tooth-jarring tackles.*

# HE'S A ONE-MAN GANG

*Producing the nation's No. 1 junior-college team and a bevy of future stars has made Dick Foster almost as legendary in Coffeyville, Kansas as the Dalton gang*

**by JOHN GARRITY**

Here's the thing about Coffeyville: In 1892 the Dalton gang rode in and held up two banks, and when the shooting was over eight men lay dead. That made quite an impression on this southeastern Kansas town. In 1960 the locals opened a Dalton Museum and put markers where four of the men fell, and somebody even painted a sign that read DEATH ALLEY. Today, Coffeyville is an economically depressed blue-collar town of 14,000 people, 65 miles north of Tulsa. The boom times seem over for the Kansas-Oklahoma oil fields, and that only adds to the sense that Coffeyville's best days are behind it. Wendell Willkie once taught school in Coffeyville. Walter (Big Train) Johnson lived there. They're dead, of course.

Which probably explains why the folks in Coffeyville think so highly of Dick Foster, the 50-year-old football coach of Coffeyville Community College. Foster isn't merely a legend; he's a *living* legend. In a four-day span last December, Foster reaped more success than most college football coaches enjoy in a lifetime. On Saturday, Dec. 3, he celebrated the announcement that one of his former players, Mike Rozier, had won the Heisman Trophy. The next day he got his 100th career victory (against only 15 losses) and won his fifth bowl game. Also, he heard that another of his former players, Ron Springs, had set a single-season receiving record for the Dallas Cowboys. Then on Tuesday a jubilant Foster learned that his team had been named national J.C. champion.

Never mind that *you* never heard of Dick Foster. Coaches have. "He's a winner, there's no doubt about that," says Tulsa's John Cooper. Adds Jim Dickey of Kansas State, "He's certainly a coach who deserves to be known."

Then why isn't he? Maybe it's because Foster's teams have won the Wool Bowl, the Coca-Cola Bowl, the Beef Empire Bowl and the Jayhawk Classic Bowl, not the Rose, Orange, Sugar and Cotton. Maybe it's because you can reach any school in Foster's Kansas Jayhawk Conference—it has eight football-playing members—on one tank of gas. Maybe it's because Foster can't hold on to a player for more than a year or two.

"You don't have to look too far for the reason," says Ken MacLeod, sports editor of *The Coffeyville Journal*. "No mat-

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THE DALTON GANG ROBBED THIS BANK AND FIRST NATIONAL BANK ON OCT. 5 1892. THE BUILDING WAS RENOVATED THROUGH JOINT AGREEMENT BY URBAN RENEWAL BOARD AND CITY COMMISSIONERS IN 1974. THE BUILDING WAS REGISTERED IN THE NATIONAL HISTORICAL REGISTER IN THIS SAME YEAR.

*Coffeyville boasts Foster, a notorious bank stickup—and an extremely quiet downtown.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DOUG HOKE

ter how good you are, you won't get famous by coaching at Coffeyville Community College."

The road to fame and riches in Coffeyville is State Highway 169—out of town. Rozier took 169 four years ago. After a successful freshman season under Foster, Rozier left for Nebraska, where he set a total of five Big Eight and NCAA rushing records. Before Rozier, Foster had Springs, who went on to lead the Big Ten in rushing for Ohio State, before joining the Cowboys. Other Foster players who've gone on to the pros include Los Angeles Raider cornerback Ted Watts, Michigan Panther linebacker Will Cokely, San Antonio Gunslinger defensive back Jim Bob Morris and Los Angeles Express running back Mel Gray.

The college ranks are impressively crowded with Coffeyville products. Seventeen of Foster's players are currently on major college rosters, and many others are at Division I-AA, II and III schools. "We've taken three of his players, and all three were starters the minute they hit campus," says Cooper. "Dick Foster gets more out of the average athlete than anybody I've ever seen in coaching."

That's an outsider's viewpoint. In Coffeyville, they put a little spin on the story, a little Western gothic. They convince you that when Foster arrived in Coffeyville in 1975, the wind whistled through broken shutters and tumbleweeds swept down Eighth Street. You picture a weathered stranger standing outside a saloon, the forlorn townsfolk gathered about him, staring in wonder at the notches on his gun.

"Well, it was *bad*," says Barbara Jean Pendleton, director of alumni affairs at Coffeyville, with a laugh. "Our Ravens had been winning since the 1930s, but in 1969 we began a losing stretch that lasted six years. We were really in the dumps when Dick came here."

Foster promised Coffeyville immediate success, and he delivered. His first team, with Springs in the backfield, went 11–0. Since then, the Red Ravens have been at or near the top of the National Junior College Athletic Association polls. (With the exception of virtually all the J.C.s in California, Washington and Oregon, most of the country's junior colleges are NJCAA members.) "I told 'em we were going to win," says Foster, "and winning made me look like a prophet."

When asked why he makes his waves in out-of-the-way Coffeyville, Foster replies with a fatalistic shrug. "You know," he says, "I've been asked that hundreds of times. A lot of the jobs are very political. It's hard to get in." He admits, though, that he has never gone job hunting outside the Kansas-Missouri-Oklahoma hub, where his mother, brother and five married children all make their homes. "I don't play golf, I don't fish and hunt," he says. "My life is football and my family." At Coffeyville, he can devote time to both.

No one can accuse Foster of taking shortcuts to further his career. He spent 14 years as a high school coach in Missouri (six years doubling as principal) before moving to Fort Scott (Kans.) Junior College, where he put together a 19–2 record over two seasons and guided the Greyhounds to the national title in 1970. From there he stepped up to Kansas, where he served Don Fambrough as head freshman coach and then as recruiting coordinator. Foster's respect for the popular Fambrough borders on adulation. "I think I'd give up my life for the man," he says. "He helped me in so many ways." Unfortunately, Fambrough was forced out in December 1974. The rest of the Kansas football staff—except Foster—was fired.

"It's the only time I ever considered

*continued*

leaving coaching," Foster says. "I saw guys that were good football coaches let out to pasture." He also saw, under new coach Bud Moore, what Foster calls "a different side" of college football. "With Bud it was like survival of the fittest," says Foster. "They really treated the kids brutal. I said, if this is what college football is like, I'm getting out of it. Right then I decided I was going to run my own program and not be dependent on somebody else." After three months with Moore, Foster quit Kansas and returned to the junior-college ranks.

But why Coffeyville? The school had no practice fields, no weight program, no locker room showers. Foster inherited a partially sealed-off hulk called Memorial Hall—"It was the kind of place that should've been condemned," he says—where his players had to dress in a dark hallway with chicken-wire lockers before being bused across town to a vacant lot where they practiced. "It was basic football," Rozier recalls. "We'd often practice in 110-degree heat on a field near the slaughterhouse. We practiced on pasture ground, the hard stuff, instead of grass."

Conditions at Coffeyville are better today, but the shock to tender freshmen is still considerable. "I don't think anyone would have a negative outlook when they look back," Foster says, "but I'd say 90 percent of our out-of-staters *hate* it here the first three months. There's nothing to do but go to class and play football."

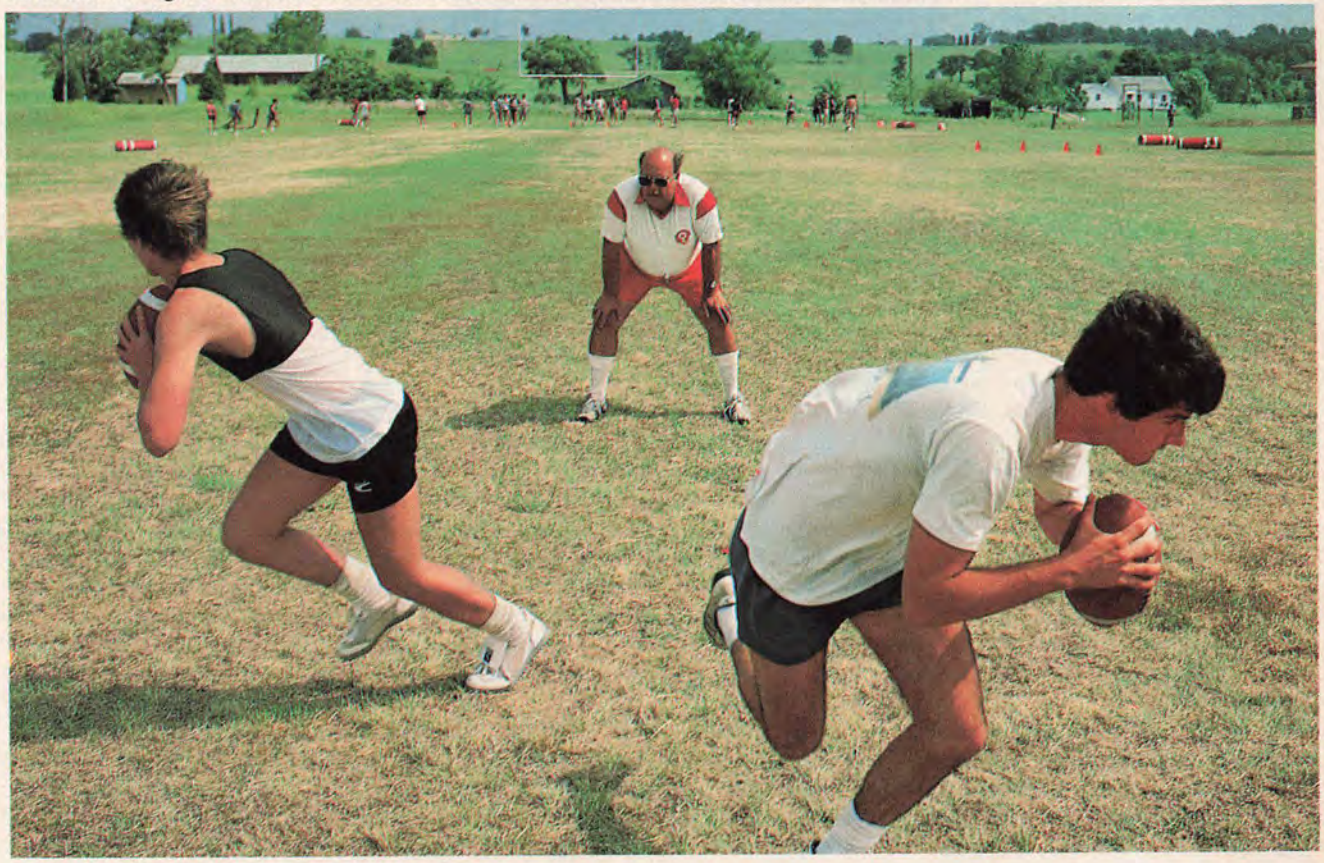
Springs, the player most fondly remembered in Coffeyville, admits he wanted to fly back to Williamsburg, Va. when he got his first glimpse of the prairie. "Coach met me when I got off the plane in Tulsa," he says, "and I started seeing all these fields and farms. And when we got to Coffeyville there was a rodeo going on. It finally hit me that I was in the middle of *nowhere* . . . for the whole year . . . with nobody I knew." Coffeyville's starting fullback that year, Mike Hollerman, did more than *think* about leaving. After less than a week, he disappeared. According to former Raven quarterback Tim Pivonka, "He [Hollerman] was caught down at the bus station trying to cash in a jar of pennies for a ticket back home."

But if Coffeyville at first seems, in one player's words, "a small, desolate place," it wins its share of converts. "The people are some of the warmest I've ever known," says Springs. "It didn't matter whether you were black or white, they invited you into their homes. And Dick Foster, he was like a father at times, he was like a tyrant at times, and he was a great motivator. You had all three in one man."

Foster concedes that not everyone fits in as comfortably as Springs. In 1981 two Coffeyville players were arrested for drag racing on Eighth Street the night before a game. Last year a freshman defensive tackle left the team after repeated fistfights with his teammates. Numerous players have had better success than Hollerman at skipping town. There also have been occasional clashes between small-town ways and the street-smart cockiness of city kids. One teacher thought Rozier disrespectful for always wearing his trademark cap in class.

*continued*

***As he does during the season with his team, Foster likes to leave defense to others and concentrate on offense at his summer football camp.***



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"The most difficult player I've had to coach was Ted Watts," says Foster. "Ted was from the ghetto, and when he left here he didn't care much for me and I didn't care much for him. But a few years ago the phone rings and it's Ted. It's the first time I've heard from him since he left me, it must be three years, and he says, 'Coach, I never thought I'd call you and say I miss Coffeyville and you bein' on my back, but I do. If it wasn't for you, I'd probably be in jail.' " Foster shakes his head. "Hey, I hung up the phone and started crying."

***Rozier (30) had a 1,157-yard year at Coffeyville, but Springs is the fans' favorite.***

Sentiment aside, it's the promise of similar conversions that enables Foster and other junior college coaches to attract top high school talent. If a prospect hasn't achieved at least a 2.0 average—if he's a "non-qualifier" in NCAA terminology—he must earn a degree from a two-year college to be eligible for competition and financial aid at a Division I school. Before 1981, one year at a J.C. was enough; thus, athletes were encouraged to load up on "puff courses" to achieve the necessary GPA.

"Qualifiers"—players whose grades qualify them for Division I out of high school—can transfer with eligibility and aid after attending a junior college for just one academic year, provided they maintain a 2.0 GPA. In either case, a junior college is often the answer for the player who may not be academically or emotionally prepared for major-college pressures. "I won't bring in a 1.1 student," Foster says. "I look for a baseline of 1.8 or 1.9." He laughs. "Don't get me wrong. If Rozier had had a 1.1, I'd have brought him in anyway."

Recruiting at Coffeyville is a low-budget enterprise, but that hasn't unduly hampered Foster. "If Coach Foster decides he's got to have a great running back," says MacLeod, "he gets on the phone and three days later a Rosie Snipes comes rolling in." It isn't quite that easy, says Foster, but MacLeod has put his finger on the right instrument—the telephone. Foster's phone rings incessantly, and when he's doing the dialing he can tie up the lines for hours. "I've never brought an out-of-state player in for a visit," he says. "Other junior colleges do, but we just don't have the funds."

Jayhawk Conference rules limit a team to 10 out-of-state players on a 45-man roster, so Foster can ill afford a mistake when he calls long distance for help. Snipes, a non-qualifier, was laying sod along highways in Sarasota, Fla. and taking night classes toward a high school diploma when the phone rang at his house. Forsaking the sod for the prairie, Snipes went on to average 9.2 yards per carry for Coffeyville in 1982. Last season as a Florida State sophomore, he averaged 6.6.

The telephone also figured prominently in Rozier's coming to Coffeyville. "I never even saw Mike Rozier," says Foster. *Heard* about him, yes. Foster's grapevine identifies high school prospects who combine dazzling moves with moribund grades. Nebraska recruiters told Rozier about Coffeyville, and Foster made his pitch by phone. He remembers getting a call from Cornhusker coach Tom Osborne, who had signed Rozier to a letter of intent. Osborne told Foster he thought Rozier *would* make his grades, but if he didn't, fine—he could go to Coffeyville. "That's all there was to it," Foster says. Rozier wound up in Coffeyville, gained 1,157 yards in nine games, went to class, made some friends and left town. "I had my 2.5 when I went to Nebraska," says Rozier.

Foster had something, too: memories of a backfield that would be the envy of any big-college coach: Rozier, Gray, who later played at Purdue, and Greg Iseman, who went on to lead Montana in rushing and scoring. Foster insists that coaching such talent is the easiest part of his job. He counsels many of his players and supervises team study halls in the school library. "Coach always checked to make sure you went to class," says Pivonka. "We had several guys who didn't, but you looked up and they were gone." Says Foster, "They *will* be disciplined. There are only two things I can't deal with—stealing and drugs. I'm not a halfway house in those two areas."

He *is* a halfway house to four-year schools. Like buyers at a trade show, as many as 125 college coaches and assistants visit Coffeyville every fall. Says Foster, "I never go out and recruit the next class until I've got all of my kids placed who want to play football." He can rattle off a list of Division I schools currently fielding Coffeyville alums, and the geographical range is impressive: Utah, Kentucky, Tulsa, Purdue, Syracuse, Kansas State, Missouri, Indiana State, West Texas State, Texas-Arlington, Florida State, Louisville. Foster plays no favorites: Coffeyville isn't a pipeline to one or two programs.

Neither, he insists, is Coffeyville a place where jocks can "launder" their grades with phony credits and gut courses. "They're not taking basket-weaving," he says. "They're taking science, history and math."

Foster recalls only a couple of instances in which a major college tried to

*Foster lives for football—note the pool's Coffeyville Raven—and family, which includes wife Karen and, from left, sons Mike, Skip, Wayne.*

tamper with a Coffeyville player. The most notable involved—who else?—Rozier, who wavered on his commitment to Nebraska. "Pitt came here under the pretext of looking at other players," says Foster, "but they were really looking at Rozier. They asked to talk to him, and I said no, but they recruited him hard on his Christmas break. When I heard about it, I just sat down with him and said, 'Hey, it don't work that way, Mike.' "

The knowledge that a player is safe from poaching is important to coaches who steer players to Coffeyville. So, too, is the job Foster does with them. "When it comes to football, Dick Foster knows his job," says Rozier. "His practices were the hardest I've ever been through." Says Dickey, "Any major-college coach is happy letting Dick have a kid for a while. They know he'll come out fundamentally sound and disciplined. And he'll know what hard work is."

If he's a running back or a receiver, he'll also know what it is to cross the goal line—often. Foster's teams have averaged more than 34 points a game over his nine-year tenure, and seven of his backs have had 1,000-yard seasons. "I'm an offensive coach," Foster says. "Defensively I hire good coaches and stay away from it." In 1978 quarterback Mike Long passed for 23 touchdowns and more than 2,000 yards, but usually Foster wins with his great running backs. In 1980 he went to the wishbone because he had Rozier and all those other gifted backs, "plus a quarterback who couldn't throw the ball across the room but was a very good runner." Foster still uses the wishbone, although he prefers more of a one-back offense. "The wishbone isn't fun to coach during the week," he says, "but it's fun to run on Saturday when you light up the scoreboard."

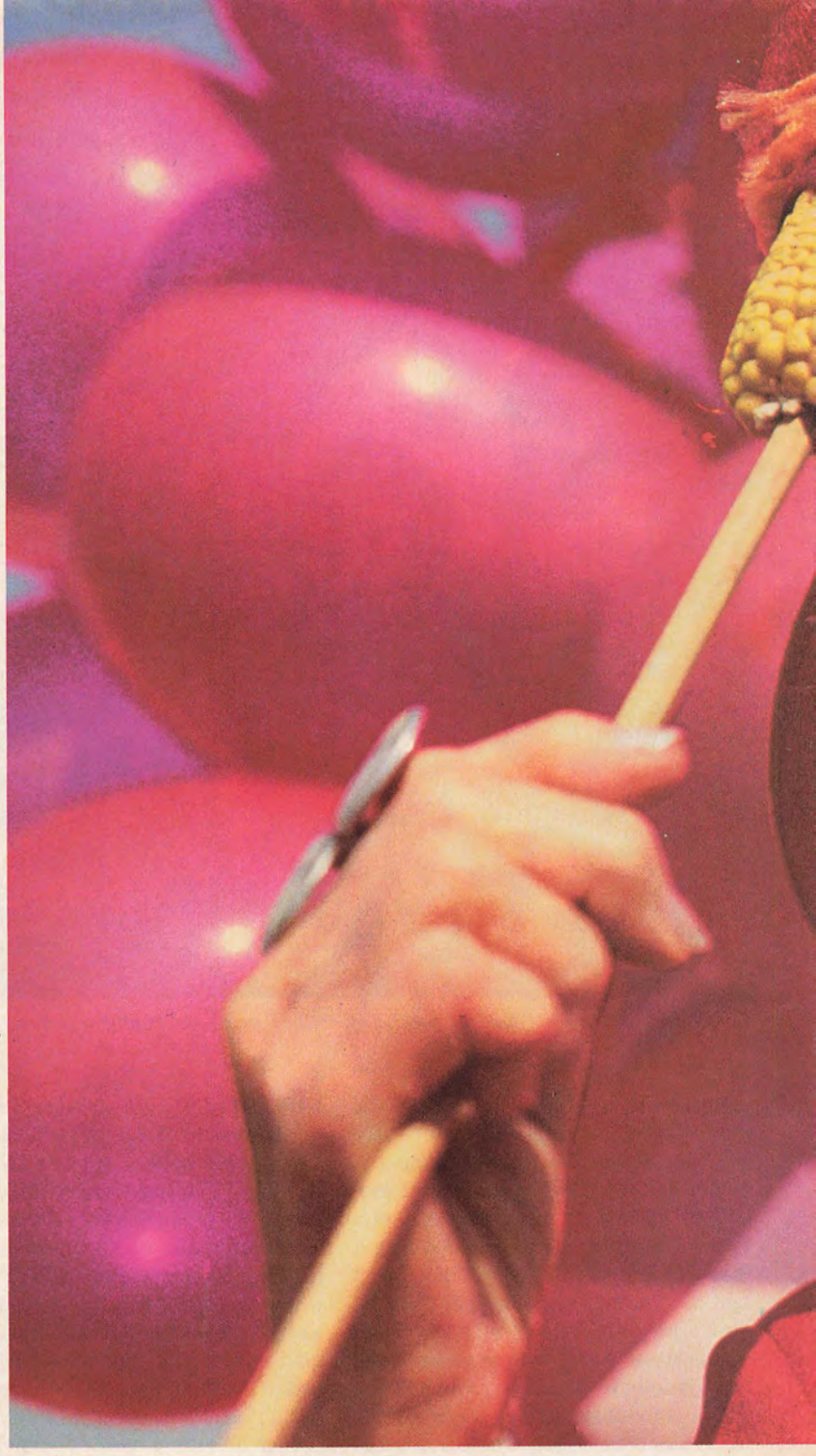
Yes, the Coffeyville scoreboard has lights. The Red Ravens share 5,000-seat Ise Athletic Field with Field Kindley Memorial High, but Foster's program now enjoys, on a small scale, most of the amenities associated with bigger programs: a weight room, training room, film room, two practice fields and a 45-foot filming tower. "Hey, our highlight film is in color," Foster says proudly. He also has *control*, which is why he came to Coffeyville in the first place. The role of athletic director is shared among the coaches, but as one Coffeyville observer notes, "Foster pretty much dominates things. He gets what he wants."

So, too, do the Coffeyville fans, who anticipate another winning season. The Red Ravens have 15 starters back from last year's national championship squad, including star running back Rickie Wells. "Next year," Foster predicts, "people will be asking me if Rickie Wells is as good as Rozier." Their only worry is that Foster, who works on a one-year contract, will go elsewhere.

Foster doesn't dismiss the idea. "I'm 50 years old," he says, "but I feel I could turn the trick in one more situation." But then he shrugs, as if he has already given up on the notion. "I would have liked the opportunity to be head coach at a major college—I think I could have beaten the system—but there's no use crying over spilt milk."

No, and as a visitor points out, in Coffeyville he has complete control of a program, which he never would in the big time. "Amen," Foster says. **END**

*Like vintage wine, these lifetime loyalists grow more intriguing with age. Refusing to wither on the vine, they have put together amazing attendance streaks that date back as far as 1911. What keeps these diehards going? For Giles Pellerin, who calls the USC players his "children," the Trojans are like family. Lourene Wishart hasn't missed a Nebraska home game in 61 years because she likes a "winner." Wes Schulmerich, an 83-year-old Oregon State fan, says he refuses to die until the Beavers win three games in a season. Indeed, it can be said that all of these devotees live for their teams.*



# OH, THAT OLD COLLEGE SPIRIT

by FRANZ LIDZ

*At the drop of a hat, Wishart will give you an earful on anything from slipshod restaurant service to her favorite Husker team.*

## LOURENE WISHART
## Nebraska

"Lourene, quitcher bitchin'!"

That's Virginia Hadley talking. She and her friend Lourene Wishart are having lunch at the Cornhusker, as swank an eatery as you can find in Lincoln, Neb. Lourene's been bitchin' about the food, the service and the color of the tablecloth. Being 91 years old and all and having accumulated a certain amount of wisdom in those years, she figures she has a right to speak her mind. She asks a young waiter what he thinks of the Big Red's chances for the coming season. "Pretty good," he says, a little timidly.

Lourene smiles a big, round, toothy smile and lets him shuffle off. When he's almost out of earshot, she hollers, "That pansy! What the hell does he know about Nebraska football?"

Certainly not nearly as much as Lourene. She hasn't missed a home game in 61 years. "I go because I like a winner," she says. "I've always been a winner."

She's also a woman of immense vitality. She ambles around her colonial-style cottage in glasses with rhinestone frames, a lace blouse and skirt, and a pendant strung with big plastic elephants. "The fella who gave it to me said they were ivory," she says with some indignation. Evidently, she doesn't know

*continued*

ivory as well as Cornhuskers. Lourene wears elephants mostly because she's a lifelong Republican. Her late husband, Joseph, ran for governor as a Republican in 1946. Her other passions are raising prize Manchester terriers, the country music of Red Foley and lilacs. Lourene was born on Lilac Farm in nearby Bennet. She sold the homestead 10 years ago, but plenty of hybrid lilacs surround her house: pink lace, woodland, Carolyn Mae and snow shower.

Lourene is small and frail, and takes your arm as she walks down the wooden steps to the Go-Big-Red Room in her basement. She pokes around the shrine, shoving Husker artifacts at you: Big Red beer mugs, Big Red pennants, Big Red deck chairs. She has a crocheted doll of Mike Rozier and a gold statuette of Johnny Rodgers filled with 100-proof Kentucky bourbon. Her collection of Big Eight swizzle sticks is perhaps unrivaled in the Western Hemisphere. In the far corner stands her hangin' tree, a willow branch painted red that's modeled after the one in Boot Hill cemetery in Tombstone, Ariz. After Nebraska victories she holds mock hangings of the loser. She has strung up stuffed Kansas jayhawks, Army mules and LSU tigers.

The game she cherishes most is the 1973 Orange Bowl. "Our quarterback, Dave Humm, licked the pants off Notre Dame," she says. "Oh boy, they were mad. I got in the Irish players' bus after the game and Otto couldn't find me." Otto, her chauffeur, used to drive her to games in a lilac-colored Cadillac. "Wow!" she says. "You better not tell how much those fellas swore. I don't suppose Parseghian knows that."

Her favorite player? "Dave Humm," she says without hesitation. "He was the handsomest thing I ever laid eyes on. He used to come over here and just sit and talk. Drove the women crazy."

Lourene will never forgive Miami for stealing the national championship from her Huskers last season. "My feelings about that wouldn't be fit to write," she says. "It was the worst thing that happened in my life." But she thinks her friend Virginia is wrong in saying the '83 squad was Nebraska's best ever.

"Well, how come they won all those awards then, Lourene?"

"Yes, Virginia, they did win lots of awards, some of which nobody ever heard of."

Lourene says she prefers the '71 team that won the national title.

"Well, Lourene," says Virginia, "they didn't win the awards."

"Yes, Virginia. But they didn't lose the championship, either."

## THE HOWELLS
### North Carolina A&T

When President Truman's telegram arrived, Mary Howell was out on the front porch, gazing at the crowd headed for World War Memorial Stadium. Her husband, Clifton, was already at the game, cheering on his alma mater, North Carolina A & T. The telegram said that their oldest son, Clifton II, had been killed in

*Mary and Clifton: tasty Homecoming fetes.*

*No wonder May, a Tiger fan for 73 years, hasn't switched allegiance to South Carolina.*

action in Korea. Mary sent a friend to the stadium to tell her husband, and the sad news was broadcast over the loudspeaker. "That was the only Homecoming I've missed in the 62 years we've been married," she says. "I guess God was in it somehow so we could get the message."

But Mary went back the next season and every one of the 32 since. For seven decades porch-sitting and Aggie Homecoming games have been autumn constants in the Howells' lives. And except for the time somebody snatched Mary's purse—"I really only had but two or three dollars in it," she says—the Homecomings have been a lot happier. In fact, Mary's and Clifton's Homecoming Day bashes have become legendary. "We just love the fellowship," she says. "We have chicken, ham, potato salad, candied yams—everybody loves candied yams—pickles and icebox rolls."

Both Howells are in their 80s. Their faces have the burnished look of old leather covering fine and learned books. Mary is a warm, comfortable woman in a cheery floral dress. The number "50" glitters on a gold chain around her neck. A dentist friend made it for her 50th wedding anniversary. On the wall of the Howell home in Greensboro, she proudly displays her diploma from the Academy of Millinery Design and a citation for "excellence and creative achievement in the subject of the bridal veil." Clifton is a happily mismatched kind of guy who'll wear a powder-blue shirt, bright yellow pants held up by red suspenders and Converse lowtops he keeps loosely tied because of bunions. He walks with a metal cane, and when he's not walking, he's rocking and chewing Juicy Fruit gum at the same pace.

When Mary and Clifton met, she was just a local girl and he was an Aggie football hero and president of the student body. He'd seen her drive across campus in a red Chevy, and said, "Now that girl is for me." He asked her to be his guest on the next hayride. "From then on we became friends," she recalls. They eloped in Clifton's senior year, but they didn't live together. "We still courted like we always had," Mary says. "We knew Clifton's daddy would pull him out of college if he knew we'd married."

A touch of rheumatism has cramped Clifton's style a bit on Homecoming Day, but he gets riled up all the same. "Clifton is still a wild man," says Mary. "He gets too nervous, and I have to calm him down. He'll scream, 'Play 'em off the field! Hold 'em! Get 'em below the knees! That's not the way to tackle!' "

Clifton became an expert in tackling in 1922. That was the year his crucial hit helped the Aggies beat Virginia Union, a victory that earned them football respectability. Dr. Albert Spruill, the historian of A & T football, wrote in *Great Recollections from Aggieland*, "He [Howell] caught up with his adversary and made him the victim."

The truth, Clifton says, was somewhat less heroic: "Coach was shouting at me from the sidelines, 'Big man, if you don't get that guy, I'll kill you.' "

## WALTER MAY
## Clemson

If you ever find yourself in Columbia, S.C., cruise up Main Street past the Takin' Five 41-item salad bar, past Taco Cid, past Wigs 'n Things and the Duck-In restaurant ("Quackin' Good Food"), past the Seoul Restaurant & Lounge and the sign that says SWAMP WIGGLER'S, RED WORMS, NITE-CRAWLERS, MINNOWS, PRODUCE AND CRICKETS and turn right after the Krispy Kreme Doughnut shop. At the bend in the road you'll come to a brick bungalow. That's where a retired bookkeeper named Walter May has lived for 61 years. "There's nothing fine about it," he says, "but it's comfortable and paid for."

Which is about how South Carolina fans regard May at Williams-Brice Stadium in Columbia: not exactly interesting, but modestly monumental. He has attended every Clemson-South Carolina game since 1911, the year he dropped out of Clemson. All May remembers about that first game is the score. "We beat them 27–0," he says. He doesn't know why he left school. "To tell you the truth," he says, "I never have been able to figure it out."

May is a homebred Southern boy, born in Columbia, where he learned to love country music, go to church on Sunday and ignore the University of South Carolina, his hometown team. His one year at Clemson made him a lifelong Tiger fan. His devotion to the university 140 miles to the northwest earned him the nickname Clemson.

May is thin and wiry, and his hands are strong and embossed with veins. He's 92 and he talks slow and easy, like a

*continued*

*A toast to 618 and counting: from left, Giles, Max, Jessie, Oliver, Max's wife, Gladys.*

## VINTAGE FANS *continued*

courthouse whittler. If you've got a minute or two he'll remind you that a couple of Heisman Trophy winners, George Rogers and Herschel Walker, failed to cross the Clemson goal line. He'll also tell you how Banks McFadden, a Tiger quarterback in the '30s, flummoxed South Carolina with a quick kick on first down.

The closest May ever came to missing a Clemson-South Carolina game was in 1942, when an inner-ear infection nearly felled him at the gate. "My head started spinning and people thought I was drunk," he recalls. In those days, South Carolina was always the home team, because the big game was played at the state fairgrounds in Columbia, and highway patrolmen used to prowl the bleachers for bootleg liquor and take-out rowdies. "I got inside and the thing hit me like that," says May, snapping his fingers. "It kinda—heh-heh—held me up. So I set down on a Coca-Cola crate for 10, 15 minutes and it passed off." May has many down-homey anecdotes like that, in fact exactly like that.

He loves Clemson, but he has never worked up much of a distaste for South Carolina. "I'm not the type of guy that hates the Gamecocks," he says. "But Lord knows, I sure don't pull for them."

### GILES PELLERIN
### USC

Then there's the story of the game that almost got away from Giles Pellerin. He was pledging allegiance to the flag at a Rotary Club meeting in Burbank four days before USC's big game with Stanford in 1949. One of the Rotarians told Pellerin he looked as white as a polar ice cap. "It was appendicitis," says Pellerin. "The first question that entered my mind was how long I'd be in the hospital."

He didn't want to mess up his streak. The doctor at Queen of Angels Hospital said he didn't think Pellerin would make the game, but Pellerin had other ideas. Clad in his hospital gown, Pellerin had his brother Oliver walk him up and down the corridors so he could regain his strength. And when the physician didn't show that Saturday, Pellerin slipped on his street clothes, snuck out of the hospital and rode to the game with Oliver.

When Pellerin returned to the hospital later that afternoon, his face was a little sunburnt. "Where have you been?" asked a nurse. "Oh," answered Pellerin, "I've been getting a little exercise."

He has been getting a little exercise now for 58 years. Neither rain nor snow nor appendectomy can keep Perpetual Pellerin away from a USC game. The Trojans haven't played without him since 1926. At his first game he watched them innundate Whittier 74–0. That's 618 games in a row and counting.

Pellerin graduated from USC with an engineering degree in 1923 and spent the next 45 years working at Pacific Telephone. He has traveled more than 750,000 miles to see the Trojans play. He's dapper and goal-post slim, and looks a good deal younger than his 77 years. During the season he watches the Trojans practice two or three times a week, and on the road he hangs out in the team's hotel lobby, talking to the boys and meeting their parents. "We've played in cities like Austin, Little Rock and Ann Arbor," he

says, "and each gives me the opportunity to see college campuses and go to pep rallies and make hundreds of friends throughout the United States and correspond with them." At Christmas he sends out about 150 cards to people he has met in his Pellerin peregrinations.

All his old ticket stubs are held together by rubber bands in a shoebox in his San Marino home. He used to have all the programs, too, but he lost most of them in a garage fire. He still has the gold watch USC gave him to commemorate his 500th straight game, the 1973 Rose Bowl. "Sure, I could sit in my rocking chair and grow old," he says. "But I don't intend to do that. You've got to have something to look forward to."

Oliver had a streak going himself, but he took a break for World War II. He hasn't missed a USC game since 1947. Pellerin's youngest brother, Max, had his streaks interrupted by the Korean War and an assignment with Northrup Aircraft in Saudi Arabia. Max is now working on a modest 50-gamer. And then there's Pellerin's wife, Jessie, who has accompanied him to games since 1935. They courted at USC games for almost two years. "When we die," Pellerin says, "we will bequeath $750,000 to the team. We consider them our children."

His extended football family includes such favorite sons as Anthony Davis, Gary Jeter, Lynn Swann, Pat Haden, Mike Garrett, Marcus Allen and Frank Gifford. Gifford's 1951 squad gave Pellerin his quintessential football experience, a quasi-mystical event that began at halftime when USC was trailing Cal 14–0. "At the start of the third quarter," he says, "off in the distance you could hear drumbeats. They got louder and louder. Suddenly, in marched the Trojan band, which had been waylaid by a train wreck. With the beating of those drums you could almost see the momentum building." The Trojans scored the next three touchdowns and won 21–14.

"Every year I tell myself I'm not going back," Pellerin says halfheartedly. "Then I look ahead to something like this season's Arizona State game, in Tempe. We've never won in Tempe, and, I just *have* to be there with 'em." He can hardly wait until 1992 when, he reckons, he'll see his 700th straight game. "That is," he says, "unless USC goes to the Rose Bowl two or three times before then."

## ROGER CONNERS
### Lafayette

In that misty era before brittle quarterbacks and 300-page playbooks, a rugged brand of football was played between the Lafayette Leopards and the Lehigh Engineers in the rolling hills of Eastern Pennsylvania. Legend has it that the colossal Leopard linebackers could strip an Engineer halfback naked with a single sweep of their paws and pull off his toes as if they were daisy petals. It's said that the officials in those days were usually prison wardens, and instead of meting out yardage as penalties, they decreed sentences varying from two days to 25 years.

Of course, not many people think of Lehigh and Lafayette as football schools anymore, but a few relics survive from that time. The Lehigh-Lafayette series, which dates from 1884, can claim the all-time greatest fan anywhere in Howard Foering, who had seen 99 games in a row before he died nine years ago at 106. (The teams played twice a season through 1901, and in 1943 and '44.) Lehigh has a dozen alumni who have witnessed at least 50 Double-L games. Heading the list is a retired steel-mill superintendent named Albert Chenoweth, 91, who saw his first Big Game in 1912, the year he was a backup quarterback as a freshman. He missed the 1918 game because he was in France serving with the U.S. Army. Since then he has been to 67 consecutive Double-Ls.

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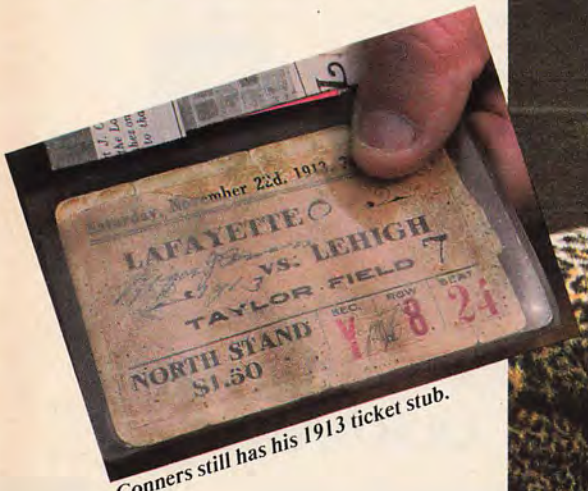
***A broken oil pan in Dr. Fox's Model T nearly made Conners miss his Leopards in 1913.***




**Conners still has his 1913 ticket stub.**

Chenoweth, however, lags behind Roger Conners of Lafayette. Conners, who attended Lafayette but never graduated, has seen *every* game in the series since 1912. "There doesn't seem to be the enthusiasm there used to be," he says. "But because of this record, it's hard to miss. Besides, by going to college football games, you meet a nice class of people."

Conners, 82, lives in Easton, the Leopards' den. He spends much of his time between games hanging out at the insurance company he founded, which is now run by his son and grandson. Conners remembers that he went to his first Lehigh-Lafayette game with his father and Dr. Arthur Fox. He treasures a souvenir ticket that he keeps in his wallet. Unfortunately, it's from his second game, in 1913. Conners almost didn't make that game because Dr. Fox's Model T lost the plug in its oil pan. Dr. Fox jammed a corncob into the hole, and they made it to Taylor Field in time for the kickoff. Chenoweth threw a touchdown pass to give Lehigh a 7–0 win.

Conners remembers the old players best. Like Joe DuMoe. "Joe was sort of a tramp athlete from Syracuse and Fordham," he recalls. "They found out he was a professional hockey player and tossed him out of school." And Doc Elliott, a freshman who took over as fullback midway through the 1921 season and scored every Leopard touchdown in a 28–6 rout of the Engineers. "After the season Doc got mixed up with a bad crowd," says Conners. "He and some guys cleaned out the York Restaurant and threw a safe out the window. Doc was thrown out of college, too."

The one game Conners didn't particularly care for was the Engineers' 78–0 win in 1917. "We always claimed all our boys went to war," he says, "and theirs stayed home and went to Lehigh."

The Leopards have won only three times in the past 13 years, but they still hold a 65–49–5 edge. "We're so far ahead that they'll never catch up while I'm alive," Conners says. "At least I have that satisfaction."

## WES SCHULMERICH AND CHARLES THARP
### Oregon State

Wes Schulmerich seems as tall as a Douglas fir and has a booming laugh that sounds like an eruption at Mount St. Helens. He's 83 and his face has a crisp ruggedness to it. Charles Tharp, who is 79, is a rotund, short-legged former Chrysler dealer with steel-frame glasses that make his ears bug out. His hair has thinned considerably, and his face has some well-earned lines.

Schulmerich and Tharp share a love for gin rummy, trout fishing and Oregon State football. They've been to every Beaver home game for 62 years. They've sat in row 34 at Parker Stadium in Corvallis for the last 35 years, though not necessarily together. They argue too much. Usually Schulmerich's wife, Cecile, sits between them as a buffer. Schulmerich tends to yell his head off, and Tharp looks

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*Schulmerich (left) and Tharp have survived moose hunting in Alaska, an Australian Outback trek—and 62 seasons of Beaver football.*

on with plump-cheeked amusement.

Schulmerich might say he thinks Terry Baker was the greatest Beaver of them all. "I wouldn't go for Baker," says Tharp. "Never did like him personally."

"That isn't the object, Charlie."

"He wasn't any better at his position than Leonard Younce was at guard."

"Well, that's your opinion."

They have such a boyish camaraderie that you half expect one of them to burst out singing, "Here's to good friends, tonight is kinda special." Their friendship has endured moose hunting trips to Alaska, the 1968 Olympics in Mexico City and a trek across the Outback of Australia. "It keeps us young," says Tharp, who lives a block from campus with his 15-year-old apricot-colored poodle, Beethoven. His wife, Jane, died in 1979. "After the games we all come to my house for a big feed and to tip a few," Tharp says.

Schulmerich and Tharp both went to Oregon State in the '20s. When Tharp got out of college he sold Chryslers and eventually opened his own agency. He got out of the car business six years ago. Schulmerich still drives to games in the Dodge Charger his best friend sold him in 1978. "That s.o.b. has kept me broke since 1945," says Schulmerich.

"Are you kidding?" says Tharp. "That s.o.b. kept *me* broke every time I traded with him."

In 1927 Schulmerich turned down a $100-a-game contract to play football for the Frankford, Pa. Yellowjackets of the NFL. He kicked around bush-league baseball for a while and even played in the majors for four seasons with the Braves, Phillies and Reds. In 1933 he started in the same Philadelphia outfield with Chuck Klein. Batted .318, too, fifth best in the National League.

By then, he and Tharp were well into their string. They only go to home games, and they never go to Eugene to see the rival Oregon Ducks. "Wes and I don't like them, and they don't like us," says Tharp. "Walk down the street and they'll throw mud at ya."

Tharp says the "meanest, nastiest thing" he ever did was after a game in 1924 with Oregon. The Ducks had just beaten the Beavers, and a couple of Oregon fans had stolen Tharp's rooter lid, which is what he called his hat. "I stood behind a tree and waited until their car came around the corner," says Tharp. "Then I threw an oak branch through their windshield and ran off."

"You see what a disposition he's got," says Schulmerich.

If the Beavers win when Schulmerich has his letter sweater on, he'll keep wearing it to games until they lose. He hasn't worn his sweater three games in a row since 1978. Still, he and Tharp remain loyal. "They need you more when they're losing than when they're winning," says Tharp. "Everybody comes to see a winner. We've never quit 'em."

Schulmerich, a retired fishing-resort guide, has beaten cancer. He says he refuses to die until the Beavers win three games in one season. "Every year they don't do it," he says, "and I say I'll be back for the next campaign. My ambition

*continued*

is to live long enough to see it, but I don't think I'm gonna make it."

"I think this year's team is good enough to win two games," Tharp says.

"I'll bet you right now that we don't win two games."

"A bottle of booze?"

"A bottle of booze."

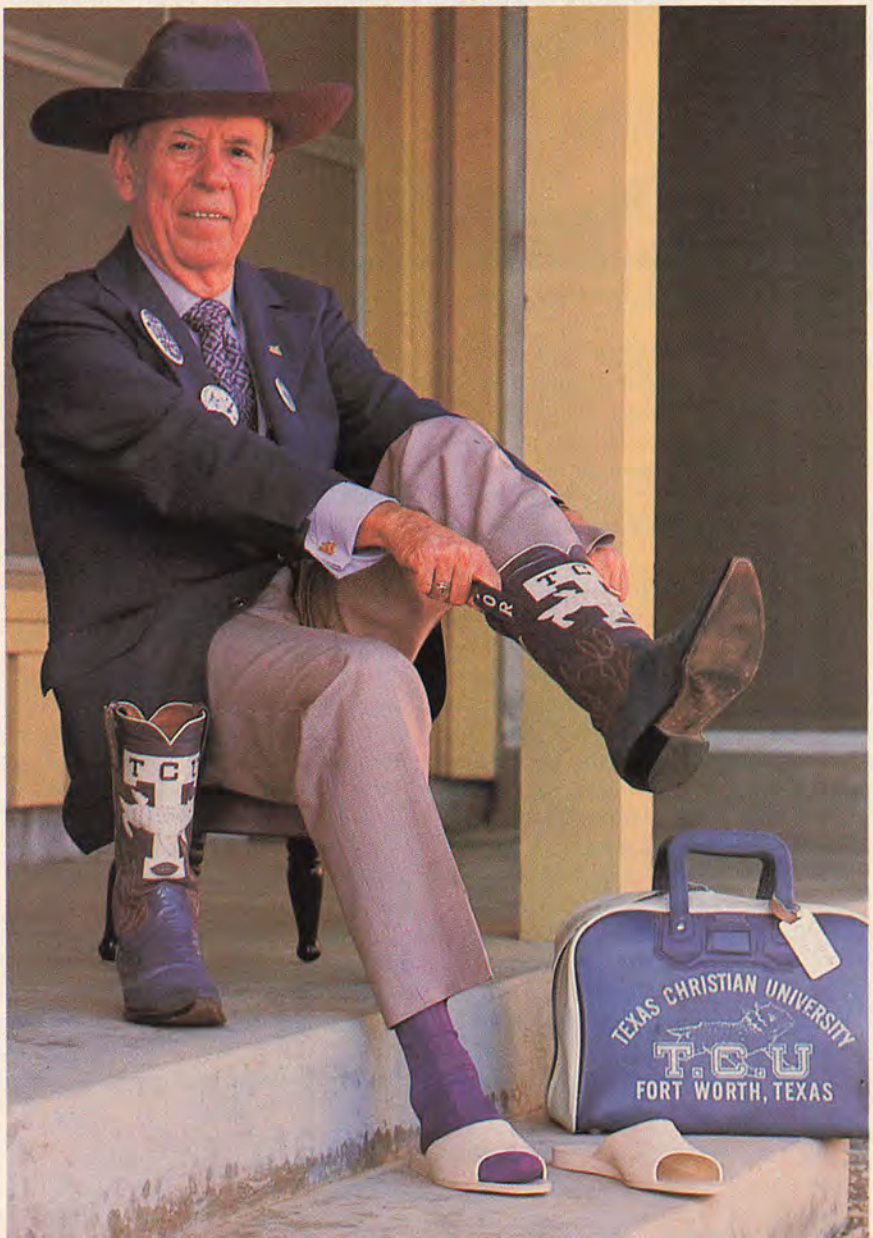
## PAUL RIDINGS
## TCU

Paul Ridings is spinning his Yard-O-Matic punting wheel—a cardboard contraption that measures the lengths of punts—in the press box at Amon G. Carter Stadium and is wearing these clothes: lilac pants, mulberry blazer, violet shirt with fuchsia cuff links, prune-colored tie, lavender cowboy hat and magenta cowboy boots. A TCU pinkie ring adorns his right hand. He looks great.

Ridings loves the Horned Frogs with a purple passion. In the bedroom of his Fort Worth home he keeps more than 50 purple shirts, 15 pairs of purple socks, four purple jackets and one purple suit. And those are just his lounging clothes. On road trips he takes along his purple pj's and purple smoking jacket and purple-and-white bedroom slippers. Guess what color his underwear is.

Ridings has attended 381 straight Horned Frog home-and-away games. He hasn't missed one since a 13–9 loss to Ole Miss in the 1948 Delta Bowl. He has traveled as far as Seattle and Miami, paying his own way, to keep the string intact. He figures he has seen 521 TCU games all told. That's 63% of the games the school has played since its first one, in 1896, against Toby's Business College. "We won 8–6," he says, consulting his voluminous library of statistics. Ridings was TCU's statistician for 35 years.

*Mr. Purple has seen 381 consecutive Horned Frog games—plus 140 before that, to boot.*




"I'm infamous now," he says. "My wife, Freddie, wishes I'd quit, but it's some idiot thing I can't stop." Ridings likes action. He's 67 and he doesn't want to sit around waiting for an opening in a retirement village. He runs a public relations agency, and he's there every workday from 9 to 5:30. He has been an action guy since 1929 when, at age 12, he was the Horned Frogs' mascot during their first Southwest Conference championship season. Young Paul sat on the bench and wore a little Frog uniform. Naturally, he went to TCU. He had a 100-game spectator streak going that ended in 1937 when he left Fort Worth to attend Missouri's school of journalism.

His current skein started when he returned to become chairman of the journalism department at TCU. The string was nearly broken 13 years ago against Penn State. Ridings and several cronies chartered a private jet to fly them to the game in University Park. Fog grounded the plane in Wheeling, W. Va. They had to take a commercial airliner to Pittsburgh, rent a car and race the 124 miles to Penn State.

"We didn't get to the stadium until halfway through the first quarter," says Ridings. "By that time Raymond Rhodes had scored TCU's first touchdown. Then Penn State ran it up in a barnburner." Rhodes's TD is the only Horned Frog score in 36 years that Ridings hasn't seen.

Ridings has preserved his streak despite a cataract operation and a heart attack. "Paul always manages to arrange all his problems in the spring," says Freddie. The Ridingses were married one autumn night in 1939 after a TCU-Texas A & M game. They flew home from their 25th wedding anniversary in Acapulco in time to see the Horned Frogs beat Clemson 14–10. They cut short their 30th anniversary in Honolulu to catch the night owl to Dallas and make a connection for Florida only to see TCU lose 14–9 to Miami.

Ridings admits the decline of the Froggies in the last decade has taxed his loyalty. His record for the past 10 seasons is 15–90–5. Very few people know this, but

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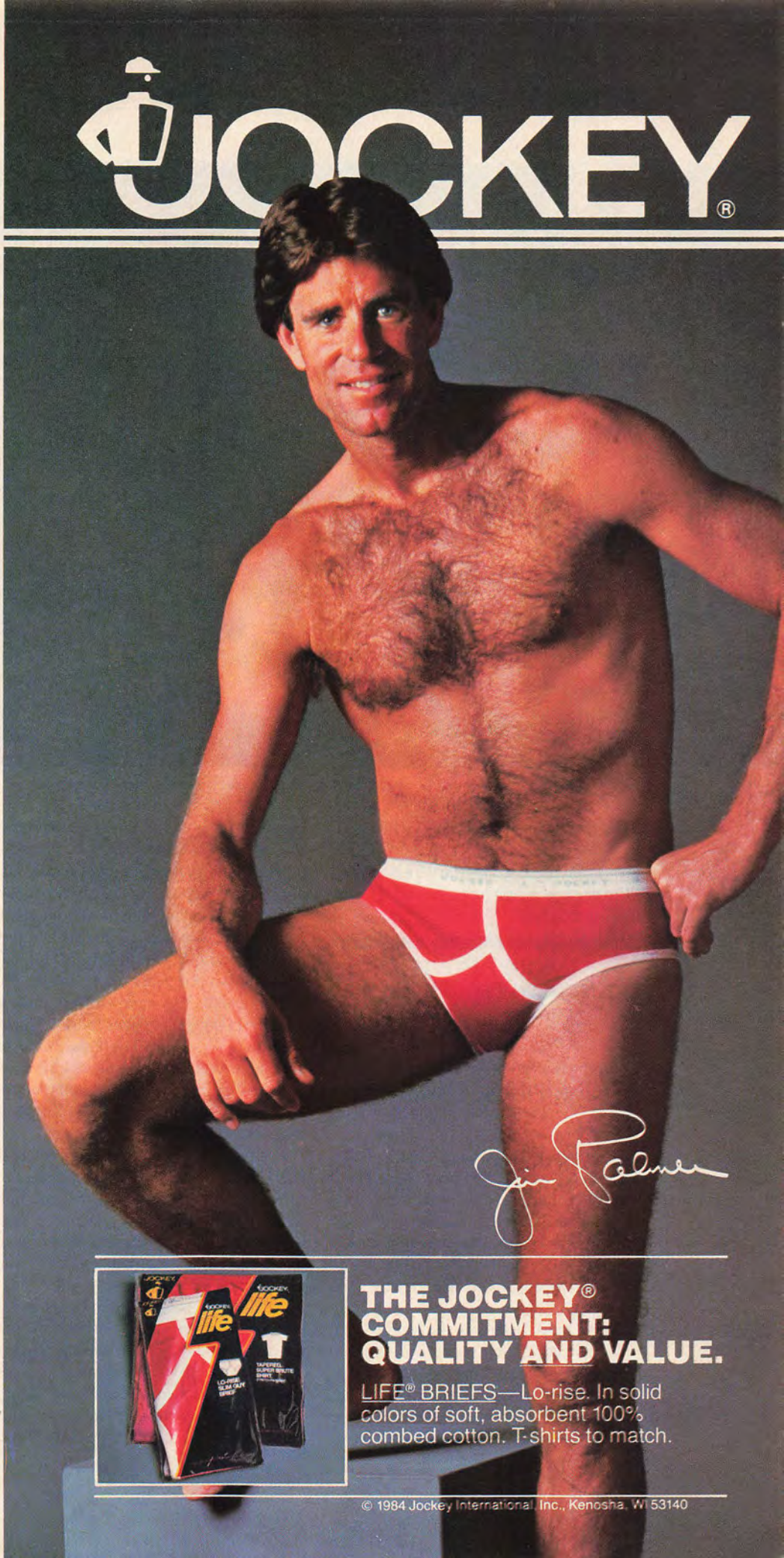
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*Hovis (left) and Searcy have nursed Teako through Navy games for 42 dog years.*

TCU has never lost to Texas when Ridings delivered the pep-rally speech. He always ends his call to arms by saying, "Frogs, go give 'em hell—but do it in the Christian spirit!"

## BOBBI HOVIS AND TWEEDIE SEARCY
### Navy

Claiming to be Navy's greatest fan is more slippery than dredging oysters from an icy Chesapeake Bay skipjack in midwinter. But one Middie follower is more dogged than any other. She's Teako Taco, a 6-year-old miniature dachshund the color of a football and the shape of a bratwurst. She lives in Annapolis and goes to Navy home games with a couple of other ladies named Bobbi Hovis and Tweedie Searcy, who are retired U.S. Navy nurses.

They take Teako to the games in a personalized duffel bag. She wears a tiny Navy bridge coat to pep rallies, a dinky sailor cap to tailgate parties and a woollen GO NAVY sweater to the games. She eats subs and drinks navy-bean soup poured from her own thermos. She even has her own gate pass. The only other animal that regularly attends Middie home games is the Navy goat.

Teako has been going to Middie home games since she was a pup. Six seasons may not sound like much in human terms, but in dog years it's 42. Bobbi, 58, and Tweedie, 61, have missed only a handful of games at Navy-Marine Corps Stadium since 1968. The ladies used to take another dachshund named Snoopy, but she died in 1978 after 11 campaigns, which may be all the Navy football a dachsie can stand.

Bobbi is the more adventurous of Teako's companions. She owned a plane before she owned a car, and was the first woman to fly a Navy jet, an F3D Skyknight. She was also the first Navy nurse to volunteer for Vietnam duty and the first woman elected to the Naval Academy Sailing Squadron. She keeps a 22-foot Catalina moored to the dock behind the house where she and Tweedie live.

These two Navy hellcats met 33 years ago while stationed in California. Bobbi was making medical evacuation runs between Hawaii and the Alameda Naval Air station during the Korean War. Tweedie was a nurse anesthetist at the submarine base on Mare Island.

Bobbi is the bigger football fan. She bicycles to practice two or three times a week, often with Teako bundled up in the basket. She grew up in Edinboro, Pa., wanting to be a flight nurse and listening to Navy games on the radio. She was particularly inspired by the movie *Navy Blue and Gold*, in which halfback Truck Cross (Jimmy Stewart) radiates the all-American virtues of decency, optimism, idealism and wholesome naiveté.

Tweedie didn't care for football all that much. She saw her first game in 1949, but she doesn't remember a lot about it, except that the opponent was Army. Tweedie got her name from a parakeet named Toby. Toby pronounced Owedia, Searcy's given name "Tweedie." Tweedie joined the Navy to see the world. And she has. Her tours of duty have ranged from Cuba to Alaska to Southeast Asia. She has attended cooking school in Dieppe, France and written a cookbook called *Tweedie's Treats*. Included in it are recipes for Parfait Peggy Sue, Mocha Mambo and Warm Clyde. Her game-day party meatballs are enlivened by grape jelly.

If every dog has its day, then surely Teako's was the 1979 Oyster Bowl in Norfolk, Va. Navy trailed William and Mary at the half by a TD. "We changed her from her little blue-and-gold T shirt to her blue-and-gold sweater with the anchor," says Bobbi. "The kids came out steaming, and we won handily." Now, whenever Navy is behind at intermission, Teako does a quick change.

Teako hasn't disclosed which of the 48 games she has seen she liked best. It probably wasn't when she came snout-to-snout with the Yale bulldog. She also appeared somewhat chagrined during her lone encounter with Navy's human mascot, a Middie in goat's clothing. "Teako barked and barked at him," says Tweedie. "She's not used to goats who wear boxing gloves."

Teako's favorite player is Joe DiRenzo, '82, a second-string placekicker. "When she sees Joe," says Bobbi, "she just wags and wags and wags and slurpy-slurpies." In fact, Middie players seem to look forward to Teako's visits. As Tweedie points out, Teako smells a lot better than the goat. **END**

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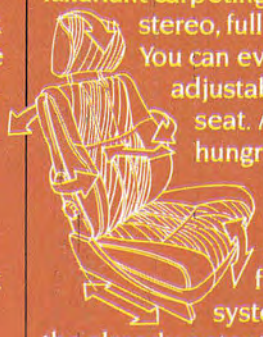

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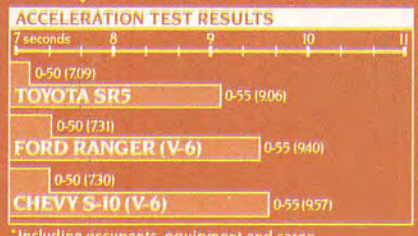


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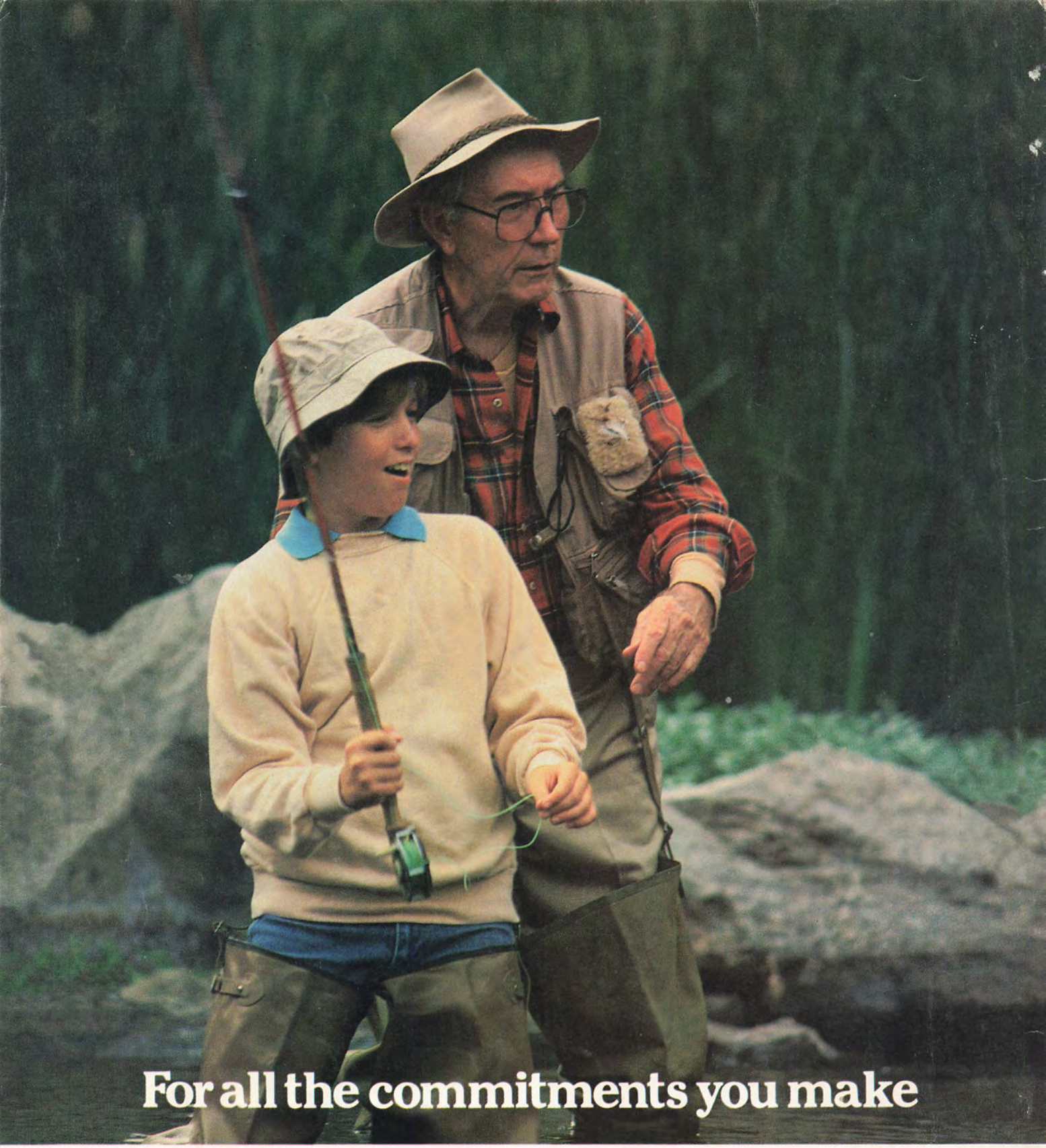


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